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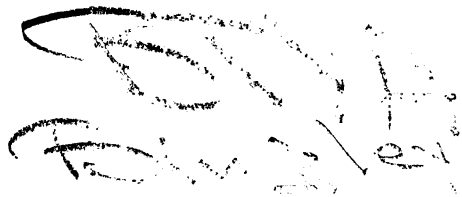

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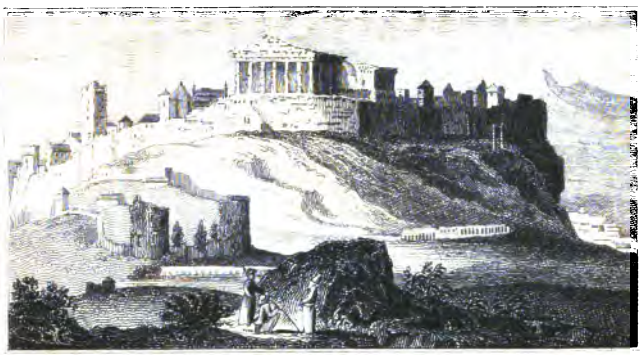

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TRAVELS IN SOUTH EUROPE.

FROM

Modern Writers,

WITH

REMARKS AND OBSERVATIONS;

EXHIBITING A CONNECTED VIEW OF

THE GEOGRAPHY AND PRESENT STATE

OF THAT

DIVISION OF THE GLOBE.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BINGLEY, M.A. F.L.S.

Late of Peter-house, Cambridge, and Author of Animal Biography, &c.

Designed for the Use of Young Persons.

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THE attention which, in this volume, has been considered requisite for illustration of the classical countries of Italy and Greece, has occasioned a greater compression, than otherwise would have been adopted, of the materials for the remaining countries. The "*Conversations on Eminent Travellers*" contain a further account of Greece, in Sir George Wheler's travels; of France, Switzerland and Italy, in Dr. Moore's travels; and of Spain, in Mr. Swinburne's journey, through these several countries.

The *vignette* represents the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, or Lantern of Demosthenes, as it is usually called. This relic of antiquity, inserted from a print in Mr. Dodwell's Tour through Greece, is described in page 230.

Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
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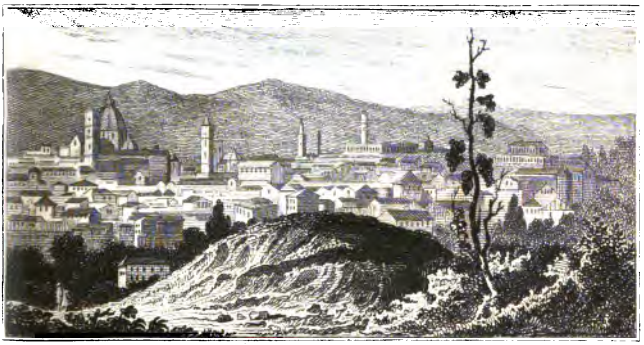

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BREST.

PARIS, BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.

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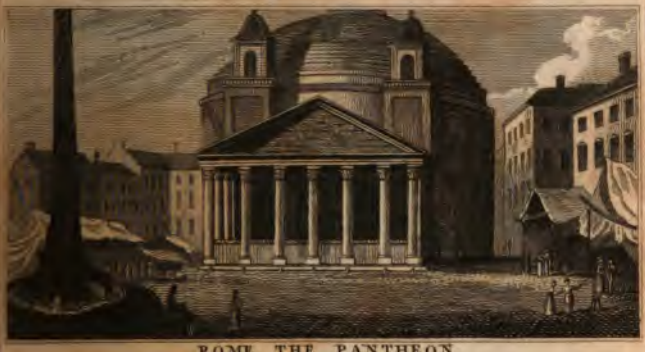

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TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH OF EUROPE,

FROM

MODERN WRITERS.

First Day's Instruction.

EUROPE is the smallest but by far the most important quarter of the globe. It maintains over every other part of the world an undoubted preeminence. It is the seat of literature, and is signally distinguished for the excellence of its government, its laws, and religion. In Europe the arts and sciences have been carried to a high degree of perfection; and the human intellect has advanced to the most splendid attainments. This quarter of the world is also distinguished by the general temperature of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the abundance of its useful productions; its surface is varied with plains, mountains, rivers and seas; the latter of which serve both to check the progress of despotism and to facilitate a commercial intercourse of the different nations and states. No equal portion of the globe has so many and such extensive *inland seas* as this. Of these the most important is the Mediterranean, two thousand miles in length, and environed by Spain, France, Italy, Turkey, Syria, and Africa. On the northern side of the Mediterranean are two gulfs, those

of Venice and the Archipelago. From the latter, a strait called the Dardanelles (anciently the Hellespont) conducts to the Sea of Marmora; whence the strait of Constantinople leads to the Black Sea. Another strait connects the latter with the Sea of Azof. Next to the Mediterranean, in extent and importance, is the Baltic. This is connected with the northern ocean by three straits, called the Sound, and the Great and Little Belt. On the northern side of the Baltic is the Gulf of Bothnia, and on the eastern side is the Gulf of Finland. The White Sea constitutes one of the northern boundaries of Russia.

The principal European *states* are Russia, Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, and Turkey. But besides these, there are the Ecclesiastical states, and the states of Naples, Saxony, Hanover, Bavaria, Switzerland, Sardinia, Tuscany, and Parma.

Throughout the whole of this quarter of the globe, except in Turkey, the Christian religion is professed; and the prevalence of this religion has been signally favourable to the extension of knowledge, industry, and civilization. In Russia the tenets of the Greek church prevail; in Austria, France, Spain, Portugal, Bavaria, and all the states of Italy, the Catholic religion is established; and in Great Britain, Prussia, the Netherlands, Sweden and Denmark the inhabitants are chiefly Protestants.

The *population* of Europe has been estimated at not more than one hundred and fifty millions; whilst that of China only, is said to exceed this amount. It has been asserted that Europe was anciently more populous than it now is; but this cannot have been the case; for the abolition of feudal wars, the extirpation of slavery, and the improvements which have gradually been taking place in agriculture, must have tended to the increase of its population.

There are in this quarter of the world several considerable *islands*, of these, the largest are Great Britain,

Ireland, and Iceland in the Atlantic Ocean; Zealand and Funen in the Baltic; and Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, Candia, Majorca, Minorca, Malta and Ivica in the Mediterranean. The principal chains of *mountains* are the Alps, between France, Switzerland and Italy; the Pyrenees, between France and Spain; the Apenines in Italy; the Carpathian mountains in Hungary; and the extensive ridge which separates Norway from Sweden. The most remarkable *lakes* are those of Onega, and Ladoga, in Russia; Geneva and Constance, in Switzerland; and Maggoire, Como, and Garda, in the northern part of Italy. The most extensive *rivers* are the Volga, the Don, and the Dwina, in Russia; the Dnieper, on the eastern border of Poland; the Danube, between Hungary and European Turkey; the Rhine and the Elbe, in Germany; the Rhone, in France; and the Tagus, in Spain and Portugal.

In describing this quarter of the globe we shall begin with

FRANCE.

THIS, one of the most compact and most powerful kingdoms in the world, had, anciently, the denomination of *Transalpine Gaul*, or of Gaul beyond the Alps; a denomination which the Romans adopted for the purpose of distinguishing it from Cisalpine Gaul, or Gaul on the Italian side of the Alps. After the destruction of the Roman empire, it was invaded, plundered, and conquered by the Franks, a nation originally Germans, who inhabited the districts between the Rhine and the Weser. They assumed the appellation of Franks, or "Freemen," from having opposed themselves to the Roman power, and having aided in the final subjection of the Roman people; and it was from them that the country obtained its present name.

For many centuries the *government* of France was a monarchy; but, about the year 1793, the people rose in rebellion, beheaded their king, and established a re-

public. This was terminated by the usurpation of sovereign power by Napoleon Buonaparte, a native of Corsica, who caused himself to be declared emperor of France. During the time of the republic, and under the government of Buonaparte, the *boundaries* of the country were considerably extended; but, since the final defeat of the usurper, and the restoration of the line of ancient monarchs, nearly the former boundaries have been restored. This country now reaches from Spain to the Netherlands; and from the Atlantic Ocean, to the countries of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. France has an extensive coast, and many excellent harbours. It has also the advantage of being watered by several rivers, paticularly the Rhone, the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne.

The general *surface* of the country is level, or diversified only with hills and gentle eminences. But on its southern border are the Pyrennees, and on the east the Alps; and the grand chain of the Cevennes extends from north to south and south-west, on the right banks of the Saone and the Rhine. The *soil* is, for the most part, fertile and productive; but, in some of the districts, there are extensive forests, and tracts of barren land. This country yields an abundance of grain, wine, oil, fruit, roots, and silk. Most of the provinces abound in vineyards. The wine of Champagne is reckoned the best; and that of Burgundy is distinguished by its fine colour and pleasant taste. The wines of Orleans and Angers are delicate, but strong. The vicinity of Bourdeaux, and the lower parts of Gascoyne, produce Vin de Grave and other excellent wines. Pontac is made in Guienne; and Muscadel and Frontiniac are the delicious productions of Languedoc.

The *commercial productions* of France are chiefly corn, wine, and brandy; porcelain, lace, cambric, silk, woollen cloths, and glass; coal has been discovered in some parts of the country, but it has not been in general adopted as fuel. The principal fuel is wood; and in Paris, and other large cities, the buildings are not

blacked by the smoke as they are in the principal towns of England. There are, in France, mines of copper, iron, and other valuable metals. The chief towns in which silks are manufactured, are Tours and Lyons. Rouen, in consequence of its extensive cotton manufactories, has been styled the Manchester of France. In Bretagne there are numerous manufactories of thread and linen. Cambrics, gauzes, and lace, to a great amount, are made in the northern towns, adjacent to the Netherlands. Most of the internal trade of France, is carried on by navigable rivers and canals; of the latter, the most famous is the canal of Languedoc, which extends from the Mediterranean Sea to the river Garonne, and thence to the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of nearly one hundred and eighty miles.

The *roads* in France are generally spacious, straight, and paved; and many of them are planted along the sides with trees, particularly with apple and pear trees, chesnut, walnut, and mulberry trees. Travelling is here conducted under the immediate regulation of the government; the post houses are not inns as in England, but are merely places at which post horses are kept: the rates of posting are settled by the law.

The *climate* is, in general, mild, temperate, and healthy. In the southern provinces, the weather, during summer, is hot, and in the northern provinces, during winter, it is intensely cold. Around Brest and Morlaix rain falls almost incessantly; and the people are said to be so much habituated to wet, that dry seasons are prejudicial to their health. The central provinces have in general a delightful climate, but are subject to violent storms of rain and hail. Through the whole year the weather is more clear and settled than in England; and the atmosphere is less frequently obscured by fogs than it is with us. The air is light, pure, and elastic. During the spring there is a continuance of such weather as is seen in England about the middle of May. The great heats are from the middle of July to the middle of August. The chief disadvantages of the south of

France, are the multitude of insects which swarm there. Flies, in particular, are excessively troublesome in the olive districts: they not only bite, sting, and hurt, but they buzz, tease, and worry. The mouth, eyes, and nose, are filled with them: they swarm upon every thing eatable, and render eating extremely uncomfortable.

The French *people* are, in general, lively, polite, witty, amiable, and brave; but they are vain-glorious, inconstant, and volatile. To persons of sentiment their politeness often appears absurd; and a complaisance bordering on officiousness, pervades all ranks. They also abound in compliment; whence, by persons unaccustomed to their manners, they have sometimes been taxed with insincerity. The French, beyond all other people, are the creatures of society: by it their manners and sentiments are fashioned, and in it are centred their chief pleasures and gratifications.

Narrative of a Journey from Calais to Paris.

THE English traveller, about to make an excursion into France, usually proceeds from Dover to Calais. After having undergone, for a few hours, the miseries of a packet, perhaps in a suffocating cabin, and surrounded by sea-sick passengers, he is landed on the pier of *Calais*. Here he is beset by a crowd of men, women, and boys, who eagerly importune to be employed in conveying his luggage, and who anxiously present him with cards of address to the different hotels.

When on shore, the first operation he undergoes is that of being searched, to ascertain whether he has any contraband goods concealed about his person, or in his small parcels. For this purpose he is conducted to a miserable hovel on the quay. Few ceremonies are more annoying or more irksome to the inhabitant of a free country than this. As soon, however, as it is terminated the traveller is dismissed, and permitted to proceed to his hotel.

On passing the drawbridge, and entering the gate of the town, he will probably recollect that the present fortifications of Calais were erected by the English, who obtained possession of this place in the reign of Edward the Third, and who occupied it more than two hundred years afterwards. Every one is acquainted with the particulars of the siege, and with the dignified and patriotic conduct of Eustace de Saint Pierre, who, with five other citizens, came to Edward to present him with the keys of their city, and implore him to spare the lives of the inhabitants. The fortifications are now in good repair; but the place is at present chiefly indebted for its strength to its situation, in the midst of a morass, which at the approach of an enemy, may at any time be overflowed.

The town of Calais has nothing to distinguish it from most other provincial towns of France. The *streets* are narrow, and irregular; the pavement is bad, and the *houses*, though built of stone, have a mean and dirty appearance. The *cathedral* is a handsome Gothic edifice, ornamented with many paintings by eminent masters. The *market-place* is spacious, and, on Saturdays, is much thronged by peasantry from the surrounding villages. Provisions are much cheaper here than in England. A couple of fowls may be purchased for about half-a-crown English; a brace of partridges, or a hare, for fifteen pence; and beef or mutton for about five-pence per pound. No object in Calais is so interesting as the *pier;* and this chiefly from the bustle occasioned by the arrival and departure of travellers. At low water the harbour is dry.

A person unaccustomed to travelling in France will be much amused with the appearance of the carriages. Their construction is peculiarly rude, and instead of leather harness, the horses are usually yoked by means of ropes. The diligences, or stage coaches, will in particular attract his attention. These are of immense size, and seem to be loaded almost as heavily as our stage waggons. To prevent the luggage at the top from

being wetted by rain, it is sometimes covered by a thatching of straw. The number of passengers which these comprehensive vehicles accommodate is six, eight, or ten within, and three on a seat in front, defended by leather curtains, and called the cabriolet.

The usual route from Calais to Paris is through Boulogne, a considerable town on the sea-coast, about twenty-one miles distant. The intervening country is, in general, unenclosed, dreary, and uninteresting. The upper town of *Boulogne* is surrounded by an ancient wall, which, like that of Calais, was erected by the English: and the lower town lies round the harbour. It was here that Buonaparte constructed an immense flotilla, by means of which, in the year 1805, he projected the invasion of England. On the most elevated part of the cliff, at the distance of about a mile from the upper town, this extraordinary man began to erect a marble column of vast magnitude, as a monument, to commemorate his victories over the English; but only a small part of it was completed.

From Boulogne the traveller proceeds to *Montreuil*, a town situated on an eminence, strongly fortified, and accessible only by two gates, one towards Boulogne, and the other on the side of Abbeville. He passes drawbridges, both on entering and leaving the place. Few towns of its size and importance exhibit a greater appearance of poverty than this. The houses are gloomy, and all the streets, except the main street, are narrow and dirty. There is, however, one object in this town which attracts and deserves universal admiration. This is the ancient church of Nôtre Dame, a ruin beautiful beyond description. The columns which remain are noble specimens of Gothic architecture, and have their capitals and carving peculiarly rich. This magnificent edifice was destroyed in the early part of the French Revolution by the madness and ungovernable fury of the revolutionary fanatics.

Not far from Montreuil are two villages, famous in English history; namely, *Agincourt* and *Creçy*. The

former is a few miles east of Montreuil; and was the scene of the well-known victory obtained over the French, in 1415, by Henry the Fifth. Near the latter the French were defeated, by Edward the Third and the Black Prince. It is situated at a little distance east of the road leading to Abbeville. The wood of Crecy, in the midst of a dull expanse of open country, is visible from the road.

Abbeville, environed by walls and fortifications, is an ill built manufacturing town, having crooked, narrow, and ill-paved streets. The number of its inhabitants is said to exceed twenty thousand; and the manufactories for which it is celebrated, are chiefly of woollen cloth and carpets. The most interesting object which it contains is a collegiate church, with two towers, dedicated to St. Wilfrid. This splendid edifice is ornamented in the most lavish style of Gothic splendour; with innumerable niches and statues, and an abundance of carving and fret-work.

From Abbeville there are two roads to Paris: one through Beauvais, and the other through Amiens. The traveller, on arriving at *Amiens*, finds it a large city, containing nearly forty thousand inhabitants, and having buildings of a better appearance than those in most of the French towns. It is walled round; and its ramparts, which are about three miles in circuit, constitute a favourite promenade for the inhabitants. In the year 1597, during a contest between France and Spain, Amiens, was surprised and taken by the Spaniards in a very singular manner. A party of Spanish soldiers, disguised like peasants, conducted a cart loaded with nuts to one of the gates, and let a bag full of them fall. The sentinels, amused with the apparent accident, eagerly scrambled for the nuts; and, while they were thus occupied, the enemy, in a body, rushed into the place and obtained possession of it.

Amiens suffered considerably by the late war with the English, but it still retained an extensive trade, particularly in silk and woollen goods. This place,

during the war, had many foreign residents, some of them English. The latter, however, knowing that they were constantly watched by the French government, and its spies, lived as much as possible in public; and in their balls, dinners, and other entertainments, always contrived to have, amongst their company, a due mixture of French visitants.

Provisions are here remarkably cheap: mutton and beef are not more than threepence per pound, and fowls and ducks seldom exceed two shillings a couple. It was at Amiens that, in the year 1802, was signed a treaty of peace between Great Britain and France.

The *cathedral* of this place is a splendid Gothic edifice, beautifully proportioned, and elegantly ornamented. It was erected by the English, during the early part of the reign of Henry the Sixth, whilst we were in possession of Picardy.

Colonel Pinkney, an American officer, who visited France in the year 1807, was at Amiens during the *fair*. "The multitude of people, assembled from every part of the province, gave him (he says) an opportunity of seeing the national costume of the peasantry. The habits of the men did not, however, appear to him so various, or so novel, as those of the women. The greater number of the former had three-cocked hats, some of straw, some of pasteboard, and some of beaver; jackets, red, yellow and blue, and breeches of similar fancy colours. The women were dressed in a variety, both of shape and colour, which defies all description. When seen from a distance, the sun, shining on the various colours, gave them the appearance of so many flowers.

"There were two streets completely filled with booths; and the market-place was occupied with shows and temporary theatres. He observed, however, two or three peculiar national amusements; one of them called Mats de Cocagne, and the other Mats de Beaupré. The *Mats de Cocagne* are lofty poles, some of them thirty feet in height, and well greased. At the

top of them is suspended by a string, a watch, a shirt, or similar articles, which become the prize of the fortunate adventurer who can ascend and reach them. A few sous are paid to the proprietor of the *mat*, for the chance of gaining the prize: it is therefore, the fault of the proprietor, if the *mat* be not so well greased as to render the ascent of it almost impossible. Colonel Pinkney saw many fruitless attempts made. One fellow had nearly gained the top, and was within reach of the prize: he stretched out his hand to take it, and having, by this act, diminished his hold, he came down with a frightful rapidity. The crowd laughed; and another adventurer, nothing dismayed, succeeded him in the attempt, and in the failure. The prize, however, was at length obtained; but the adventurer had not much cause to congratulate himself on his success. His descent was so rapid as to cause the blood to gush out from his mouth and nose: and for some time, at least, to deter the multitude from repeating the sport.

"The *Mats de Beaupré* are on the same principle: they are soaped poles, but laid horizontally, and very high from the ground. At the further extremity of them are similar prizes, which are gained on somewhat similar conditions: the men are to walk over, and the women to scramble over them in any manner they deem best. To break the violence of the fall, the ground immediately under the poles is thickly laid with straw. Several women, and innumerable girls, made an attempt to gain the prizes at these Mats de Beaupré, and, in the course of their efforts, they had some tumbles, which much delighted the mob.

"The chief employment, however, of the multitude, seemed to be dancing. Several scaffolds, with benches rising one above another, were erected in every part of the town. These were the orchestras, and they appeared to be supported by the voluntary contributions of the companies which danced. A subscription was made after every dance, and each man paid a sous.

The dancing was excellent, and the music by no means contemptible.

"The shows were much of the same kind as those at Bartholomew fair, in London. The mountebanks and merry-andrews appeared, however, more dexterous and more humorous. One of the former, seeing Colonel Pinkney, entreated the crowd to make way for him. The colonel turned his back and was going away, when the mountebank exclaimed, 'Nay, my good friend, do not mistake me. I have no intention to ask you for the money you owe to me for your last cure: you are welcome to it. I delight in doing good. I am sufficiently paid by your recovery. If, however, you choose to remember my young man'—the merry-andrew was here at the colonel's side, and the latter deemed it most prudent to drop a few sous into his cap, and effect his escape. The crowd understood the jest and laughed heartily. One of them, of more decent appearance than the rest, made the colonel a pleasing apology, repeating, at the same time, a French proverb—that the pope and mountebank were above all law.

"Among the commodities exhibited for sale, Colonel Pinkney was agreeably surprised to find two or more booths well supplied with English and French books; and his surprise was still greater, to find that the former had many purchasers. He took up several of them, and found them to be English Gazetteers. Tours in England, Wales, Scotland; Travels in America, Dictionaries, and Grammars. From some cause or other, the English seem in particular favour in and about Amiens.

"There were other booths which excited less pleasing reflections. These were temporary gaming tables, the admission to which was from six to twelve sous. Colonel Pinkney had the curiosity to enter one of them: it was already full. One party was at eager play, and others were waiting to succeed them. He saw a decent young man take off and stake his neck-

cloth: the youth was successful, and he had the uncommon fortitude to retire and play no more. There was another booth, of somewhat singular description, a temporary pawnbroker's shop; and the man seemed to have a brisk trade.

"The attention of Colonel Pinkney was peculiarly attracted by a marque, open on all sides, and having an elevated floor. A chair, covered with green velvet, was here placed, and occupied by a man of much apparent gravity. On inquiry, this person was ascertained to be the president, judge, or magistrate of the fair: he was elected by votes of the booth-holders, and he determined all disputes on the spot: his authority was supported by the police, and his sentence was enforced by the municipality. He was a portly man, wore a three-cocked hat, and an old scarlet cloak, which had served the same purpose time out of mind."

The town of Amiens is supplied with water by an engine, which the inhabitants consider as a most ingenious contrivance. Colonel Pinkney visited it; but he found in it nothing more than common, and said that the purpose would be answered better by pipes and a steam-engine. He remarks, that this contrivance excited one observation, which he afterwards frequently made—that the French, with all their parade of science and ostentation of institutions, are still a century behind England in practical knowledge. His tour in France at least taught him one lesson—never to be deceived by high-sounding names and pompous designations. "I have not (says he) visited their schools for nothing. The French talk: the English act. A steady plodding Englishman will build a house, while a Frenchman is laying down rules for it. There is more of this idle pedantry in France than in any country of the globe: every thing is done with science,—and nothing with knowledge."

The situation of Amiens is peculiarly beautiful, and the surrounding country is in general highly cultivated. As soon, however, as the traveller, on his journey to-

wards Paris, has passed this, he again enters upon widely extended districts of unenclosed land. The road is for the most part straight, without angles or curvatures, and one league of it is an exact counterpart of another. Along the sides of the road are apple and pear trees. In the immediate vicinity of the towns and villages there are woods and enclosures; and in some places extensive vineyards. The vines are trained on poles to the height of three or four feet; and at a little distance the vineyards have much the appearance of hop grounds; or extensive plantations of French beans.

Near *Clermont* the beauty of the country is truly admirable. This town, an irregular and meanly built place, stands on the summit of a steep hill almost surrounded with wood; and some of the gardens, in the higher part of it, command the most delightful prosectps imaginable.

Fifteen miles beyond Clermont is *Chantilly*, a town once famed for the magnificence of its palace and the splendour of its gardens. This was a favourite hunting-seat of the Montmorencies and the Condé's; but it is now in ruins. In the early part of the French Revolution it was destroyed by an infuriated mob, which came from Paris for that purpose. The stables only remain. These are on a magnificent scale, being six hundred feet in length, and forty feet high. In the centre is a lofty dome, having under it a fountain, which supplies a noble reservoir of marble. This building was formerly divided into four hundred stalls; but these have long been demolished.

From Chantilly the road begins to indicate an approach to the capital; but the English traveller will perceive a great difference betwixt the approach towards Paris and that towards London. The carriages and passengers are very few in number compared with those along any of the roads around the British metropolis.

Betwixt Chantilly and Paris is the town of *St. Denys*, formerly celebrated for its abbey, a venerable Gothic

edifice, which, during the revolution was reduced almost to ruins. The church of this abbey was the burial place of the ancient kings of France; but their tombs were plundered by the revolutionists, and their ashes were scattered to the winds. Buonaparte, however, caused the church to be repaired, the royal vaults to be cleared and improved, and the subterranean chapels to be re-established.

St. Denys is not more than four miles from Paris; and the view of this city from the road is very pleasing. The hill of Montmartre, with its numerous windmills, constitutes the most conspicuous feature in the scene, and the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, is peculiarly visible above the other edifices.

Second Day's Instruction.

PARIS.

A Description of Paris and its Inhabitants. From a visit to Paris in 1814, *by* JOHN SCOTT.

THE traveller, having passed the *Barrier of Saint Denys*, proceeds along the narrow and dirty *Rue de Fauxbourg Saint Denys*. This street is generally crowded with persons of the lower orders; and the singular costumes of these, and the lofty appearance of the houses on each side of the way, strongly excite his attention. Still advancing, he passes under the *Porte Saint Denys*. This is a fine massive piece of architecture, simply grand, which affords him a proof that he is entering a city where much attention has been devoted to external decoration, and also where the magnificence of the buildings has long been considered a favourite object of the care and pride of the nation.

This structure, which is more properly, a triumphal arch than a gate of the city, was erected to the honour of the victories of Louis the Fourteenth.

After the traveller has fixed his residence, one of the first objects of his attention will probably be the *Boulevarde*. Here he will be forcibly struck by a mass of novelty. The Boulevarde extends round Paris, and was originally its boundary; but the extension of the city, has, in many places, rendered it nearly central, particularly in the most fashionable and frequented quarters, namely, those nearest to the palaces and the theatres. It is, in fact, a superb street of great breadth, lined on each side with trees, between which and the houses, gravelled walks have been made for the foot passengers. The general effect here is very fine. The eye cannot reach to any termination of the Boulevarde; and, in the distance, the trees appear to unite their branches in an arch, overshadowing, with their foliage, the hurring groups of men and women, and horses, and carts, and carriages, that are perpetually moving to and fro beneath.

The Boulevarde is interesting in strong contrasts, picturesque in inconsistencies, grand in size, and overpowering through animation. The houses rise to twice the height of ours; they are of stone, and their architecture is generally elaborate. Turn your eyes which way you will they are met by broad fronts, decorated with frieses, cornices, pillars, pilasters, and balconies, and rising to a height which to a stranger seems stupendous. The chimneys, as the end of a mass of buildings presents itself, seem clustered turrets and battlements. The streets that open from the Boulevarde appear to dart into a peopled and swarming confusion: they promise, as it were, to lead to something, which, from their entrance cannot be foretold, instead of being, what all the principal streets are in London, self intimators, that they are lines of receptacles for trade and property, and regular domestic life.

This character of the French streets arises from their

narrowness, as constrasted with the height of the massive houses on each side, and other assemblages of features, which, in England, are seldom or never seen near each other. Thus a grand gateway would prepare the English visitor to look for the mansion of a family of rank; but, in general, the courts to which such a gateway leads, is filled with litter and dirt, the doors are open and filthy, and the persons who appear round them are ill dressed, and in every way unsuitable to such a mansion. Has then the house been deserted by its original magnificence, and fallen, in a ruined state, into the possession of the needy who herd in its dilapidated rooms? No, not so exactly; for a carriage waits to receive the inmate of the first floor, a Marquis in an old coat, silk waistcoat, and a cross; a cabriolet (or one horse chaise) is in attendance for the occupier of the second, a Colonel in a coloured waistcoat and a regimental coat; from the third, a person walks down in a nondescript attire, which, however, indicates him to belong probably to the military class, although, perhaps at that moment neither his profession nor his rank could very easily be defined; a milliner with a band box trips from the fourth floor, and some miserable dependant on the chances of the day, descends from the fifth.

This miscellaneous congregation is at present only alluded to to give an idea of that air of uncertainty and inconsistency which strikes the English visitor, in the aspect of the houses, and of the streets of Paris. He is surprised to find, when he first wishes to call on some of the most distinguished personages, in fashionable or political life, that he is taken to a street, which bears, to his eye, every mark of being exclusively devoted to the poor and the vulgar, and the contrast between this situation, selected for the abode of a member of the higher orders of society in Paris, and the places and squares which they occupy in the English metropolis, afford him no favourable impression in behalf of the tasteful feelings, and orderly habits, of those among whom he has come.

Proceeding from the Boulevarde to the Tuilleries, the traveller will probably pass through the *Place Vendome*. This is to be considered as one of the squares, of which, in comparison with London, there are very few in Paris; and it is sadly deficient in that air of decorous elegance and completeness, which is the result of a feeling for respectability and propriety of appearance, as well as for mere enjoyment. The Place Vendome has no pavement for promenades, but the houses around it are uniform and grand in their architecture, while their doors, window-frames, and external blinds, are neglected and dirty. Instead of being in the entire occupation of wealthy and established familes, as in a similar situation they would be in the capital of England, they are each let out in portions, the first floors perhaps at the rate of six hundred francs (about thirty pounds) per month, and the attics at forty francs. Thus, those who can afford to pay three hundred and sixty pounds a year for rent, share their stair cases and entrances with the water carriers, duns, and visitors of those who pay but twenty-five. In the centre of the Place Vendome, rises the famous column erected by Napoleon, in honour of his own victories, and modelled after the pillar of Trajan at Rome. This column is one hundred and forty feet high, so that it is considerably inferior in elevation to the monument in London, nor is the general effect of the French trophy grander than that of the English; but it may be considered a finer work of art, in consequence of the admirable figures in relief, which have been cast in brass, and which extend upward in a spiral line, to its capital. These are formed from the cannon that were taken in the battles of Ulm and Austerlitz, and represent the principal actions of that wonderful though short war with the Austrians.

Pursuing his walk to the first object of a stranger's interest and curiosity, the *palaces of the Louvre* and *Tuilleries*, the traveller will arrive, by going along the wall of the latter, at the *Place Louis Quinze*. To this he ought to proceed at once, avoiding any earlier view

of the palaces, that he may be struck by a most extraordinary burst of sumptuous decoration, combining the beauty and magnificence of architecture, sculpture, and gardening, and forming an almost overpowering *coup d'œil.* The *Place Louis Quinze* is a large circular space, paved with great neatness, which interposes between the garden of the Tuilleries, and the plantation of the *Champs Elysées.* On one side is the fine colonnade of the *Garde Meuble.* Nearly opposite to this is the *Pont Louis Seize,* one of the finest bridges in Paris, with the elegant face of the *Palais Bourbon* beyond it. A line of elegant buildings extends from this palace, along the river Seine, among which the *Palais de la Legion d'Honneur* is partly seen. The huge gilded dome of the *Hotel des Invalids* rises behind; and, on the other side, the clustered houses and towers of the most peopled parts of Paris, appear in castellated masses.

A broad gravelled alley leads to the palace of the *Tuilleries,* through a large and gorgeous garden, laid out according to the French taste; full of parterres, and basons, and statues,—bas-reliefs, and urns; straight walks and tricks in water. The front of this residence of the monarchs of France, which has been the scene of many interesting events, and which still bears the mark of the cannon-balls of the memorable 10th of August, 1792, extends its enormous length completely across the ground, and presents to the eye, through the thin taper trees, a broken mass of small windows, unequal stories, frittered compartments, petty pilasters, and all that may be termed the freaks and nick-nacks of architecture.

Two winged horses, carved in stone, give grace and nobleness to the gate which opens from this garden into the Place Louis Quinze; and, immediately opposite to these, the entrance to the *Champs Elysée* is dignified and adorned by two fine groups of horses in marble. A vast avenue, extending through the slim plantations, and on a continued line with the grand alley of the Tuilleries, leads along a gentle ascent, to the *Barrière*

de l'Etoile. Near this is seen an unfinished triumphal arch, of large dimensions, and forming a most imposing object. Buonaparte ordered the erection of this arch, at the principal entrance to his city, where the stranger on entering from the Dieppe road, first catches a sight of the palaces and towers of Paris. At his marriage with Maria Louisa of Austria, he had it, to appearance, completed in wood, his own statue, in a car drawn by six horses, forming the summit.

The observer in the Place Louis Quinze, withdrawing his attention from these striking objects, has it attracted by others not less so, when he looks across the Seine. The handsome bridge of Louis the Sixteenth, leads directly to the *Palais Bourbon,* one of the noble edifices in Paris. Here the legislative body under Buonaparte held their sittings, and here the chamber of deputies now meet. Behind this palace, towards the right, the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalids heaves its gorgeous swell, and forms part in the composition of a most magnificent picture.

Such is the burst of spectacle which salutes the visitor to Paris, from the Place Louis Quinze. On the spot from which he beholds these various objects, was erected the famous guillotine, by which fell the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth in front of his own palace. This spot too was the last which supported the living person of the Queen of France; on this spot flowed the blood of France, in a continual and protracted torrent, to refresh the roots of the tree of liberty, the only fruit of which was a bitter and poisonous imperial tyranny.

On a fine morning nothing can be more interesting than the walk along the quays of Paris, from the palaces towards the *cité,* which is the oldest part of the capital, and which is situated on an island in the Seine, connected with the other streets by the *Pont Neuf.* Issuing from the garden of the Tuilleries, and advancing to the centre of the Pont des Tuilleries, the view becomes more striking. On one side the superb and im-

mense line of diversified colonnade, skirting the Seine, and formed by the united palaces of the Tuilleries and the Louvre, extends a continuity of elegant architecture. The clean appearance and (strange to say) tranquil air of the quays, which seem to repose in stately whiteness by the side of the river, and the transparent green of the water, constitute a pleasing fore ground to the picture. The large private houses, extending along the opposite side of the Seine, are well in character with the public buildings, and lead the eye to the *Palais des Arts* and *the Mint*. Behind these, the ground on which the capital stands, rises steeply, and the faux-bourgh St. Germain, presents, in consequence, all sorts of picturesque aspects.

Advancing onward from the quarter of the palaces, the appearances become more grotesque, the novelties, if not so grand, become more amusing, and perhaps generally more striking. The peculiar clearness of the air of Paris, peculiar at least as it seems to an Englishman, gives a glaring brilliancy, an almost startling distinctness to every object:—and such is the floating and swarming vivacity, variety and gaity; such the display of character, condition and contrast of men and women, of animals and things; such the burst, in short, of all the whirl and show of French existence, that the whole scene has the air of a stupendous exhibition. The trades and commodities seem all to have deserted the houses; not only birds in cages, and flowers and trees in pots, but the choicest prints and books, articles of dress and furniture, add their lines and their interest to the groups. On the surface of the water, large rafts are extended with pent-house roofs; and, through the lattice-looking openings of these, start forth the flapping white caps, richly coloured handkerchiefs, and bare fleshy arms of hundreds of washerwomen all dragging and dabbling their linen in the Seine.

One of the singular features in the streets of Paris, arises from the attention that is paid to all the little wants and caprices of the inhabitants, in order to con-

vert them into sources of profit, by administering to their gratification. This occasions much bustle and vivacity, and materially assists to keep up a liveliness of spirits in the passengers. If the visitor have a mind to know his own weight, there are persons and machines stationed here and there, to gratify him to an ounce. Stalls line the Boulevarde, and other principal situations, which add device to accommodation to attract him: thus, at one, every article, of an immense variety, is sold at twenty-five sous, select where he please: at another, fifteen sous is written up in large letters, as the universal price. All sorts of operations are performed on animals, by women, who sit on stools in the street, and have the description of their professional avocations, which are not always within the line of female delicacy, inscribed on a piece of pasteboard. *Bureaux des écrivains* offer the most pressing invitations to the lover, the merchant, the politician, or the man of science, (who by some accident has omitted to learn to write) to enter and avail himself of the talents which are in readiness for any employment. Roasted chesnuts everywhere tempt the palate, by assailing the nostrils. Nymphs that will take no refusal, push nosegays into the hands of the passenger. The fruit-women extend towards him delicious bunches of grapes; the shoe-blacks flatter the national prejudices of the English, by bawling aloud, "*Cirage Anglaise.*" A man carries a painted castle on his back, from which he draws, for sale, such delicious beverage as lemonade, tisane, &c. &c. &c.

All this has a show of business, though of a light and vagabond kind; but much of the spectacle belongs solely to the class of amusement. "One evening, (says Mr. Scott) I cast my eyes down from a window, looking into the *Boulevarde des Italiennes:* exactly opposite to me was an infant, not more than four years old, singing a popular song, and beating a tambarine with her little hands; four candles were placed on the ground near her, and a plate to receive contributions

of money. Within fifty yards of this performer was another, less in size, but whose age it was not so easy to imagine:—he was a poor little dog, with his fore-foot fixed on the handle of a small grindstone, which he was compelled to turn to the sound of an organ played by his master. Within the circle of one's sight there were yet more entertainments: an old man played on the harp, the flute, the drum, and the triangle at the same time, while with his foot, he gave motion to a small wooden scaramouch that danced in tune. A well dressed young woman, on the opposite side of the Boulevarde, played delightfully on the musical glasses; and, in a corner, was the most characteristic group of the whole,—two female ballad-singers, representing a mother and daughter, with long veils down to their feet, as if their timidity and modesty shrunk from the degrading task which their necessity compelled them to undertake. These, however, did not, by any means, draw such crowds, as two philsophical professors, one of face-making, and the other of hydrostatics. The grimacier of Paris is really a most surprising exhibitor; with a grotesque wig, and a pair of caricature spectacles, as accompaniments, he throws his features into the wildest combinations of shapes imaginable, and might give hints to a manufacturer of inhabitants for a new world. The natural philosopher, who lectures and displays experiments on the properties of fluids, bestows particular attention on the nature and uses of the squirt, and illustrates his doctrines in a way to cause many a hearty laugh.

The common appearance of fortune-tellers, consulted by the vulgar, must not be omitted in this description of the streets of Paris. This description of people are frequently to be seen, adding all the grimace of their nation to the tricks and quackery of their profession, in order to impress with credulity and respect the minds of the simple peasant, and of others who seek their assistance to violate the concealment of futurity.

The costume of the females in the streets of Paris,

in general, excites the attention of strangers; and whatever may be thought of the walking-dress of the French ladies, that of the inferior classes of women is certainly very picturesque and becoming. It is assisted, no doubt, by a jauntiness of carriage and manners, which entirely prevents that look of vulgarity and dowdiness that we often see in England. A French girl, of whatever rank she may be, always recollects that her sex gives her certain privileges, and requires a certain air, which ought not to be prejudiced by lowliness of condition. The paysannes, who come into the markets, have their caps white and flowing, their handkerchiefs of rich colours, and their boddices contrasted against their petticoats with the judgment of a painter.

In the lowest parts of Paris, there is a visible grotesqueness which relieves the appearance and squalidness of poverty, The people chatter, and smile, and bow, and courtesy too much to be miserable. It is the character of the French to abstain rather than incommode themselves; they will avail themselves only of what is agreeable within their reach, even if, by thus selecting, they are compelled to leave the greater part of what naturally comes in contact with them, untouched. For instance, if thinking become disagreeable, they do not think,—if calculating gives unpleasant products, they do not calculate,—if looking forward be alarming, they do not look forward,—and if looking backward causes regret, they do not look backward. Their minds are without that singular, but, in some countries, very common property, of cleaving with most attachment to what is most odious. If they be obliged to go without a dinner of meat, which they would prefer, there is nothing, in their mental constitutions, to prevent them from enjoying the apple which they can afford to purchase, and enjoying it to the full extent of what an apple can bestow. Instead of thinking the worse of what they have, because it is not so good as something which they have not, they deem that

the circumstance of possessing it, places it, in point of excellence, far above any thing that is unattainable.

Paris, at first sight, seems a place devoted solely to enjoyment. In the principal street numerous houses have rooms devoted to amusement, or luxurious gratification of some sort. But there is no place so notorious in this respect as the *Palais Royal.* This is a square enclosure, formed of the buildings of the Orleans Palace;—piazzas make a covered walk along three of its sides, and the centre is an open gravelled space, with a few straight lines of slim trees running along its length. There is a neat compact elegance visible in the architecture of what was the palace,—but the building is now insignificant compared with the purposes for which it was originally constructed.

The climate of France, and the character of the French people, induce them to seek pleasure out of doors. Home is the only place they neglect: it is a place only for their necessities; they must sleep there,—and the tradesman must transact his business there. A bed, a table, and a few chairs, are consequently wanted; and a small room or two, uncarpeted and bare, must be hired. I speak, of course, of the middle and inferior classes. But all that is inspiring and comfortable, they seek out of doors,—and all that they pride themselves in being able to procure, is in the shape of decoration and amusement.

The Palais Royal has grown to be what it is, out of these habits and dispositions, and now presents the most characteristic feature of Paris:—it is dissolute, gay, wretched, elegant, paltry, busy, and idle:—it suggests recollections of atrocity, and supplies sights of fascination:—it displays virtue and vice living on easy terms, and in immediate neighbourhood with each other. Excitements, indulgences, and privations,—art and vulgarity,—science and ignorance,—all mingle here.

The Palais Royal was the focus of the late French Revolution: its coffee-houses, its theatres, its cellars, its gambling houses, its bagnios, poured forth their

living streams into its central space, to listen to the invitations of orators, who incited the people to carry into effect the tremendous plans organized within its concealment.

The Palais Royal is still a place where news and politics are discussed. It is, every day, frequented by crowds of people, and it has an air of bustling dissipation and lounging sensuality at an early hour of the morning. The chairs that are placed under the trees, are to be hired, with a newspaper, for a couple of sous each. They are soon occupied; the crowd of sitters and standers gradually increases, the buzz of conversation swells to a noise: the cafés fill: the piazzas become crowded: the place assumes the look of intense and earnest avocation, yet the whirl and the rush are of those who float and drift in the vortex of pleasure, dissipation, and vice.

The shops of the Palais Royal are brilliant:—they are all devoted either to toys, ornaments, or luxuries. Nothing, for instance, can be imagined more elegant and striking than their numerous collections of ornamental clock-cases. The beauty and variety of the snuff boxes, and the articles in cut-glass,—the ribbons and silks, with their exquisite colours, the art of giving which is not known in England,—the profusion and seductiveness of the *Magazines des Gourmands*, are matchless. There are also several passages at the back of the place itself, all full of this sort of display, though of an inferior kind, and including the features of vice in more distinct deformity. Many of these shops are kept by inferior booksellers, who expose for sale the most vicious and profligate publications imaginable.

In the Palais Royal, at the hour of dinner, the salons of the Restorateurs are filled. In proportion as the houses of the Parisians are uncomfortable in an Englishman's estimation, their places of public resort and refreshment have an air of enjoyment, abundance, frankness, and congeniality, to which he has been utterly unaccustomed. From five to half past seven, crowds

of both sexes pour into all the numerous receptacles of this description, the invitations to which hang forth so thick as to astonish the British stranger. The price charged within for dinner, is specified on many of the signs, and varies from twenty-five sous, (about one shilling) to four franks (three-and-fourpence). For these sums four or five dishes a head are promised; half a bottle or a bottle of wine, and a dessert of fruit.

The superior Restorateurs, however, specify nothing; —and here both the supply and the serving up are of the most elegant description. Casts from antique statues stand in niches,—lamps, with beautiful shades, throw a noble light on the tables,—the waiters are active, and madame, the mistress, sits in a splendid recess, as a superintending divinity, decorated, stately, yet gracious; her looks full of the consciousness of her sex and station, her manner, welcoming, polished, and adroit. In all these places of public entertainment, ladies sit and eat indiscriminately with the men.

The advance of the evening throws out still more prominently the native and peculiar features of the Palais Royal. When the numerous windows of this immense mass of building are lighted up, they exhibit a general glare of light from the foundation to the roof; and illuminate the crowds that make their ingress and egress to and from the cellars, which are places both of amusement and refreshment:—here are dancing dogs, blind men who play on musical instruments, ballad singers, petite plays, and the game of dominos. The tables are crowded with men and women, of almost every description; the refreshments are all of a light nature; nothing like intoxication is seen, and there is no very coarse breach of decorum in behaviour.

Above the cellars and the shops of the Palais Royal, there are elegant cafés, common and licensed gambling houses and bagnios, and still higher, the abodes of the guilty, male and female, of every description. The first mentioned (the cafés) are, in fact, the brilliant temples of luxury:—on entering them for the first time, one is

almost struck back by their glare of decoration and enjoyment. Ladies and gentlemen in their colours, and statues in their whiteness, and busy waiters, and painted walls, and sparkling delicacies of every kind, are mingled and extended, in appearance, to infinity, by numerous mirrors, which add vastness to elegance, and the effect of a crowd to the experience of accommodation. In one of these, the *Café des mille colonnes*—(so called because its columns are reflected in glasses till they become thousands)—a priestess of the place presides, with even more than the usual pomp of such persons. She is a fine woman, and admits the stare of her visitors as a part of the entertainment which they have a right to expect.

Leaving these scenes, where pleasure puts on her gayest trappings, and appears in all her smiles and fascination, the visitor may enter others where her attire is coarser, and where she has assumed more of the louring, jaded, desperate look of vice. The *Café Montansier* was a theatre during the revolutionary period, and it still continues to be divided into galleries and boxes; the stage is covered with a vast bouquet of flowers. Here the company is understood to be of a loose description: the men are chiefly military, the women of bad character.

The gambling rooms constitute spectacles excessively shocking. They are licensed and inspected by the government, and therefore are orderly and regular on the surface of their arrangements and behaviour, but they destroy the foundations of order, morals, honour, and loyalty.

Gaming, in every country sufficiently injurious, is, in this, rendered doubly destructive, from the small sums that may be staked. At the first tables with which the Palais Royal, and indeed almost every district of Paris, abounds, and to some of which females are admitted as well as men, so small a sum as two francs, or twenty pence, may be staked. The evil of this will easily be seen; every artizan who can earn, and every shopman

or apprentice, who can purloin that sum, may try his fortune at the gaming-table.

On entering these horrid places, a stranger is first startled by the preparation of taking from him, in the antichamber, his hat and stick. When he proceeds into the rooms where the gaming is carried on, his heart is withered by anxious looks, and a heated stillness, rendered more impressive by the interruptions given to it by the sudden sharp click of a bit of wood, which intimates that the winner is seizing his money. Around these tables, half-pay officers, private soldiers, clerks and ex-employers, are seen in a desperate contention with treacherous fortune:—the expression of the face, as the trembling hand puts down the piece of money is awful; one piece follows another, gold is succeeded by silver, and from five franc coins, the unfortunate wretch is reduced to the risk of a single franc. He loses this, and leaves the room with a face that bespeaks him drained and desperate.

There is yet much more that belongs to the Palais Royal,—but I have described all that will bear description.

Such is this place;—a vanity-fair, a mart of sin and seduction! There is but one Palais Royal in the world, say the Parisians, and it is well for the world that there is but one.

Besides the amusements already mentioned, there are, in Paris, ten theatres open every night, and every night crowded. The Boulevardes are full of coffee houses. At several of these, petite plays are performed:—there are also public dancing rooms, public gardens, and exhibitions without number.

The whole neighbourhood of Paris, within the circle of six miles, is crowded with places of entertainment, adding rural enjoyments to those of the town,—and all these places, in country and in city, are well supported. A more important feature of national character than this excessive fondness for revelry and public entertainment, cannot be imagined. It never can exist among

a people who are deeply attached to their homes; and, among a people who are not deeply attached to their homes, the most illustrious public virtues will but rarely be found.

As it may not be uninteresting to you to be informed respecting the state of Paris, while it was in the possession of the Allies, subsequently to the defeat of the French army in the battle of Waterloo, I will present you with a few extracts, illustrative of the subject, from a publication by Mr. Scott, entitled

Paris revisited in 1815.

THIS gentleman now, as in his former visit, entered Paris by the *Barrière Saint Denys*. A Scotch and a Prussian soldier stood guard in company, at the Barriere. The sight of a red coat in such a situation could not fail to strike a visitor from England very forcibly. A French lady in the diligence with Mr. Scott, pointing to the Scotchman, who was in the highland costume, exclaimed,—"*Ah, que c'est drole!*" Proceeding along the Rue de Fauxbourg St. Denys, Mr. Scott saw many of the British privates, sauntering with a lazy air of enjoyment, looking at the print-shops where they were caricatured, cheapening grapes with the fruit-girls, or treating themselves with lemonade from the portable supplies of that beverage, which abound in the streets of Paris. Our officers, too, swarmed in different parts of the city. They were generally mounted, some well, and some badly, for those who could not procure a decent animal, put up with almost any creature that had four legs. English equipages, complete, light and genteel, glanced rapidly by, contrasting themselves remarkably with the heavy cabriolets and clumsy dirty coaches, the awkward calashes, and the grotes quevoitures of Paris. This superiority of style, equipment, and means of every sort, which was visible in the British visitors of all ranks, coupled with the military command which the

British held over the French capital, constituted an extraordinary spectacle, as the consummation of a long series of national struggles, predictions, reverses, and trials, which had agitated the minds, disturbed the conditions, and put to proof the institutions of mankind.

Paris was, at this time, in a state of very discomposed feeling and opinion. Every Frenchman seemed acutely alive to the calamity which had fallen upon France; and all diversities of political sentiment met in one point of union, namely, that of indignation against those who acted as the conquerors of the country.

All the public situations of Paris exhibited the features of military occupation and mastery. At the bridges, strong detachments were posted, and at that which faces the royal palace, a cannon was kept always loaded, with a lighted match in readiness. There were guard-houses in most of the principal streets; and these were all filled either with British or Prussian soldiers. At the doors of the great hotels, sentinels in foreign uniforms were generally placed, for, in most of them were one or more persons of distinction, attached to the staff or councils of the allied sovereigns, at this time in Paris. For some time, British and Prussian sentries were placed even in the Palace of the Tuilleries. At the entrance of the Palais Royal a strong foreign guard was on duty, with loaded cannon.

The interior of this extraordinary place of dissipation and vice, was thronged with the conquerors of France, who did not enter it safely nor leave it without sustaining injury. The numerous passages leading into it were choked with a living stream of all nations, ages, ranks, costumes, and phisiognomies. The Prussians seemed to live in it. Many of the officers of this nation were but fine boys: the same may be said of the Russians. These youths, with their round caps, tightly tapered waists, bending gait, and measured step, were seen morning, noon, and night, smoking in the rotunda, or regaling in the cafés, or furnishing themselves with jewelry in the shops; or in the hands of yet more mis-

chievous dealers under the piazzas. The spectacle was interesting. Four or five of the Austrian waggon corps, whose dress is about that which one fancies for the robber Moor, hanging linked together, would breast as many Cossacks of the Imperial Russian Guard, in their wide trowsers and high narrow caps. Close behind these, a single Highlander would be walking steadily along. The fashionable lounge, and the bold stare of Bond-street, were to be recognized in the carriage of the young men of our hussar regiments. The slow heavy step of the horse-guardsman, quietly bespoke for itself a free passage, which the quick Prussian, nodding his lofty feather, forced his way without much ceremony.

The Palais Royal had, as usual, distinguished itself during the agitation of the preceding revolution, caused by Buonaparte's return. The inhabitants of its purlieus were all for the Emperor, and its interior was the spot where his cause was the most energetically supported. The *Café Montansier,* the rendezvous of the worst men and women, became the favourite and principal point of assembly for his partisans. Here, as in the time of the revolution, a tribune was erected, and here, both male and female orators made the place echo with the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur, et la liberté!*"

The Parisians, however, were able to derive some spectacles and gaities from the military occupation of their city. A fine band played every evening at the door of the hotel on the Boulevarde, where the Emperor of Austria had his quarters; and a crowd of fashionables used to collect for the purpose of listening to the noble pieces of German martial music which they performed.

In this occupation of Paris, by the armies of the allies, Prince Blucher, as commander in chief of the Prussians, immediately proceeded to remove, from the galleries of the Louvre, all the paintings and other articles which had been taken by the French from his country. This example was followed by the other

allies; and, on the 23d of September, Mr. Scott, on approaching the door of the Louvre, found a guard of one hundred and fifty British riflemen, drawn up on the outside. He entered, and, on going up to the great stair-case, he saw the English guard hastily tramping up its magnificent ascent. A crowd of astonished French followed in their rear; and, from above, many of the visitors to the Gallery of pictures, alarmed by the appearance of troops, were attempting to force their way past the soldiers. This alarm had been occasioned by a rumour that the Louvre was the spot where an opposition to the allies was most likely to break out. It, however, was unfounded, but the spectacle that presented itself, was very impressive. A British officer dropped his men in files along this magnificent gallery, until they extended, two and two, at small distances, from the entrance to the extremity. They proceeded to untie the oil-skins from the locks of their rifles; and, amidst the dust and buzz of armed men, and of the curious and agitated crowds, the work of removal commenced. Porters with barrows and ladders, and tackles of ropes, made their appearance. The collection of the Louvre might, from that moment, be considered as broken up for ever. It now assumed the melancholy and confused appearance of a large auction room after a day's sale. While this process lasted, the guarding of the Louvre was committed, by turns, to the British and the Austrians. The French door-keepers were entirely superseded. Those who had before been so active and official in their management of the place, were now seen haunting their usual situations, but destitute of functions or powers of any kind.

The French were now prohibited from entering; and the Parisians stood in crowds, round the door, looking wishfully within it, as it occasionally opened to admit Germans, English, Russians, and other foreigners. As the packages came out, the people crowded round them, and gave vent to the most violent and exasperated feelings. When, at last, the Gallery was thoroughly cleared

of the property of other nations, the total number of pictures left to the French (of the fifteen hundred, which had constituted their magnificent collection) was only two hundred and seventy-four!

The removal of the statues took up more time than that of the pictures; and the workmen were still employed in packing up these when Mr. Scott quitted Paris. But the bitterest mortification of the Parisians, was occasioned by the removal from Buonaparte's triumphal arch, in the Place Carousel, of the well-known horses which had been brought from the church of St. Mark in Venice. Of this removal Mr. Scott was a witness. They were taken down by the Austrians, in conjunction with some of the men of the English staff corps. The account that Mr. Scott has given of this operation is interesting, but too long to be here recited.

Third Day's Instruction.

PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Mr. Scott's account of Paris is animated, amusing, and strongly characteristic of the place and inhabitants. But it does not convey all the information which is requisite. The principal edifices are indeed mentioned, but many of them are only mentioned. To supply his deficiency in this particular, I have selected, from other sources*, corrected by my own observations,—

An Account of some of the principal Edifices, &c. in Paris and the Vicinity.

The most ancient part of Paris is *L'Ile de la Cité.* This island, as already stated, is connected with the

* Chiefly from Lieutenant Hall's Travels in France, and Mr. Planta's Picture of Paris.

bank on each side of the Seine, by the *Pont Neuf*, which is adorned with a bronze equestrian statue of Henry the Fourth.

Within the island is the *cathedral of Notre Dame*, the mother church of Paris, a venerable Gothic edifice, of great length and height. The interior of this building has an aspect of ponderous magnificence. The nave, or body of the church, has on each side a double aisle, and forty five chapels. One hundred and twenty enormous columns support it. The high altar and the interior of the choir were repaired and ornamented for the coronation of Buonaparte; and these improvements are as fine as marble, gilding, and tall candlesticks, can make them. Above the stalls are eight large paintings, by the most celebrated masters of the French school. Some steps of Languedoc marble conduct to the sanctuary, the altar of which has been justly admired. The steps of the altar are of white marble, sprinkled with golden stars, and support six gilded candlesticks, each nearly five feet high. In the middle of a recess is a grating of gilt brass, on which is sculptured the Paschal Lamb; and above this is a gilded cross, more than seven feet high. Among the relics, or pretended relics, in this church, are enumerated a portion of our Saviour's crown of thorns, and a piece of his cross.

The church of *St. Roch*, in the Rue St. Honoré, is a modern edifice, with a portico in a mixed style of architecture, Doric and Corinthian. Its interior has a richness and lightness of ornament that are almost theatrical. Behind the choir are three chapels: one of these is dedicated to the Virgin, and has its cupola ornamented by a magnificent painting of the Virgin, surrounded by four companies, consisting of the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Holy Women of the Old Testament; and the Apostles and Martyrs of the New. In this church are deposited the remains of the philosopher Maupertius, of Corneille, the French dramatic poet, and the painter Mignard. The church of *Saint Sulpice*, near the Luxembourg, is one of the most cele-

brated ecclesiastical edifices in Paris. It is constructed in a mixed style of Grecian architecture, and has, on each side of the portico, a lofty tower. The choir is decorated with colossial statues of our Saviour, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John the Evangelist; and is terminated by a magnificent chapel, dedicated to the Virgin. The cupola represents "the Assumption;" and the ingenious manner in which the light is admitted produces a magical effect.

The *Panthéon* (formerly the church of Saint Genevieve, at the end of the Rue Saint Jacques) is a happy effort of French architecture. It is built in the form of a Greek cross;—has a noble porch, consisting of a triple range of Corinthian columns, and is surmounted by a dome, composed of two stories, the lower of which is surrounded by thirty Corinthian columns. The interior of this edifice is eminently graceful in its effect: its style of decoration is rich; and the vaulted roof is finished with basso relievos; but it has an air of vacancy arising from its indefinite application. The Pantheon is intended for a Mausoleum, to contain the remains of eminent persons. The vaults and galleries beneath it are admirably arranged as places of sepulture. Each vault is fitted up to contain several coffins, and, in these many dignitaries of France, and of countries that have been subject to France, are already entombed. They now contain the bodies of General Regnier, Admiral de Winter, and Marshal Lasnes. The remains of Voltaire and Rousseau, are also deposited here, but their wooden tombs are in a state of decay. Nothing can more sensibly mark Parisian versatility than the fact, that, after having torn Voltaire from his burial place, at Ferney, and Rousseau, from his "Isle of Poplars," to immure them in these splendid dungeons, their bones should have been left without the ordinary protection of a coffin.

When the stranger has examined the stately sepulchres of the Pantheon, let him direct his steps towards the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. This singular and in-

teresting place consists of about eighty acres of ground, and occupies a commanding eminence, north of the city. It is one of the five great burying grounds of Paris. Its surface is irregular and undulating; and, in various parts, is shaded with clumps of trees, somewhat in the manner of an English pleasure ground. Winding gravel walks divide it into plots of graves and tombstones, the cherished property of different families, and, in general, each stone rests on a bed of flowers, surrounded by a light hedge, or a division of trellis-work. During the spring the soil of Père la Chaise is literally glowing, and the air perfumed with these numberless patches of colours and sweets. Pots, containing rare and delicate plants, are set round many of the tombs: and garlands and votive offerings are suspended on others.

Two stone sarcophagi contain the bodies of Moliere and La Fontaine. The epitaph on the former is "*Molière est dans ce tombeau*" (Moliere is in this tomb); that on the latter is "*Jean s'en alla comme il étoit venu*" (Jean has gone as he came); Dellile, Fourcroy, Sonnini, and other literary characters are also interred here. Here too, without a stone or a name, lies Marshal Ney. But the most celebrated monument in Père la Chaise, is that of Heloise and Abelard. This consists of a small Gothic mausoleum, having in the centre a tomb, on which are the statues of the lovers in a recumbent posture. It was saved from the ruins of the abbey of Paraclete, and, a few years ago, was placed in the verdant corner of Père la Chaise, which it now occupies.

In the southern fauxbourg of Paris, there is a receptacle of mortality, wholly different, both from the stately vaults of the Pantheon, and the beautiful garden of Père la Chaise. The subterranean quarries, which, from time immemorial, had furnished stone for the buildings of Paris, and which now extend under a great part of the city, were appropriated in 1786, to receive the bones collected from the various burying grounds;

these, excessively crowded with dead, had previously exhaled a pestilential vapour in the very heart of the population. After the year 1786, all burials within the walls of Paris were forbidden, except in a few of the churches. The mass of corruption was conveyed away, the bones were separated, cleaned, and piled up in the immense galleries of these quarries; and this new receptacle of the dead received the appellation of the "*Catacombs.*"

There is no external appearance to designate the site of the catacombs. A mean building, like a toll house, covers the well stair-case, by which the visitors descend into this mighty magazine of mortality. After having been supplied with tapers, and after having made this close and toilsome descent, long caverns, the brown sides of which glimmer feebly as the lights fall upon the moisture constantly trickling down them, meet the eye. These, as the visitors continue to advance, seem to branch into endless labyrinths and ramifications. They lead into the vaults which are strictly called "the catacombs," and which are at some distance from the staircase, and are kept locked. On each side of the portal is a column with an entablature, containing an inscription. One of the inscriptions is *Arrêtez, mortels! c'est l'empire de la Mort* (pause, mortals, this is the empire of death)—the other, *Has ultra metas requiescunt, beatam opem expectantes* (they rest beyond these bounds, waiting a blessed hope).

The scene that is presented on entering this place is highly curious. Walls of bones, piled with masonic regularity, extend through seemingly endless avenues. Here and there are chapels, altars, and crucifixes, built of similar materials. Two millions four hundred thousand skulls are formed into various figures and architectural embellishments. The wise, the mighty, and the beautiful, are thus all confounded into rhomboids, parallel lines and circles. One cranium has obtained an honorary distinction: it is placed singly on a pedestal, and was declared by Dr. Gall, the noted lecturer on

craniology, to have once adorned the shoulders of a witty and beautiful woman. The craniologist triumphs here: these dry bones will never give the lie to his hypothesis. There is, in one of the recesses, a small chapel with an altar of expiation: on the wall is inscribed "2d September, 1792"—a thrilling record, more awful than that of these assembled millions of bones, respecting whose destinies we are both ignorant and uninterested. A black wall conceals from view the remains of the victims who were massacred in Paris on that horrible day.

An inscription, in another part of the catacombs, is not less revolting than the above.

"Ici sont inhumés
LXXXVII mètres cubes
D'ossemens, recueillis
Dans le cimetière des Innocens
Du 19 Janvier au 19 Mars, 1811."

"Here are deposited eighty-seven cubic metres of bones, collected from the cemetery of the Innocents, between the 19th of January and the 19th of March, 1811."

After the preceding brief account of three of the principal depositories of the dead, it is requisite to speak of the *Musée des Monumens Français*. This Museum, which is situated in the Rue Petits Augustins, had its origin in the year 1790, when, after the property of the church had been confiscated for the use of the nation, many curious specimens of ancient art were deposited in the convent of the Augustins. Most of the monuments that were saved from St. Denys, and other churches, have been restored, but those which have as yet no precise place of destination, in consequence of the religious houses to which they belonged having been destroyed, are still retained. The gateway of this edifice admits into a court, surrounded by antique buildings that are ornamented with the fragments of many a religious edifice that perished in the barbarous era of the revolution. The different pieces of sculpture are classed according to their respective ages, for

the purpose of giving a view of the progress of the art, and illustrating the successive periods of French history. The monuments are distributed in different apartments, each numbered at the entrance, and containing the relics of a century.

If, from the Musée des Monuments Français, the visitor proceed northward over the *Pont des Arts*, he will come to the *Palace of the Louvre*. This is an elegant pile of architecture, of quadrangular form, and splendidly finished. The front, towards the river, is rich and graceful; and the eastern colonnade has justly been considered one of the most elegant ornaments of Paris. The whole edifice was repaired, at a great expense, by Buonaparte.

The *Gallery of the Louvre*, which connects this palace with that of the Tuilleries, is nearly fourteen hundred feet in length, and forty-two feet wide. The ground floor is divided into eighteen halls and apartments, filled with sculpture. In these apartments were arranged the splendid remains of ancient art, which the French armies obtained from the various countries of the continent; and the restitution of which, in 1815, left the place naked and desolate. The statues that were left have since been re-arranged, and the French have filled the vacant spaces with the best works that other collections could spare, and with models of many of those transcendent pieces which are now for ever lost to them. The upper story of the Louvre Gallery, in its whole magnificent extent, is filled with paintings of all schools, ages, and masters. The whole collection is arranged in three grand divisions, or schools, namely, the French, Flemish, and Italian; and the number is extremely great. Notwithstanding all the deductions which have been made from this gallery, in the restoration of paintings to the countries from which they had been taken, it may still be considered the richest collection in the world. In the Gallery of the Louvre there is an annual *exposé* or exhibition of the paintings of French artists—equivalent to our exhibition at Somerset House.

The *Palace of the Tuilleries* presents a face one thousand and seventy feet in length; and towards the Place Carousel, is composed of seven discordant parcels of building, capped with high Dutch roofs, and tall chimneys, and decorated with nearly all sizes and orders of columns.

In the centre of the *Place Carousel,* and fronting the entrance into the Tuilleries, stands the famous triumphal arch which was erected by Buonaparte, and on the top of which he placed the four famous horses that he caused to be brought from St. Mark's church at Venice.

Another of the palaces in the French capital, is the *Palais de Luxembourg*, in which the chamber of Peers holds its sittings. This, on the whole, is a majestic pile of building, constructed nearly in the form of a square; and in the Tuscan and Doric orders of architecture. The gallery of this palace has been assigned to the exhibition of painting, by living artists, during the interval of the annual *exposé* at the Louvre.

The chamber of Deputies, equivalent to our House of Commons, is in the *Palais Bourbon,* an elegant edifice in the Rue de l'Université, having a portico formed of twelve Corinthian columns, supporting a triangular pediment, adorned with figures in bas-relief.

It is impossible, within the limits of the present description, to speak of all the important edifices in Paris. Some have already been mentioned in the narrative of Mr. Scott's visit to this city; and the rest can only be spoken of in very general terms.

It has been justly observed, that there is no city in the world which, in the same space, contains so much of the splendour of political existence as this. The *quays,* intended rather for ornament than business, are spacious and elegant. The *bridges* are handsome enough to leave nothing to regret but that they have not a nobler current. In summer the *Seine* is so diminutive, that one fancies it would have been cheaper to have filled it up than to have bridged it over.

The *barriers* of Paris are upwards of fifty in number. The *gates* have been constructed for triumphal arches. Within the confines of this city there are sixty *fountains*, some of which are very ornamental. In the Boulevard du Temple, and near the spot on which the Bastile once stood, Buonaparte projected a very singular fountain. It was to have been constructed of bronze, in the shape of an elephant, with a tower on its back, and seventy-two feet high. The water was to have issued from the trunk, and from each foot; and there was to have been the apartment of a restaurateur in the interior: the entrance to the latter was to have been by a staircase in one of the legs. The model of this extraordinary fountain, in plaster of Paris, is exhibited under an immense shed, near the spot where the fountain itself was to have been erected.

There are in Paris several *markets*. Of these the most remarkable is the *Halle au Blé*, or corn market, a noble circular building, having an immense dome of cast-iron. Most of the *prisons* of this city have obtained notoriety by the events which followed the revolution. That called the *Bastile*, near the Boulevard du Temple, was destroyed. The prison of the *Temple*, constituting anciently part of the residence of a military order called the Knights Templers, was the place in which the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth and his family, were immured previously to their execution. That of *La Conciergerie* had long been appropriated for the reception of persons who, convicted of crimes, await the sentence of the law.

Among the public buildings of Paris we must not omit to mention the *Hotel des Invalides*, or hospital for invalid soldiers. It is a majestic edifice, composed of five courts of equal form and dimensions, and surrounded by buildings. The church has a spacious dome, which, being of great elevation, and gilded on the exterior, forms a conspicuous object in nearly all the views of Paris. In the vaults of this church are deposited the remains of Marshal Turenne, one of the

most celebrated warriors that France ever produced. The Hotel des Invalides contains every means of comfort to its inhabitants; and even a large and well furnished library appropriated to their use.

The French, though, for the most part, a light and frivolous people, excel us in many of their national institutions, but in few so much as in their museum of natural history. This, which was formerly called *Le Jardin des Plantes*, has of late received the appellation of *Le Jardin du Roi*. Within the precincts of this garden, which is of great extent, not only all sorts of trees, shrubs, and flowers, are arranged, and classed in separate clumps and parterres, but specimens are collected of all species of manure, and of fences of every description. There are basins for aquatic plants and birds; and conservatories for the productions of foreign climates. One portion of the garden is allotted to the reception of wild quadrupeds and birds, all of which are accommodated according to their habits and dispositions. The more furious kinds have dens: several of the bears have large pits or fosses: the deer and goats have enclosures: the gentler quadrupeds are accommodated with stables: monkeys of all kinds are placed in a long room, full of cages; and the birds in aviaries, or small yards.

The ground floor of the *Museum* is filled with fish and amphibious animals, admirably stuffed and preserved; shells, fossil bones, and minerals. The upper rooms contain stuffed animals, shells, birds, and insects. The collection of birds is in excellent preservation. In the upper rooms is also the museum of comparative anatomy, containing skeletons of various animals, and different preparations in wax. The lower apartments are filled with skeletons of the larger quadrupeds, and of individuals of the human species. Among the latter are the skeletons of the Hottentot Venus, and of the Syrian who stabbed General Kleber at Cairo.

The French have been described, by some writers, as

a dramatic people. Being unaccustomed to look for comfort within the circle of their own families, they are incessantly occupied in pursuit of amusement abroad. Hence, among other places of public resort, their *theatres* are numerous. In Paris alone there are not fewer than thirteen, in which dramatic performances are regularly exhibited. The public *promenades* during fine weather are also constantly filled with company. Of these the *Boulevards* have been already described. The *Champs Elysées*, or Elysian Fields, comprehend a vast enclosure, which extends from Place Louis Quinze to Chaillot, and which are planted with trees in various avenues. Of the numerous public gardens of Paris we must not omit to mention that of *Tivoli*. This, which is open only during the summer, in some respects corresponds with our Vauxhall, but it contains more amusements. The lawns exhibit rope-dancers, mountebanks, grimaciers, groups riding at the ring, swings, whirls, and particularly an inclined plane of great length, down which persons slide in small cars. Several canals intersect the garden; and in these are diminutive boats for the amusement of the company. In the evening the gardens are illuminated.

In the vicinity of Paris there are several palaces, and other elegant structures. Of these, which are a source both of pride and amusement to the French people, I shall mention only a few that are most interesting.

I shall begin with *St. Cloud*, which is situated on the bank of the Seine, about five miles west of Paris. A handsome stone bridge crosses the river to the town of St. Cloud, above which the woods of the parks and gardens wave along the slopes, and crest a bold and picturesque eminence. The palace itself is a heavy mass of building, surrounded by terraces, with stone balustrades, from which flights of broad steps descend into gardens, adorned with a profusion of artificial jets d'eau, tritons, urns, and sea horses, at the several intersections

of their long and formal alleys. Mr. Hall visited St. Cloud on the Sunday of a *fête*, in honour of which the water-works were played off: a cascade was represented by a stream dashing down long flights of steps into an oblong stone basin, surrounded by statues; the effect of which, if neither natural nor sublime, seemed something fairy like, and had that charm which always accompanies the aspect and harmony of descending waters. The living groups were the best ornaments of these gardens. The principal walks were lined with booths full of toys and sweetmeats: other temporary edifices offered refreshments suited to all tastes and conditions; shows, merry Andrews, wild beasts, and tumblers, presented, at intervals, the competition of their several attractions; circles and saloons were brilliantly illuminated for dancing; there seemed to be everywhere gaiety without extravagance, and mirth without vulgarity. All Paris, on the Sundays of these *fêtes*, is poured into St. Cloud: all classes alike seek and find amusement, without troubling themselves to investigate whether it be not of a nature too trifling to become the dignity of their condition, or the seriousness of the day. If I were to name the quality, moral or physical (says Mr. Hall) by which the French nation is chiefly distinguished, I should say it was its *amuseability*. It is at these *fêtes* that the French character exhibits itself in the strongest point of view, and it is here that the stranger should contemplate it.

St. Germain, a tall brick castle, surrounded by a fosse, and situated at the distance of twelve miles north-west of Paris, has a venerable, though gloomy aspect. The apartments are small, and, for the most part, unfurnished, exhibiting only the remnants of magnificence; but it is not without a feeling of interest that we pass through the chambers in which our exiled monarch, James the Second, spent the last years of his life: the silence and nakedness, both of the castle and town, are in unison with ideas of faded grandeur; like the cha-

racter of the fallen monarch, they look monastic, dark, and unfortunate.

The superb terrace, which bounds the park towards the valley of the Seine, is justly admired for its great extent, and its pleasing prospect over Paris and St. Denys. The park contains eight thousand five hundred acres, and is stocked with game for the recreation of the royal family.

Versailles, if size were considered a fair criterion of magnificence, would be universally admired: its apartments are of large dimensions, and extremely numerous. The stranger wanders, in seemingly endless succession, through hall and chamber and cabinet, and state rooms; all richly and gaudily decorated. The eye becomes dazzled and wearied with gilding. It would be an uninteresting task to describe the several apartments, because no description could convey any adequate idea of them. The northern front of the building is eight hundred feet in length, and consists of a first story and an attic, decorated with Ionic pilasters. The chapel is a superb monument of the magnificence of Louis the Fourteenth, by whom it was constructed; and the theatre, once extremely splendid, now looks as tawdry as splendour always looks in decay.

The gardens of this sumptuous palace are equal in splendour to the fabric to which they belong. Innumerable statues, temples, and pavilions, greet the view in every direction, while shrubberies, parterres, sheets of water, and jets d'eau, in every direction, diversify the enchanting scenery.

Le Grand Trianon is a small palace which stands in the park of Versailles. It presents a face only one story high, and three hundred and eighty feet in length. This is terminated by two pavilions, connected by a range of twenty-two ionic columns; and the whole is surmounted by a balustrade and vases.

Le Petit Trianon does not much exceed in dimension a moderate sized private house. It stands at one of the

extremities of the park of the Great Trianon, and consists of a pavilion in the Roman style, forming a complete square, each front measuring about eighty feet in length. The pleasure grounds consist of gardens laid out in the English and French style; diversified with statues, orangeries, grottos, temples, cascades, and canals.

Betwixt Versailles and St. Germain are the aqueducts and waterworks of *Marly*, with which the fountains of Versailles are supplied. The park, and the chateau which was built here by Louis the Fourteenth, have disappeared.

On the road from St. Germain to Paris is the modest *Malmaison*, long the favourite residence of Buonaparte. It is a neat white house, having the air of a respectable English gentleman's seat, and is surrounded by shrubberies laid out in the English style.

Fourth Day's Instruction.

NORTH OF FRANCE.

THE countries of Europe, unlike the wild and unoccupied regions of Africa and America, are so closely populated, and contain so many places, interesting in a geographical view, that it would be impossible for me to describe even all those which seem to demand attention. Under this difficulty I have been compelled to adopt a plan, in some respects, different from that in which I have described the two preceding quarters of the globe*. Instead of the kind of excursive descriptions of the countries and inhabitants which I there adopted, I shall not, at present, be able to do more than connect the narratives of the Travels, by remarks on a few of the most

* See Travels in Africa, and in South America.

important places which the travellers have omitted to visit. With this view I shall commence

A Description of some of the Towns in the North of France

with *Rouen*, the capital of Normandy. This place, about thirty leagues north-west of Paris, is situated on the banks of the river Seine. Many of the *houses* are constructed of wood, and have each story projecting over the one below it, until the pointed roofs nearly meet from the opposite sides of the streets. The door-posts, window-frames, beam-ends, and wood-work, with which the fronts of the buildings are, in general, chequered and intersected, are frequently ornamented with rich carving, grotesque heads, flowers, and other fanciful devices. At every turning of the *streets*, some relic of antiquity, a pointed arch, the mutilated statue of some saint, or a gothic fountain strikes the eye; while the mouldering magnificence of the cathedral, the churches, the palais de justice, and other public edifices, carries the imagination four or five centuries back, in the history of society.

This place was anciently fortified; but the fortifications have been destroyed, and their place is supplied by a *boulevarde*, or broad avenue of trees, forming a stately promenade.

The *cathedral* is a very ancient and remarkable edifice, its superb front is one hundred and eighty feet in width, and is terminated by two lofty towers, which afford a beautiful specimen of the most elaborate Gothic architecture. The interior length is upwards of five hundred feet. Along the aisles, and in the choir, are numerous private chapels. The chapel of the Virgin, at the eastern extremity, contains many interesting objects, particularly a memorial of the English monarch Richard Cœur de Lion, whose body was entombed at Fontevrault. His brother Henry, and his Queen Eleanor, were both interred here, and the site of their monu-

ments is marked by inscriptions on the pavement, which record their name and burial. In another chapel is the tomb of Rollo, first duke of Normandy, an ancestor of William the Conqueror.

It was in Rouen that Joan of Arc, the heroic Maid of Orleans, after having been taken prisoner by the English, was immured; and, at length, inhumanly devoted to the flames. In the centre of the market-place is a fountain crowned by her statue.

The *people* of Rouen, and of other parts of Normandy, are very distinct, both in appearance and character, from the rest of the French nation: they still retain the characteristic of their northern original. They have a gravity and steadiness of deportment, rarely to be found among the inhabitants of France. There needs no better proof of this than the costume of the middling and lower classes. The women, to this day, appear in the same raised, conical, or cylindrical linen caps, as were the fashionable head-dresses five hundred years ago. Their hair is gathered into a thick club, behind this starched pyramid; whilst their long, stiff stays, bundling petticoats, and staring trinkets, display the attachment of the lower order of females to a hideous costume.

Fifteen leagues from Rouen, and in a low but fertile country, at the mouth of the river Arques, is *Dieppe*, a well-known trading sea-port, where the packets from Brighton to France usually land. The harbour is narrow, and the town of great antiquity, with close and filthy streets: at its eastern extremity is an ancient and irregularly formed castle. The principal trade of Dieppe is in fish, particularly in barrelled herrings; but lace and ivory toys, to a considerable amount, are manufactured here.

On the northern bank of the river Seine, and at the place where it falls into the sea, stands *Havre de Grace*. This is a considerable town, situated in a flat and marshy territory, and defended by walls, ditches, and a citadel. The houses are more regular than in many

arsenal is large, and abundantly supplied with naval stores.

From Brest we must pass over the country to *Dunkirk*, a maritime town, situated nearly at the north-western extremity of France. This place, which is of considerable size and population, has an extensive trade with Holland and the northern parts of Europe. Its harbour is so conveniently situated for commerce, that, at a very early period, it was enlarged and fortified for the reception and defence of shipping. Dunkirk has, at different times, belonged to various families and governments. In 1558 it was taken by the French. It was subsequently ceded to Spain; and, having fitted out numerous privateers for the purpose of annoying the commerce of England and France, it was taken by the united forces of those countries; and, in 1655, was given up to Oliver Cromwell, at that time protector of England. Seven years after this it was sold, by Charles the Second, to the French, who fortified it so strongly as to render it almost impregnable. During the war which terminated in 1713, the privateers of Dunkirk took more than sixteen hundred English prizes. This loss was so great that England would not consent to enter into any treaty with France, unless the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed. The demolition of them consequently took place in the autumn of that year. They were, however, re-established in 1740; and although there have been some subsequent stipulations for their demolition, they still continue to exist. Dunkirk itself contains nothing remarkable. The houses, unlike those in most of the French towns, are in general only one or two stories high; and the lowest classes of the people live in cellars, which open into the streets. There are, in this place, manufactories of tobacco, starch, glass, and leather; and several rope-walks, distilleries, and sugar-houses.

North-east of Dunkirk is the strongly fortified town

of *Lisle*, formerly the capital of French Flanders. This is a large and well-built place, situated in the midst of a rich but marshy country, and crossed by the river Doule. The streets are about one hundred and seventy in number; and the squares, particularly the Great Square and the Little Square, are adorned with noble buildings; among others with an exchange, a magazine of vast extent, and an hospital. Lisle is surrounded by more than two hundred windmills which give to it a singular appearance. Its fortifications were constructed by the famous French engineer, Marshal Vauban; and they are considered to be almost impregnable. The commerce of Lisle is very extensive, and consists chiefly in the productions of the adjacent territory, grain, madder, flax, and tobacco; and also in camlets and cotton cloths, silk and lace. In the vicinity of the town are several extensive caverns, in which the inhabitants are said to have sometimes concealed their effects in time of war.

About thirty miles south-east of Lisle, is *Arras*, a fortified city, which stands on a considerable eminence, and is surrounded by quarries that have supplied stone for the buildings. The great square of Arras, surrounded by piazzas, has some very splendid edifices: and is built on arches, in the Spanish style of architecture. In this square the principal market is kept. The cathedral is a noble Gothic edifice, having a lofty tower, in which is a clock embellished with small figures in bronze, representing the passion of our Saviour. This church contains a brazen pulpit, in the form of a tree, and supported by two brazen bears. Arras has eleven parish churches, and a public library. The latter contains an interesting collection of vases, inscriptions, and other antiquities, that have been found within the surrounding province. There is a beautiful and extensive walk round the glacis and ramparts. The principal manufactures of this place are woollen cloths, lace, stockings, leather, and refined sugar. The tapestry, called Arras hangings, derives its appellation from this place.

In a valley traversed by the river Scheldt, and about forty miles east of Arras, stands the strongly fortified town of *Valenciennes*. On the approach to this place, the spires only are visible, rising above the houses, and no appearance whatever of fortifications can be discerned. At a nearer approach, however, the high walls, the deep ditches, and massive gates, convey an idea of almost impregnable strength. During the revolutionary war, Valenciennes was besieged by the allied armies, under the command of the Duke of York, and, at the end of six weeks, was surrendered to them; but it was retaken by the French in the ensuing year. In the course of one night more than five hundred red-hot balls were poured into it: the place at which the English troops forced their entrance, is shown to travellers, and the impressions of the balls are not yet effaced. The town is large and populous. It is irregularly built, with narrow, crooked streets; but has a handsome square.

Cambray, the see of an archbishop, and once the residence of the amiable and accomplished author of Telemachus, is a large and handsome, but ancient town, defended by a fort and a strong citadel on the river Scheldt. Its situation also is so low, that the immediately adjacent country can be laid under water, by means of sluices. The streets are spacious and well built; and the Great Square, which is so extensive as to be capable of receiving the whole garrison in order of battle, is much admired.

Previously to the French revolution, the cathedral of Cambray was one of the finest edifices of the kind in Europe; but a few ruins of it only have escaped the ravages of that horrible period. Another, but much inferior, cathedral, has subsequently been erected. Cambray contains ten parish churches, three abbeys, and two convents. The principal articles manufactured here are lace, soap, and leather, and the fine kind of linen, which, from this place, is called Cambric.

Eighty miles south-east of Cambray, and in the midst

of a plain, abounding in corn and vineyards, stands *Rheims*, one of the most ancient cities of France, and, before the revolution, the seat of an archbishop. It is a large and well built place. The cathedral is a magnificent edifice; its principal entrance is remarkable for the beauty of its architecture; and the great altar, at which the kings of France were formerly crowned, was once plated with gold. There are in Rheims several vestiges of Roman architecture, particularly an amphitheatre and two triumphal arches.

About half way betwixt Rheims and Metz is *Verdun*, a strongly fortified town where, during the late war, a great number of English prisoners were confined.

Metz, once a free imperial city, but now the capital of a French province, is strongly fortified, and divided into the Old and New Town. The former has narrow streets; but the houses, though built in an ancient style, are handsome. This place contained a cathedral, sixteen parish churches, six abbeys, and nineteen convents; and is noted for the manufacture of sweetmeats, liqueurs, and artificial flowers. It is situated partly on an eminence and partly in a plain, at the conflux of the rivers Seille and Moselle, and in the midst of a fertile and productive country.

South of Metz is *Nancy*, an episcopal town which stands at the foot of a hill, in the midst of a delightful plain. It is divided, by a canal, into two parts. One of these, called the Old Town, is in the shape of an oblong square, ill built and environed by a wall and bastions. The New Town is regular and handsome. Nancy was formerly the residence of the dukes of Lorraine, and their palace is still in existence. The cathedral, a peculiarly elegant Gothic edifice, has two towers and a cupola.

Near the borders of Germany is *Strasbourg*, one of the most strongly fortified cities in Europe. Its outworks reach to the bank of the Rhine, about a mile distant. Over this river there is a wooden bridge, three thousand nine hundred feet long, and supported, in the

middle, by an island, on which there is a strong castle. Strasbourg formerly belonged to the emperors of Germany, but it was taken by the French in the year 1682. It has six gates and two hundred streets. Most of the latter are very narrow; and the houses are chiefly constructed of a red kind of stone, which is obtained from quarries near the Rhine. Besides its fortifications, Strasbourg is celebrated for its cathedral, which is one of the most superb Gothic edifices in France. Its steeple, nearly four hundred and fifty feet high, is wrought in the form of a pyramid, and combines both solidity and delicacy. The mechanism of the clock is very singular. It formerly exhibited the motions of the planets as well as the hour of the day; but it has been long out of repair. In one of the churches there is a magnificent tomb, erected to the memory of the celebrated Marshal Saxe. The market of Strasbourg surprises the traveller by the abundance of fish, game, and other articles of provision, which it exhibits.

At the distance of one hundred and forty miles south-west of Strasbourg stands *Besançon*, surrounded by mountains, and seated on the bank of the river Doubs, which divides it into an upper and lower town. Of the upper town nothing remains but the castle or citadel, which stands on an elevated rock. The lower town has three long and handsome streets, and a considerable square, adorned with houses built of stone, and covered with slate. The only public buildings, in Besançon, that are deserving of notice, are the cathedral and the prison. Under the Romans this was a very magnificent city; and many remains of their superb edifices are yet visible.

The mountains in the vicinity of Besançon contain some remarkable natural caverns, respecting which many absurd and fabulous accounts have been given.

Dijon, the capital of the province of Burgundy, is a large and somewhat populous city. It contains many interesting buildings, both ancient and modern. The cathedral, in particular, is remarkable for its beauty

and grandeur. Its spire is nearly four hundred feet high; and behind the choir is an ancient rotunda, with three arches, one above the other, supported by one hundred and four columns. This edifice has been constructed upon the ruins of a Pagan temple, a considerable portion of which still exists. There are in Dijon seven parish churches; one of these, dedicated to St. Mary, is a Gothic edifice of exquisite taste and uncommon beauty. The plain in which Dijon stands, produces an abundance of excellent wine, particularly Burgundy of the finest quality, which is sent to Paris, Holland, Strasbourg, and Switzerland.

On the bank of the Seine, and about ninety miles north-west of Dijon, is *Troyes*, the capital of Champagne, pleasantly situated in the midst of a level and fertile territory. This is an ancient town, and contains houses that are built of wood. It is surrounded by walls, and has a fine Gothic cathedral, fourteen churches, four abbeys, and ten convents.

Betwixt Troyes and Paris, and about forty miles from Paris, is the little town of *Fontainbleau*, chiefly remarkable for its royal palace. This is situated in a small plain, surrounded by a forest which contains twenty-five thousand acres, abounds in deer, and exhibits many grand and beautiful scenes. The palace of Fontainbleau is one of the most celebrated and elegant edifices of the kind in France. It is a large and irregular building, composed of numerous squares, and consisting of an assemblage of four palaces. Its apartments are nearly nine hundred in number; and, though it has experienced the effects of revolutionary anarchy, there is sufficient left to excite admiration. One of the galleries is a hundred feet long and covered with paintings. This palace will long be celebrated for the abdication of the throne of France and Italy, which was signed here by Buonaparte, in the month of April, 1814. The gardens are neat and extensive; and, among numerous fountains, they contain one, which, from the excellence of its water, gave name to the place.

Fifth Day's Instruction.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Narrative of a Journey from Paris to Orleans. From Travels in the South of France, by Lieutenant Colonel Pinkney, of the North American Rangers.

COLONEL PINKNEY, accompanied by a gentleman and two ladies, set out from Paris, in the month of July, 1807, on an excursion through some of the most important districts of the South of France. They proceeded in a direction towards Chartres.

Scarcely had they reached the first stage, about seven miles from Paris, before every appendage of a metropolitan city had disappeared. The scenery and the objects were as retired as they are in the most remote corner of England. In England, indeed, the manners, habits, and dress, of the capital, pervade the distant parts of the kingdom; but in France every province has its characteristic dress and manners.

Beyond *Palaiseau* they continued their journey through a country the aspect of which was continually changing. Hitherto Colonel Pinkney had considered France to be an open country, almost without enclosures; but this opinion was now totally changed, for the country on each side was as much enclosed, as it is in any of the most cultivated counties of England. In fact three-fourths of the country is enclosed, even to the most minute divisions. But, with the exception of good enclosures, nothing, he says, can be so miserable as the system of agriculture along the whole road from Paris to Maus.

After a long but not wearisome journey the party arrived at *Rambouillet*, where they visited the chateau

in which Francis the First expired. This immense and disproportionate building is situated in an extensive park, in the midst of woods and waters; and, most unaccountably, the very lowest ground has been chosen for its site. It is a heavy and vast structure, entirely of brick, and with the turrets, arches, and corners characteristic of the Gothic order. Its occupants, at this time, were a company of soldiers, with two officers, and an housekeeper.

Louis the Fourteenth, for some years, held his court in this castle; and, from respect to his memory, the apartment in which he slept and held his levee has been left in the same condition as at his death. This chamber is of large size, and has windows like those of a church. At the further end is a raised floor, where stands the royal bed, of purple velvet ornamented with gold, and lined with white satin painted in a very superior style. Two pieces of coarse linen are shown as the royal sheets. The counterpane is of red velvet, embroidered, as it were, with white lace, and having a deep gold fringe round the edges. It is lined with white satin, and marked, at each corner, with a crown and fleur de lys. Immediately over that division of the apartment where the raised floor commences, is a gilded rod along the ceiling. When the king held his court here, a curtain only separated his bedchamber and the levee room. The travellers visited several other rooms, all of them magnificently furnished, and all the furniture apparently of the same æra. The grand saloon appeared to Colonel Pinkney to be the largest room he had ever seen. The gardens were spacious, and were divided and intersected into numerous fanciful plots, borders, narrow and broad walks, terraces, and flower-beds. The travellers reached *Chartres* by sunset. Nothing could be more delightful than the approach to this town. It is situated on the knoll of a hill, the houses appeared intermixed with trees, and the setting sun beautifully gilded the spires of the churches and the convent.

The peasantry here seemed clean, well fed, and happy. The travellers saw several groups of them enjoying themselves in the evening dance: they presented flowers and fruit to the ladies, and refused to accept of any recompense. Some of the younger women, though sunburnt, were handsome: and many of them, from their fanciful dresses, resembled the cottagers exhibited on the stage. The men were excessively ugly, diminutive in size, and had features resembling those of an old baboon.

In his description of Chartres, Colonel Pinkney takes the opportunity to speak of the old French towns, in comparison with those of England. The inland towns of England, he says, be their antiquity what they may, retain but little of their ancient form. This, he observes, is the consequence of a brisk trade; the several houses have so often changed owners, and the owners have, usually, been so substantial in their circumstances, that there is, perhaps, scarcely a house, but what, in twenty years, has been rebuilt from its foundation. This is not the case with the houses in the old towns of France. A French tradesman's house is like his stocking; he never thinks that he wants a new one, as long as he can, in any way, darn his old one: he never thinks of building a new wall, as long as he can patch his old one, and he repairs his house piecemeal as it falls down. The repairs, therefore, are always made so as to match the breach. In this manner the original form of the house is preserved for centuries, and, as philosophers say of the human body, it retains its identity, though every atom of it may have been changed.

This is the case with Chartres, one of the most ancient towns in France: every house bears evident proofs of its antiquity; the streets are in straight lines, and the houses are dark and large, but full of small rooms. The town, which is divided into two parts by the river *Eure*, is surrounded by a wall, and has nine gates, most of them of stone, and of very ancient architecture; each

is surmounted by a figure of the Holy Virgin, the imaginary patroness of the place. The cathedral is, perhaps, the most ancient ecclesiastical edifice in France. Colonel Pinkney and his friends were excessively astonished by descending, from the upper church, into a subterraneous one, which extends under the whole space of the church above it; and has corresponding walls, choir, and even stalls.

The party left Chartres for Nantes; intending to proceed, thence, on a tour along the banks of the Loire, and in a direction towards its source.

Throughout the greatest part of the road to Nantes, nothing could be more delightful than the scene on each side. From *La Fleche* to *Angers*, and thence to *Ancennis*, the country was a complete garden. The hills were covered with vines; every wood had its chateaus; and every village its church. The peasantry were clean and happy, the children cheerful and healthy, and most of the younger women were spirited and handsome. The travellers reached *Nantes* on the evening of the first of August. This is, in every respect, a noble city, and, unlike most commercial cities, is as beautifully as it is advantageously situated. It stands on the ascent and summit of an hill, at the foot of which is the *Loire*, almost as broad, and infinitely more beautiful than the Thames. In the middle of the stream, opposite to the town, are several islets, on which are houses and gardens, that have a most pleasing effect. The Loire is, however, so shallow near the town that vessels of magnitude are obliged to unload some miles below it. This is a commercial incovenience which is not compensated by one of the finest quays in Europe, extending nearly a mile in length, and covered with buildings, almost like palaces.

Nantes was the residence and burying place of the ancient dukes of Bretagne; and, in the town and neighbourhood, there are many of the relics of these early sovereigns. On an hill towards the east is the

castle in which they used to hold their court. This edifice is still entire, though built nearly nine hundred years ago; and, the repairs having been made in the character of the original structure, it remains a perfect specimen of the architecture of the age in which it was built.

An inn in Nantes, called the Hotel of Henry the Fourth, is one of the largest and most magnificently furnished establishments of the kind in Europe. It makes up sixty beds, and can take in one hundred horses, and an equal proportion of servants.

Having exchanged their carriage for a kind of open barouche, adapted to the narrow French cross roads, and composed entirely of cane, with removeable wheels, so as to be taken to pieces in an instant, the travellers took the road along the Loire for Ancennis.

It was a beautiful morning, and there being a fair at *Mauves*, a village on the road, nothing could be more gay than their journey was at its commencement. Mauves is most romantically situated, on a hill which forms one of the banks of the Loire. The surrounding country, in the richness of its woods, and the verdure of its meadows, strongly reminded the colonel of England; but he knew of no scenery in England, which, together with this richness and variety, had so beautiful a river as the Loire to complete it in all the qualities of landscape. On each side of this river, from Nantes, are hills, which are wooded to the summit.

The evening was as beautiful as is usual in the southern parts of Europe, at this season of the year. The nightingales were singing in the adjoining woods; the road, as the travellers approached Ancennis, was most romantically recluse, and so serpentine as never to be visible beyond a hundred yards; and, moreover, was bordered on each side by lofty hedges, intermingled with fruit trees, and even with vines in full bearing.

The travellers entered the *Forest of Ancennis* as the sun was setting. This forest is celebrated in every

ancient French ballad as being the haunt of fairies, and as the scene of the ancient archery of the provinces of Bretagne and Anjou.

Ancennis is a village on a green surrounded by woods. Some of the cottages are delightfully situated, and the village has altogether a peculiar air of quietness and of rural retreat, which characterizes the scenery of the Loire. Some of the neater cottages are situated in gardens; and, in nearly every garden, there is one tree peculiarly distinguished from the rest. It has usually a seat around its trunk; and, where the top of it is large enough to admit of it, there is a railed seat among the branches.

Along the banks of the Loire, from Ancennis to Angers, nothing can be more beautiful than the natural distribution of lawn, wood, hill, and valley; whilst the river, which borders this scenery, is ever giving it a new form by its serpentine shape.

At the little town of *Ingrande* the travellers left the province of Bretagne, and entered that of Anjou; and the country, through which they passed, is not, perhaps, excelled in beauty by any other country in Europe. This beauty, from the earliest periods of the French monarchy, occasioned the rising ground of the Loire to have been selected for the sites of castles, monasteries, abbeys, and chateaux. Towns, windmills, steeples, ancient castles, and abbeys, still entire, and others with nothing remaining but lofty walls; hills covered with vines, and alternate woods and corn fields, successively refresh, animate, delight, and exalt the imagination.

After a short rest, at the village of *Chantoce*, the travellers proceded towards *Angers*, a town situated in a fertile plain, and watered by the *Mayenne*, a small branch of the Loire. The walls of Angers were built by King John of England; and, though six centuries have elapsed since their erection, they are still nearly entire. The castle was built at the same time; and is situated on a rock which overhangs the river. Its walls are lofty and broad, its towers numerous, and its fosses deep:

the latter are cut out of the solid rock, and must have required long and ingenious labour.

The cathedral of Angers, the inner part of which somewhat resembles Westminster Hall, is chiefly celebrated for containing the remains of Margaret of Anjou, the heroic queen of our Henry the Sixth. The general appearance of Angers does not correspond with the magnificence of its walls, its castle, and its cathedral. It contains six parish churches, besides several monasteries; and the number of its inhabitants is estimated at fifty thousand. The streets, however, are narrow, and the houses mean, low, and huddled together: there is scarcely a good inhabited house within the walls. Colonel Pinkney visited the market, and, on inquiring respecting the price of provisions, he found that beef and mutton were sold for about twopence English per pound, bread for about three halfpence per pound, fowls at fivepence, and turkeys from eighteenpence to two shillings each.

There was formerly, in Angers, a caserne, or riding school; one of the most superb edifices of the kind in the world. Peter the Great of Russia, and many other illustrious men, received instructions in equestrian exercises here. Before the French revolution Angers was celebrated as a seat of literature, and had an university, or national school, of great celebrity.

In the vicinity of this town vineyards are numerous, and cover the hills, and even the valleys, with their luxuriance: nothing can be more beautiful than the natural festoons which are formed by the long branches of the vines, laden with fruit, as they project over the road. The peasantry live in the midst of vineyards; their habitations are usually excavated out of the rocks and small hillocks on which they grow their vines; and, as these hillocks are usually composed of strata of chalk, the cottages are dry and comfortable. Some of them, as seen from the road, being covered even over their doors by vine branches, have the appearance of so many nests; and, such as have two stories, are pic-

turesque in the extreme. Every village is most romantically situated; some in orchards, some in fenced gardens, some in corn fields, and others in vales and recesses on each side of the road.

The travellers passed an estate which was offered for sale; and, the house being near the road, they inquired the price and particulars. There were six hundred acres of land, and a good house; and the purchase money was five thousand pounds English. Four hundred acres were arable, the other wood and heath. In England the price would have been, at least, twenty thousand pounds.

Late in the evening they reached *Saumur*, a small, but pretty town, on the southern bank of the Loire. This was once a fortified city, but the fortifications are now neglected and in ruin. On inquiry into the price of provisions and house rent, in the vicinity of Saumur, Colonel Pinkney asserts that, according to the best estimate he could make, a family consisting of a man, his wife, three or four children, two maid servants, a man servant, and three horses, might here be maintained for one hundred pounds a year, and he states his full persuasion, that in this estimate he is rather over than under the mark.

Beyond Saumur, the road, for some distance, extended along the southern bank of the Loire. The landscape seemed to improve as the travellers advanced. Sometimes the river ran through a plain in which the peasants were gathering their harvest; sometimes the banks on each side were covered with forests, from the centre of which were visible steeples, villas, windmills, and abbeys.

They passed through the small town of *Langeais*, celebrated for the production of melons, and, not long afterwards, reached *Tours*, where they remained three days. Nearly the whole of this time they occupied in walking over the town and its environs.

Nothing can be more delightful than the situation of Tours. Imagine a plain between two rivers, the Loire

and the Clier, and this plain subdivided into compartments of every variety of cultivated land, corn fields studded with fruit trees, and a range of hills in the distance covered with vineyards to their top, whilst every eminence has its villa or abbey, or ruined tower. The cities in France, at least those on the Loire, have all somewhat of a rural character.

The general appearance of Tours is brisk, gay, and clean. A great part of this town having been burned, during the reign of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, nearly the whole of the main street was laid out and rebuilt at the expense of that monarch. What before had been close and narrow, was then widened, and rendered pervious to a direct current of air. The houses are built of white stone, so as to give this part of the town a resemblance to Bath. Some of them are spacious and elegant, and all of them are neat and have every external appearance of comfort.

The travellers visited the cathedral. It had not, however, any thing to distinguish it, except its antiquity, two beautiful towers, and a library of valuable manuscripts. Near the town is a public walk, planted on each side with ranges of elms, and nearly a mile and half in length.

There is in Tours an excellent market for provisions, which are here very cheap. House rent also is extremely reasonable. The society in this place is, perhaps, better than that in any other provincial town of France. There are some excellent houses within the city, and a great number in the immediate vicinity. In the assemblies, which are here held weekly, during the principal part of the year, it is customary, on a lady accepting a partner, to present him, if in summer, with a flower, if in winter, with a ribbon, of what she has adopted as her colour. Every married lady has a colour which she has adopted as her own, and which she always wears on some part of her dress.

Tours was formerly celebrated for its silk manufactory; and enough of this still remained to invite and

to gratify the curiosity of a traveller; there was likewise a ribbon manufactory, but the ribbons were greatly inferior to those of England.

After breakfast, on the third day after their arrival in Tours, the travellers resumed their journey, proposing to sleep at Amboise, a town about twenty miles distant. They passed through the singular village of *Mont Louis*, which Colonel Pinkney had been previously informed might be passed by a stranger without his seeing house, man, woman, or child. The travellers were in the midst of the village before they saw it. Imagine, says Colonel Pinkney, a number of sandy hills on each side of the road, and the sides of them scooped out into houses, or rather into caves, and you have a sufficient idea of this French village, containing some hundreds of inhabitants. The hills, being hollowed out on the further extremity from the road, a traveller might certainly pass through without perceiving any thing of it. This kind of structure is even carried on where there is not the natural advantage of a hill to hollow out. The village extends into the plain, which is likewise dug out into subterraneous houses, and which are only visible by the smoke that issues from the chimneys. "You must not (said a French lady of the party, to Colonel Pinkney) necessarily infer the misery of our peasantry, because you see them in such unfit habitations as these. If you compare the French poor with the poor in your own country, you must take all circumstances into consideration. When you see the French peasantry so ill lodged, and so scantily clad, you must bring into your view, at the same time, the difference of the climates. Here the same sun which now shines upon us, shines upon us the whole year; our rains are short, and are all confined to their season. Those caves, moreover, bad as they are, belong to their inhabitants; the property is their own. Can your peasantry say the same? Believe me, Monsieur, there are many very happy and very lovely faces within those dwellings."

On their way from Tours to Blois, the travellers passed through the little town of *Amboise*, situated on the Loire. The country, through nearly the whole distance, continued to be extremely beautiful. During this part of the journey, Colonel Pinkney had an opportunity of ascertaining some interesting particulars respecting the state of the French peasantry. In the immediately surrounding districts, the average daily wages of French labourers is about a shilling English, besides three pints of the wine of the country. Yet their condition is, upon the whole, very comfortable; the greatest number of them have a cow, and a small slip of land. There is much common along the whole course of the Loire, and the farmers have a practice of exchanging with the poor. In many districts, for example, the poor have right of commonage over all the common fields during a certain number of days; the farmers having possession of these lands, and finding it inconvenient to be subject to this participation, frequently buy it off, and, in exchange, assign an acre or more to each cottage in a parish. These cottages are let to the labourers for life, at a mere nominal rent, and are continued to their families, as long as they remain honest and industrious. There is indeed no such thing in France as parochial taxes for the relief of the poor, but distress seldom happens, without being immediately relieved. The French poor live very cheaply, and yet, all things considered, very sufficiently. Those persons who have lived only in northern climates, can scarcely form an idea what a very different kind of sustenance is required in a southern one. The breakfast of a French labourer usually consists of bread and fruit, his dinner of bread and onion, his supper of bread and milk, and chesnuts. Sometimes a pound of meat may be boiled with the onion, and a bouille is thus made, which, with management, will go through the week. The climate is such as to require no expense in fuel, and very little in clothes.

A great quantity of maize is cultivated in this part of

France, the roofs of the cottages were at this time covered with it, drying in the sun; the ears were of a bright golden yellow, and in the cottage gardens it had a beautiful effect.

The situation of *Blois* is as agreeable as that of any of the principal towns on the Loire. The greatest part of it is built upon a hill, which descends, by a gentle declivity, to the river. The remainder is a suburb on the opposite side of the river, to which it is joined by a bridge. From the hill on which the town stands, is a beautiful view of a rich and lovely country; but the structure of the town does not correspond with the beauty of its site. The streets are narrow, and most of the houses low. Some of the houses, however, are very respectable, and evidently the habitation of a superior class of people. They are not very dissimilar to what are common in the county towns of England.

But the boast and ornament of Blois is its chateau or castle, built upon a rock which overhangs the Loire. This castle is famous as having been the birth-place of Louis the Twelfth, and the place where the Duke of Guise, and his brother the Cardinal, were murdered on the 23d of December, 1587, by order of Henry the Third.

Beyond Blois the country is still beautiful. To Colonel Pinkney it appeared more populous, and to have a greater number of chateaus, than any part of France he had yet passed through. On some parts of the road, the chalk hills at the side of the river, presented a very curious spectacle: smoke issued from an hundred vents on the sides and summits, and gave them the appearance of so many volcanoes. This appearance was explained when the travellers afterwards observed that the descent, fronting the river, was scooped into houses or rather into caves for the peasantry, and that the roofs were cut upwards for the chimneys. The fronts of these cottages, which were not visible from the road, were very picturesque: they had case-

ments, and the walls were deeply shaded and embossed with vines. They were in some places in rows, one above another.

Two days were occupied in the journey from Blois to Orleans. The travellers passed several chateaus, situated in meadows and lawns by the road side. Some of these were altogether in the ancient style, and were truly characteristic of the French country house. In the ordinary construction of a French chateau, says Colonel Pinkney, there is a greater consumption of wood than brick, and no sparing of ground; it is usually a rambling building, with a body, wings, and again wings upon those wings, and flanked at the sides with a pigeon house, stables, and barns, the pigeon house being on the right, and the barns and stables on the left. The windows are numerous, but, even in the best chateaus, there is a strange neglect as to broken glass; sometimes the windows are left broken, but more frequently they are patched with paper, with coloured silk, or are stuffed with linen. The upper tier of windows, even in the front of the house, is usually ornamented with the clothes of the family hanging out to dry, a piece of slovenliness and ill taste, for which there can be no excuse in the country; where there is surely room enough for this part of household business.

The pleasure grounds attached to the chateau, correspond with its style. A grand avenue, planted on each side with noble trees, leads to the house, but the road is usually so overgrown with moss and weeds as to convey a most uncomfortable sensation of cold, dampness, and desolation. The grass of the lawn is equally foul, and every thing of dirt and rubbish is collected under the windows in front. The gardens behind are in the same execrable state; gravel walks overrun with moss and weeds; flower beds ornamented with leaden statues of Floras, painted Mercurys, and Dians with milk pails. Almost every yard salutes you with some similar absurdity. The hedges are shaped into

peacocks, and, not unfrequently, into ladies and gentlemen dancing a minuet. Pillars of cypress, and pyramids of yew, terminate almost every walk.

Orleans somewhat resembles Tours, but it is not so well built, nor is its situation so eligible. It, however, is situated very beautifully. The country is uneven and diversified, and the fields have the air of pleasure grounds, except in the luxuriant wildness of the hedges, and the frequent intermixture of orchards and fruit trees. As seen from the road, the aspect of this city is extremely picturesque.

The interior of the town does not, however, altogether correspond with the beauty of the country in which it stands: some of the streets are narrow, and contain houses that are old and execrably built. The principal street, however, is not inferior to that of Tours; and is terminated by a noble bridge. The Grand Place is spacious, and has an air of magnificence. The cathedral is peculiarly fine. In this edifice, the chapels surrounding the altar are wainscoted with oak, and the pannels are deeply cut into representations of the histories of the New Testament. The two towers at the western extremity of the cathedral are generally known and celebrated; and the prospect from their summits exceeds all the powers of description. The country seems one boundless garden, covered with vineyards, the richness of which, at this season of the year, must be seen to be understood.

The Maid of Orleans, and the history of the times connected with her, are too well known to render any detail respecting her of interest here. In Orleans there are still several relics of her, and her memory is still held in veneration.

Sixth Day's Instruction.

SOUTH OF FRANCE CONCLUDED.

Narrative of a Journey from Orleans to Aix, by Lieutenant Colonel Pinkney.

For several miles beyond Orleans the country was, at this time, so beautiful and so highly cultivated, that it resembled a continued garden. The fields were even infested with game: the birds rose from the stubbles as the travellers passed along, and any one might have shot them from the road. There are no game laws in France; but no person presumes to shoot game except on land of which he is the proprietor or tenant.

With regard to inns Colonel Pinkney remarks, that, in substantial provision and accommodation, those of France are not inferior to ours; but that, in most of the minor appendages, they are much inferior. With regard to eating and drinking, the French inns infinitely exceed those of England: their provisions are of better kind, and are much cheaper: most of them afford fowls of all kinds, eggs, and wine. The dinner, when served up, will consist of a great variety of dishes, and that without materially swelling the bill. Add to this the dessert, of which an English innkeeper, except in the most extensive hotels, has no idea. In France, on the contrary, the poorest inns, even the most ordinary hedge alehouses, will place on the table a dessert of every fruit in season. The wine likewise is infinitely better than what is to be had on the roads in England. In the article of beds the French inns, with very few exceptions, exceed the English: if a traveller carry his sheets with him, he is always sure of an excellent hair mattrass, or a clean feather bed. On the contrary, the French inns are inferior to the Eng-

lish in their apartments. The bed room is often the dining room. The walls are merely white-washed, or covered with execrable pictures. There are no such things as curtains, or at least these are never considered necessary. There is no soap, water, nor towel, to cleanse yourself when you rise in the morning. A Frenchman has no idea of washing himself before he breakfasts. The furniture, also, is always in the worst possible condition; there are no bells; there is often a difficulty in contriving a tolerable table: the one in most common use is merely composed of planks laid across two stools or benches. The chairs are usually of oak, and have perpendicular backs. To sum up the comparison between a French and an English provincial inn, the expenses for the same kind of treatment, allowing only for the necessary national differences, are about one-fourth of what they would be in England.

The next town at which the travellers arrived, was *Nevers*. This is a pleasant place, agreeably situated on the declivity of a hill, at the bottom of which flows the Loire. On the summit of the hill are the remains of the palace of the ancient counts; it has of course suffered much from time, but enough still remains to bear testimony to its original magnificence. The cathedral is one of the most ancient ecclesiastical edifices in France.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the country between Nevers and Moulins. Natural beauty, and the life and activity of cultivation, unite to render it a complete succession of beautiful landscape. The road is bordered with magnificent trees, which have been so planted, as to afford shade without excluding air.

The travellers passed several fields in which the farming labourers were treading out their corn; indeed the country all round, was one universal scene of gaiety and activity in the exercise of this labour. The manner in which it is performed is perhaps peculiar to France. Three or four layers of corn, wheat, barley, or pease, are spread upon some dry part of the field.

Horses and mules are then driven upon it, and round it, in all directions, a woman being in the centre like a pivot, and holding the reins. The corn thrashed out, is cleared away by the men. Others winnow it, others heap it, and others supply fresh layers.

Moulins somewhat disappointed the expectation of the travellers. It is indeed beautifully situated, in the midst of a rising and variegated country, with meadows, corn-fields, hills, and woods, and watered by the river Allier. The interior of the town does not merit description: the streets are narrow, and the houses dark and built in the worst possible style. The river, and the beautiful scenery around it, compensate, however, for its disagreeable interior.

On leaving Moulins, Colonel Pinkney and his friends proceeded towards Lyons, distant somewhat more than a hundred miles. The journey occupied three days. During the whole of the first day the country exhibited a succession of hills and valleys, of open and enclosed lands, of fields and woodland. In every hedge were medlar, plum, cherry, and maple trees, with vines trained to them.

Rouane, a considerable town through which they passed, is an entrepôt for merchandise, corn, wine, &c. sent down the Loire. It is consequently a place of much bustle, but it is a disagreeable and dirty town, with narrow streets.

From Rouane to Bresle the country assumes a mountainous aspect, and the road is bordered with chesnut trees. There are also innumerable mulberry trees, which grow wild in the fields, hedge-rows, and by the road side. *Bresle* is a clean and charmingly situated village. The inn, at which the travellers stopped, was in the midst of a garden, covered with fruit trees and flowers.

The road, through the whole distance between Moulins and Lyons, is extremely picturesque. The climate in this part of France is truly delightful. During summer there is an almost endless succession of the most lovely skies, without any interruption, except by those

rains which are necessary to nourish and fertilize the earth. The winters are mild, without fogs, and with sufficient sunshine to render fires almost unnecessary. The soil is fertile and the inhabitants are healthy and industrious.

The travellers reached *Lyons* in the evening of the third day after they had left Moulins. This town is delightfully situated at the confluence of two rivers, the Rhone and the Saone; and it has a liveliness, an animation, an air of cleanness and rurality which seldom belong to a place so populous. The distant Alps moreover, rising in the back ground, add much to the beauty of the scene.

The horrible ravages of the revolution have much defaced this town. La Place de Belle Cour was once the finest square which any provincial town in Europe could boast; but its houses were razed to the ground, and their possessors were condemned to be guillotined. A century will pass before Lyons can recover itself from this jacobin purgation.

The town-hall of Lyons is in every respect worthy of the city. It is in the form of a parallelogram, with wings on each side of the front, each wing being nearly one hundred and fifty yards in length. But the best praise of this city is due to its institutions for charity, its hospitals, and its schools.

The cathedral is an ancient Gothic edifice, beautifully situated near the river. The clock is a great favourite with the inhabitants; it is ornamented by a cock, which is so contrived as to crow every hour.

The manufactories of this place, being confined, in their supply, to the home market, are not in the same flourishing state as formerly. They, however, still continue to work up a vast quantity of silk.

The society at Lyons very much resembles that of Paris. It is divided into two classes, consisting of persons in trade, or merchants; and of persons out of trade. But none of these, like the inhabitants of large towns in England, give dinners. They have

no notion of that substantial hospitality which characterizes our country; but their suppers are very elegant. These are usually served in a saloon, but the company make no hesitation, in the intervals of conversation and of eating, to visit every room in the house. Every room is accordingly lighted and prepared for this purpose; the beds are thrust into cupboards and corners, and the whole house is rendered a splendid promenade, brilliantly lighted with chandeliers and lustres. This blaze of light is further increased by reflection from the large glasses and mirrors, which are found in every room. In England the glasses are pitiful to a degree. In France, even at the inns, they reach, in one undivided plate, from the top of the room to the bottom. The French furniture moreover is infinitely more magnificent than that of England. Curtains, chair-covers, &c. are all of silk, and the chairs are fashioned according to the designs of artists. The French music too, such as attends on their parties, excels that of England; in few words, a party in France is a spectacle: it is arranged with art; and, where there is much art, says Colonel Pinkney, there will always be some taste.

In the neighbourhood of Lyons are numerous chateaus, most delightfully situated, with lawns, pleasure grounds, gardens, and green-houses, in the English taste. In the summer season, public breakfasts are almost daily given by some of the possessors. Marquees are then erected on the lawns, and all the military bands in the town attend. The day is consumed in dancing; and this is often protracted so late at night, as almost to trespass on the day following.

The French ladies are fond of habiting themselves as harvesters: they frequently visit the farmers thus *incog.* and hire themselves for the day. Though the farmer knows them, it is the established custom that he should favour the sport, by pretending ignorance, and treating them, in every respect, as if they were what they seemed.

After Lyons, the next point of the travellers' destination was Avignon. For many miles the road was varied

with hill and dale, bordered by hedges in which were flowers, and flowering shrubs that delightfully perfumed the air: even orange-trees here grew in the open fields.

The travellers dined at *Vienne*, and afterwards passed through some pleasant villages. They particularly noticed *Condrieux*, celebrated for its excellent wine, which is thick and resembles tent. Along the roads they observed women driving oxen carts; for, in this part of France, much of the labour of agriculture is performed by women. The construction of the waggons here is excessively awkward. The French are far behind the English in the ingenuity of the lower order of their artisans. A French watchmaker usually excels an English one; but a French blacksmith, or a French carpenter, is infinitely inferior. The things in common use are execrable: there is not a window that shuts close, nor a door that fits; every thing is clumsy, rough hewn, and as if made by Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday.

On the ensuing day the travellers breakfasted at *Thein*, a village delightfully situated at the bottom of an hill, called the *Hermitage*, and celebrated for its rich wines. The soil on which the vines are cultivated is a very light loam. Another hill on the opposite side of the river produces the wine called *côte rotie*. The average yearly produce of this wine is about one thousand hogsheads, and the price of the wine on the spot, in retail, is about three shillings and sixpence English money, the bottle.

Proceeding on their journey, the travellers, with their carriage and horses, were ferried over the Rhone in a boat which was dragged across by a pulley and rope. The river was rapid, but not very clear. Its banks were rocky, hilly, and occasionally opened into the most beautiful scenery which it is possible for a painter or poet to imagine.

As they approached Montelimart they passed many vineyards, and innumerable orchards. For mile succeeding to mile the appearance was more like that of a

garden than an open country. The fields, wherever there was the least moisture, were covered with flowers, and the hedges of the vineyards breathed forth a delightful odour. Some of the cottages were beautifully situated, but they were invariably without glass to their windows; and the climate was so dry and mild that the inhabitants slept, without danger, thus exposed.

Montelimart is situated in a plain, covered with corn and vineyards, and has a rural and pleasing appearance. It is built on the bank of a small river, which runs from the Rhone, is a walled town, and has a tolerably strong garrison. It has the same character, however, as all other towns on the Rhone—the streets are narrow, and the houses low. In plain words, the town is execrable, but its site delightful.

Beyond Montelimart Colonel Pinkney particularly noticed many of the female peasants. Their costume reminded him of Dutch toys—they wore very broad brimmed straw hats, their petticoats did not reach below their knees, and their legs were naked. The peasantry in this part of the country seemed very poor, but contented and happy.

Having passed through *Orange*, the travellers, on the evening of the fourth day after their departure from Lyons, arrived at *Avignon*, a city which formerly constituted part of the papal dominions. The situation of Avignon is in a plain equally fertile and beautiful, about fifteen miles in breadth, and ten in length. On the south and east it is circled by a chain of mountains. The plain is divided into cultivated fields, in which are grown wheat, barley, saffron, silk and madder, and the cultivation is so clean and exact, as to give the grounds the appearance of a garden. Nothing can be finer than the prospect over the plain and the surrounding country. The Rhone is seen to flow through meadows covered with olive-trees, and, at the foot of hills, is invested with vineyards. On the opposite side of the river are the sunny plains of Languedoc, which, when refreshed by the wind, breathe odours and perfumes from a thousand

wild herbs and flowers. *Mount Ventoux*, in Dauphiny, closes the prospect towards the north: its high summit is covered with snow, whilst its sides are robed in all the charms of vegetable nature. On the east are the abrupt rocks and precipices of Vaucluse, distant about five leagues: these complete, as it were, the garden wall around Avignon and its territory.

The climate of Avignon, though strongly inveighed against by Petrarch, is extremely salubrious. There are certainly rapid transitions from extreme heat to extreme cold; but neither the intensity of the heat nor of the cold is of sufficient duration to be injurious either to health or pleasure. The air, except in actual rain, is always dry, and the sky has an etherial Italian blue, scarcely ever obscured by a cloud.

There is, however, one heavy detraction from the excellence of the Avignonese climate. This is the wind denominated the *vent de bize*. The peculiar situation of Avignon, at the mouth of a long avenue of mountains, gives rise to this wind: it collects in the narrow channel of mountains, and bursts, as from the mouth of a barrel, on the town and plain. Its violence certainly exceeds what is common in European climates; but it is considered healthy, and it rarely does much damage. The winters of Avignon, however, are sometimes rendered by it most distressingly cold. The Rhone is frequently covered with ice so strong as to support loaded carts, and the olive-trees sometimes perish to their roots.

Avignon is surrounded with walls, which were built by successive popes: these still remain, and much augment, particularly in a distant view, the beauty of the town. They are composed of freestone, are flanked at regular distances with square towers, and are surmounted with battlements. The public walks are round the foot of the walls. The alleys fronting the river, bordered by noble elms, are the summer promenade. Here all the fashion of the city assemble in the evening. In winter the public walk is on the opposite side. The

fields likewise have their share, and the environs being naturally beautiful, the spectacle on a summer's evening is gay and delightful in the extreme.

The interior of the city is ill built: the streets are narrow and irregular, and the pavement is excessively rough. There are no lamps, except at the houses of the principal inhabitants. The necessity of a constant attention to paving and lighting never enters into the heads of a French town administration; they seem to think that the whole business is done when the place is once paved.

Colonel Pinkney had the curiosity to enter some of the houses of Avignon. They had, in general, one large room, and all the others small. There is a great waste of timber and brickwork in their construction: the walls are as thick as if intended for fortifications, and the beams are like large timber trees.

The palace, the former residence of the papal legates, is well worthy of being visited. Among other parts of it, deserving of notice, are the subterraneous passages from several of the rooms, the entrance to which is usually through some part of the pillars, and perfectly imperceptible till pointed out by the guide. According to the tradition of the town, these passages have been the scene of many a deed of darkness. The cathedral of Avignon still retains many of its ancient decorations.

The travellers visited the convent of St. Claire, where Petrarch first beheld his Laura. From respect to the poet, or to his mistress, this convent has survived the fury of the times, and is still entire. The curiosity of Colonel Pinkney naturally passed from the convent of St. Claire to the church of the Cordeliers, where Laura is reputed to have reposed in peace. Her tomb is in a small chapel, dark, damp, and even noisome; and it is indicated only by a flat unadorned stone. The inscription, which is in Gothic characters, is now illegible.

Avignon has often suffered from the ravages of the plague. It is stated that, in the year 1334, upwards of

one hundred thousand persons, nearly its whole population, were destroyed by one of these awful visitations of Providence.

From Avignon Colonel Pinkney and his friends proceeded to Marseilles, distant about seventy miles. The road to *Orgon*, where they dined, presented a great variety of scenery, though the surface of the country was rather level. All the country was covered with olive and mulberry trees; innumerable fruit-trees grew wild in the fields, and flowery shrubs in the hedges. Here every thing which is raised only by the most laborious exertions in northern countries, seems to grow spontaneously. The cottages are extremely picturesque: they are usually thatched, and vines or woodbines entirely envelope many of the walls and casements.

Between Orgon and St. Canat the travellers proceeded along a road occasionally bordered by almond trees. The country, on each side, was somewhat barren, but, being an intermixture of rock and plain, and being, moreover, new to them, it did not appear either tedious or uninteresting.

They next reached *Aix*, the capital of Provence, a town pleasantly situated in a valley surrounded by hills, which give it an air of recluseness and romantic retirement, without being so close as to prevent the due circulation of air. Aix is environed by a wall; but this, from long neglect, has become dilapidated, and interests only as a ruin. The houses are all fronted with white stone, the streets are well paved, and the air being clear, the town always looks clean and sprightly. Many of the houses have balconies, and some of them are upon a scale, both outside and inside, which is not excelled by Bath, in England. The society of Aix is good, and, to a stranger of genteel appearance, is perfectly accessible, either with or without letters of introduction.

The cathedral is an immense edifice. Its architecture is the oldest Gothic; and its front is ornamented with figures of saints, prophets, and angels, grouped together in the most absurd manner imaginable, and

executed as if by the hands of a working bricklayer. The grand portal, however, is very striking. On one side of the great altar is the magnificent tomb of the counts of Provence; but the figures are as ridiculous as the style itself is grand.

The promenade or public walk of Aix equals, if not excels, any thing of the kind in Europe. It consists of three alleys, shaded by four rows of noble elms, in the middle of a wide street, the houses on each side being on the most magnificent scale, and inhabited by the first people of the city and province.

Provisions of all kinds are here to be had in the greatest plenty. Fish is extremely abundant, and of the best quality: butcher's meat is likewise very reasonable, and tolerably good; bread is about a penny English per pound; and vegetables, as in other provincial towns, are so cheap as scarcely to be worth selling.

The baths of Aix are very celebrated, and the town is much visited by valetudinarians. These baths are chiefly recommended in scorbutic complaints, colds, rheumatisms, palsies, and consumptions. The waters are warm, and have no particular taste.

The environs are, beyond imagination, rural and beautiful. They are a succession of vineyards relieved by groves, meadows, and fields.

I shall conclude my account of this interesting country with

A brief Description of some of the Places in the South of France,

which were not visited by Colonel Pinkney.

Of these the first I shall mention is *Poitiers*, an ancient city, about seventy miles south-west of Tours, and celebrated for the victory over the French army which, in 1356, was gained by the English hero, Edward the Black Prince. This city is built on a steep ridge, near the bank of the little river Chien, and has

narrow, crooked, and ill-paved streets. It contains twenty-one thousand inhabitants, but is spread over an extent of ground so great, that, if it were thickly peopled, it would contain, at least, five times this number. In Poitiers, if a person stray but a few paces from the principal streets he will find himself among gardens, vineyards, and even corn-fields, all within the ramparts. There are many good houses in the depopulated streets of this place, but most of them are tenantless: and, from the grass growing over it, a whole street sometimes looks as if it had recently been visited by the plague. The public walks are among the finest in France.

The battle of Poitiers was fought in the plain of Maupertuis, about two miles distant; but the bodies of many of the French knights and esquires were brought from the field of battle, and buried in the churches of the city.

The road betwixt Poitiers and Angoulesme extends through an unbounded expanse of vineyards, the produce of which is almost entirely employed in the distillation of brandy. The peasantry of this district are small in stature, poor and meagre: the children have sickly complexions, and beggars are numerous. Indeed everywhere in France beggars are the traveller's pest: they beset him on the high road, in the churches, in the streets, and at the inns, with the most wearisome assiduity.

Angoulesme stands on a bold height, above the river Charente. It was anciently defended by a castle and walls, some of the old gates and towers of which are yet standing. The streets are very narrow; but the houses are constructed of white stone, and have a clean appearance. The public walks command an extensive prospect.

About sixty miles east of Angoulesme is the city of *Limoges* environed by a wall, and containing a cathedral, thirteen parish churches, five abbeys, twenty-one convents, and twenty thousand inhabitants. Li-

moges is connected with an incident in English history. It is asserted that, after the capture of this place, in the reign of Edward the Third, the Black Prince had the cruelty to order a general massacre of the inhabitants; and that upwards of three thousand persons were put to the sword. It was at the seige of *Chalus*, a little town and earldom, near Limoges, that Richard the First, King of England, in 1199, received his mortal wound. This happened whilst he was reconnoitring the place, previously to an assault upon it, for the purpose of recovering a treasure which had been withheld from him by the Count of Limoges.

The road from Angoulesme to Saintes descends into the valley of the Charente, beneath vine-clad steeps. *Saintes* is conspicuous at the distance of several miles. The approach to the town is over a handsome bridge, and beneath a Roman triumphal arch of imposing simplicity and grandeur. This was one of the free cities of the Roman empire, and its vicinity contains many remains of Roman antiquity.

Seventy miles south of it is *Bourdeaux*, a large commercial town, situated on the western bank of the Garonne, and about forty miles from its mouth. It is built in the form of a crescent; is surrounded by an ancient wall, and defended by three forts. Few commercial towns in Europe are larger or more beautiful than this. Its edifices, its streets, and public walks are, in general, deserving of admiration. It boasts a cathedral, several churches, and other religious edifices, an university, a public museum, and a large and magnificent theatre; and its environs abound in vineyards, and produce an abundance of corn. Before the French revolution Bourdeaux was one of the most flourishing cities in France. During the commercial distress, occasioned by that event, it suffered much injury; but, since the restoration of the Bourbon family, it has attained nearly its former state of prosperity. The tide flows up to the walls of the town: the port is ample and commodious, and ships of considerable burthen

load and unload at its quays. Its exports consist chiefly of Claret and other French wines, brandy, fruit, oil, honey, and cork.

After the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, Edward the Black Prince brought his royal captive, John king of France, to this city. At Bourdeaux he held his court eleven years; and here his son, our Richard the Second, was born.

The country betwixt this city and Bayonne, is covered with various kinds of heath, cork-trees, and firs; and the sea is skirted with downs, which, in some places are planted with vines, and produce excellent wine.

Bayonne stands in a valley, at the conflux of the rivers Nive and Adour, and about a league from the sea. It is divided into the large town, the small town, and the suburb of St. Esprit. Each of the two first is defended by a small fort. The suburb, which is connected by a drawbridge with the town, is well fortified; and a regular square citadel on an eminence, one of the strongest in France, commands the whole place. The style of buildings in Bayonne is principally Spanish, with balconies at the windows and arcades before the houses. The cathedral is remarkable for the height of the interior, and the delicacy of the pillars which support it. A considerable trade is carried on betwixt this town and Spain; but the harbour, though safe, is difficult of access, owing to a sand bank at the mouth of the river Adour. The exports to Spain are woollen cloths, silk, cottons, ribbons, and hardware; and the imports are wool, wine, oil, and Spanish American productions. To the north of Europe the exports from Bayonne are wine, brandy, raisins, and chocolate.

The ancient city of *Toulouse* is seated in a delightful plain, on the bank of the Garonne, and about a hundred and seventy miles east of Bayonne. It is surrounded by brick walls, and has a castle and gateways also of brick. Some of the streets have an air of dull magnificence, in consequence of the number of large houses in them, that are embellished with a profuse

display of heavy sculpture. The town-hall occupies one side of the principal square, and is justly esteemed one of the finest buildings of this description in Europe. There is in Toulouse a cathedral, the choir of which is magnificent. Several of the churches are very ancient. This city contains the remains of an amphitheatre, a temple, an aqueduct, and other monuments of Roman antiquity.

The canal of Languedoc, which connects the Mediterranean Sea with the river Garonne, and thence with the Atlantic Ocean, passes round the eastern and northern side of Toulouse. Regular passage-boats ply on this canal from Toulouse to Carcassonne, and thence to Beziers. Beyond the canal are the heights on which the Duke of Wellington, in the year 1814, engaged and defeated the French army commanded by Marshal Soult.

On a hill, in the midst of a romantic and highly interesting country, and about five miles from the Mediterranean, stands *Montpellier*, one of the largest, richest, and most beautiful cities of France. Few provincial cities of any country have greater celebrity than this. The beauty of its situation and the salubrity of its climate have occasioned persons, particularly invalids, to flock hither from nearly all parts of Europe. Its streets indeed are narrow, but the houses are good. The citadel commands a prospect singularly extensive and pleasing: on one side are seen the Pyrenees, and on the other the summits of some of the grandest Alps. The town-house is remarkable for its halls, decorated with fine paintings. Montpellier carries on a considerable trade in woollen cloth, muslin, silk, verdigris, wine, and oil.

Much of the country betwixt this place and *Nismes*, is rough, stony, and disagreeable; but it is, in general, planted with olive, and mulberry trees, and vines. The distance betwixt the two places is about thirty miles. Nismes is a large and flourishing city, built on the declivity of a range of hills that are covered with vineyards and orchards. The streets are narrow, but the

houses are of stone, and for the most part handsomely constructed. This place is celebrated for containing several interesting monuments of antiquity, particularly the remains of a temple of Diana, and of a splendid amphitheatre.

About seventy miles south of Nismes is *Marseilles*, an ancient, large, and populous city, at the foot of a rocky mountain, near the Sea. It is divided into the old and new town. Of these, the former, which is built on a rapid declivity, appears, to vessels which enter the port, like an amphitheatre at the bottom of the harbour; but, on entering it, the houses are found to be mean, and the streets dirty, narrow, and steep. The new town, at the foot of the hill, is regularly and handsomely built, and is defended by a citadel. It has a communication with the old town by one of the finest streets imaginable. The other streets and the squares, as well as the public buildings, are, in general very elegant. In the time of the Romans this place was so much celebrated, that Cicero styled it the Athens of Gaul; and, from that time to the present, it has been eminent for commerce. It has a good foreign trade; and several manufactories of silk, and gold and silver stuffs, are established here.

The road from Marseilles to Toulon extends through a winding glen, with rocky hills on each side; and through fertile vales planted with vines and olive trees. The distance is about thirty miles. *Toulon* is a considerable town, indifferently built, but well fortified, and seated on a bay of the Mediterranean. It is one of the best and handsomest towns in Provence; and, in the streets, the waters of the neighbouring hills are thrown up from eighty fountains; which play incessantly and produce a pleasing effect. Great activity prevails in this city. The flags of a multitude of vessels are continually seen within the harbour. The streets exhibit people in incessant occupation. This being a port occupied by the royal navy, has an arsenal, storehouses, workhouses for smiths, carpenters,

carvers, and other artisans, and some extensive houses for the making of ropes. At Toulon there are two harbours contiguous to each other, and connected by a canal; but each of them has an outlet into the outer harbour. Both sides of the entrance are defended by forts and strong batteries. Ships of war of the greatest magnitude are built here.

Toulon was taken by the English and Spaniards in the year 1793, but, the place not being tenable, they were soon afterwards compelled to give it up. Before they retired they set fire to the shipping, and burned and sunk many of the vessels. The French afterwards attempted to raise them, but not with much success. Forty-four divers from Naples were employed: they were paid five franks each per day, and had half of whatever they recovered; but, at the end of twenty years, there were parts of many of the vessels still existing under the water. The country east of Toulon consists of barren rocks and hills, covered with shrubs and fir-trees.

Seventh Day's Instruction.

SWITZERLAND.

FROM Toulon we must direct our course to the north-west extremity of Switzerland, and thence proceed eastward to Schaffhausen, for the purpose of accompanying Mr. Coxe in his journey through that romantic and celebrated country.

Narrative of Travels in Switzerland. By WILLIAM COXE, A.M. F.R.S. F.S.A.

IN the month of July, 1776, this gentleman entered Switzerland by *Schaffhausen*, a well-built town on the northern bank of the Rhine. He was here delighted

with the cleanliness both of the houses and the people: the appearance of the latter so much reminded him of his own countrymen, that, for a moment, he could almost have imagined himself in England. When Mr. Coxe was here, the bridge over the Rhine at Schaffhausen was justly celebrated for the singular ingenuity of its construction. The rapidity of the current having destroyed several stone bridges which had been previously erected, a carpenter of Appenzel offered to throw a wooden bridge, of a single arch, across the river, though nearly four hundred feet wide. The magistrates of the place, however, required that it should consist of two arches, and that he should, for this purpose, retain the middle pier of the old bridge. The architect was obliged to obey; but he contrived to leave it a matter of doubt whether the bridge derived any support from the middle pier; and, whether it would not have been equally secure had it been formed only of one arch. The bridge, thus constructed, was what is called a hanging bridge: the sides and the top were covered; the road was not carried as usual, over the top of the arch, but was let into the middle, and was there suspended. A person in passing along the bridge could feel it tremble beneath him; and yet waggons heavily laden passed it without danger. The man who constructed this bridge was a carpenter, without the least tincture of literature, totally ignorant of mathematics, and not versed in the theory of mechanics*.

On the day after his arrival at Schaffhausen. Mr. Coxe rode about three miles to the *Fall of the Rhine*, at *Lauffen*. His route lay over the hills which formed the banks of the river; and the country was extremely picturesque and agreeable. On his arrival at Lauffen, he advanced to the verge of the precipice, which overhung the Rhine; and looking down, perpendicularly,

* This bridge was destroyed by the French troops, in the year 1799.

upon the cataract, he saw the river tumbling over the sides of the rock with amazing violence and precipitation. He hence descended till he was somewhat below the upper bed of the river, and stood so close to the fall that he could almost have touched it with his hand. A scaffolding was erected in the very spray of this tremendous cataract, and at the most sublime point of view. The magnificence of the scene far surpassed his most sanguine expectations, and exceeded all description. Mr. Coxe next descended, and crossed the river, which was extremely agitated. Hitherto he had only viewed the cataract obliquely; but, as he sat on the opposite bank, the whole volume of the Rhine, rushing down its rocky bed, was presented to his view. On the very edge of the precipice, and projecting over the river, were seen the castle of Lauffen, and, near it, a church and some houses. There were other features in this remarkable scene which rendered it one of the most picturesque, beautiful, and at the same time, tremendous landscapes that can be imagined.

Quitting Schaffhausen, Mr. Coxe crossed the Rhine, and proceeded, along the southern side of the river, to *Stein*, an independent place, under the protection of Zuric, but governed by its own magistrates. He here took a boat and proceeded onward, about sixteen miles, to *Constance*, a well known town situated on a beautiful spot, between two lakes. Though once a flourishing commercial place, and celebrated in the annals of history, Constance now appeared solitary and forsaken. It scarcely contained three thousand inhabitants, and grass grew in the principal streets. Subsequently, however, to the visit of Mr. Coxe, the Emperor of Germany granted certain privileges to the inhabitants, which induced many families to settle here from different parts of Switzerland; particularly many watch-makers from Geneva and other places. From the top of the cathedral, Mr. Coxe had a fine view of the town and two lakes; with the rugged Alps of Tyrol and Appenzel, their tops covered with perpetual snow.

On the 25th of July, he set sail upon the lake of Constance, and proceeded in a somewhat easterly direction. This lake is one of the great boundaries betwixt Switzerland and Germany. Its borders consist of gently rising hills. The waters of the Rhine, as they pass through it, are said to be distinguishable from those of the lake.

Having landed on the southern bank, Mr. Coxe proceeded to *St. Gallen*, a place, the entire territory of which did not exceed a mile and a half in circumference, yet contained nearly eight thousand inhabitants. Here the people appeared to be animated by industry, and the whole place presented a scene of bustle and activity. It contained several manufactories of linen, muslin, and embroidery.

From St. Gallen, Mr. Coxe walked to Appenzel, through a country singularly wild and romantic; consisting of a continued series of hills and dales, valleys and mountains, the tops of which were crowned with luxuriant verdure. The population was extremely numerous, for the hills and vales were thickly strewed with villages and hamlets. The picturesque mountains, the forests, and the currents which he crossed, added to the beauty of the scenes, and diversified them, at every step, with the most pleasing objects. Mr. Coxe passed the *Lake of Wallenstadt*, the scenery of which was uncommonly wild and picturesque, and afforded a perpetual variety of beautiful and romantic scenes. He proceeded to *Glarus*, and, thence, made an excursion towards the extremity of the canton of that name. The scenery was wild, varied, and sublime. The valleys were, in many places, bounded on each side by stupendous chains of rocks, which were absolutely perpendicular. These approached one another so near and were so high, that the sun might be said to set even in summer, at four in the afternoon. On each side were many waterfalls, some of which were of stupendous height. The Alps were crowned with inaccessible forests, and covered with eternal snow.

It would occupy too much of our time to describe, particularly the scenery of Switzerland, or to dwell upon the political institutions of the different little republics. Our attention must chiefly be given to the important features of the country, and to the general character and habits of the people.

Mr. Coxe visited the rich abbey, of *Einsidlin*, which owed its celebrity to a miraculous image, as it is called, of the Virgin Mary. Crowds of pilgrims resorted hither, from all quarters, to adore the Virgin, and to present offerings to her. Mr. Coxe says, that, at this time, the number was computed to be about one hundred thousand every year. The church was a large and magnificent edifice; and, in the aisle, not far from the entrance, was a small and elegant marble chapel, the celebrated shrine of the Virgin, to which the pilgrims resorted. Over the door, was a plate of silver with five holes, into which Mr. Coxe saw several persons thrusting their fingers, and at the same time praying with great fervour. On inquiry, he was informed these people believed the holes to be the marks of God's fingers. In the chapel was the image of the Virgin; it vied with that of the Lady of Loretto in beauty of countenance: for the face, as well as that of the child in her arms, was quite black. She was richly appareled, and had her garments changed every week, her wardrobe consisting of fifty-two suits. The riches of the treasury of Einsidlin were immense. They consisted of numberless offerings of gold, silver, and precious stones, arranged in a most absurd manner;—skulls and bones were seen to be sumptuously ornamented: whole skeletons of saints in masquerade, and ladies with ruffles, fly-caps, and splendid apparel, as if dressed out for a ball. What a wretched insult upon human nature! Mr. Coxe could not help contemplating them, with a mixture of pity and indignation, as the offerings of ignorance, before the shrine of bigotry and superstition. In the village there was a considerable traffic in rosaries, crosses, and little images; and there were

rows of shops in which nothing could be purchased but these appendages of the Roman Catholic religion. There was also a room in the abbey where the same kind of merchandise was exposed for sale. The abbey of Einsidlin had, at this time, extensive revenues, and the abbot was a titular prince of the German empire.

Mr. Coxe next proceeded to *Zuric*, formerly an imperial city, but at this time the capital of the principal canton of Switzerland. The burghers of this place, besides the privileges of electing their own magistrates, and of aspiring to the administration of affairs, enjoyed the sole right of commerce; all strangers and even other inhabitants of Zuric being excluded from establishing manufactures in the city or in any part of the canton.

Zuric stands at the northern extremity of the lake of the same name. Its environs are delightful. An amphitheatre of hills, enriched with pastures and vineyards, slopes, gradually, to the borders of the water. These are scattered over with innumerable villas, cottages, and hamlets; and are backed, on the west, by a bold and gloomy ridge of mountains. The town is divided into two parts. The old part is surrounded with ancient battlements and towers; and the suburbs are strengthened by modern fortifications. There is a pleasant public walk by the side of the *Lemmat*.

The manners of the inhabitants were simple: they might indeed have been esteemed antiquated. Dinner was usually served at twelve o'clock. In the afternoon, during winter, the gentlemen were accustomed to assemble in clubs or small societies in the town: during summer they did this at their respective villas. The women were, for the most part, employed in their domestic occupations, or devoted to the improvement of their children, and were not fond of visiting. When they went out, they generally assembled in separate coteries, to which only a few men, and those chiefly their nearest relations, were admitted.

In the arsenal of this place, the travellers, among other things, were shown the extraordinary two-handed

swords and weighty armour of the ancient Swiss warriors; and even the bow and arrow, with which William Tell is said to have shot the apple from the head of his son

At Zuric, public education was, at this time, a concern of the state, and under the immediate protection of the government; and, in the different seminaries of the place, the learned languages, divinity, natural history, and every species of polite learning, as well as abstruse science, was taught at a small expense. This town has been famous for the production of eminent men. Mr. Coxe visited here Solomon Gesner, the author of the Death of Abel. He describes him to have been plain in his manners; open, affable, and obliging in his address; and of singular modesty. He also called on Mr. Lavater, the celebrated phisiognomist, and at this time a clergyman of Zuric. He was a man of great vivacity of conversation, and singular amenity of manners.

The environs of Zuric were extremely delightful. They were adorned, in some parts, with vineyards and corn-fields, which extended to the very verge of the lake. In other places, the roads were shaded with beech, oak, walnut, and other trees, many of which overhung the water like weeping willows. Scattered cottages, numerous villages, picturesque villas, and neat churches, added to the beauty of the ever changing scenery.

Instead of following the usual route by land from Zuric to Basle, Mr. Coxe proceeded the greater part of the way by water. He embarked, for this purpose, on the Lemmat. The navigation of this river has been described as extremely hazardous; yet it is only so after the melting of snow, or after violent rain. At *Wettingen* he passed under a wooden bridge, two hundred and forty feet in length, and suspended more than twenty feet above the surface of the water.

He soon afterwards reached *Baden*, whence he walked to the *castle of Hapsburgh*, seated on a lofty emi-

nence, but now in ruins. The spot on which this castle stands commands an unbounded view over hills and dales, plains and forests, rivers and lakes, towns and villages, mountains and Alps. It is noted for having given title to Rodolph of Hapsburgh, who, in the thirteenth century, from a simple baron of Switzerland, became emperor, and founded the house of Austria. It still confers a title on the emperor of Germany.

After this Mr. Coxe descended the river *Aar*, to the *Rhine*. The banks of the Rhine he describes to have been far superior, in wildness and beauty, to those of the Aar. In many parts they rose perpendicularly, yet were feathered with wood. In others they sloped in gentle declivities, richly bordered with vines, forest-trees, and pastures; and exhibited a continued succession of towns and villages. The rapid stream carried his boat more than eighteen miles in three hours. He landed at *Lauffenburgh*, where the Rhine forms a cataract, which, though greatly inferior to the fall of the same river near Schaffhausen, yet is much admired.

About half a mile below this cataract Mr. Coxe re-embarked, and found the waters extremely agitated by a strong wind which opposed the current. His boat, however, was hurried along with so much rapidity that he had no time even for observation. He could only catch a general glance at the romantic scenery, as he passed under a picturesque bridge of several arches, suspended high above the surface of the river, and joined to a steep rock, on which towered some majestic ruins.

As he approached *Basle*, the stream became less rapid, and he disembarked, at this town, highly delighted with his expedition. He imagined the time to be twelve at noon; but was much surprised to find that all the clocks struck one. In answer to an inquiry respecting this occurrence, he was informed that the clocks of Basle were always kept an hour faster than the real time. Different reasons have been assigned for

thia. Some persons assert, that it was first practised during the council of Basle, in order to assemble, at an earlier hour, the cardinals and bishops, who, being lazy and indolent, always arrived late. Others maintain that, a conspiracy having been formed to assassinate the magistrates at midnight, one of the burgomasters, who had notice of the design, advanced the town-clock an hour: by this means the conspirators, imagining they had missed the appointed time, are said to have retired; and it is stated that the clocks were ever afterwards kept in the same advanced state, as a memorial of this happy deliverance. There is a third reason given for this strange custom, which to Mr. Coxe seemed the most probable one. It is well known that the choirs of cathedrals are constructed towards the east: that of Basle declines somewhat from this direction; and the sun-dial, which is placed on the outside of the choir, and by which the town-clock is always regulated, partakes of this declination; a circumstance which occasions a considerable variation from the true time. [Since the French revolution the clocks of Basle have been altered so as to represent the real time.]

This town is beautifully situated on the banks of the Rhine. The river divides it into two parts, which are joined by a long bridge. The large town lies on the side of Switzerland, and the small town on the opposite bank of the river. It stands favourably for commerce, an advantage which the inhabitants have by no means neglected; for they have established a great variety of manufactures, particularly of ribbons and cottons.

The cathedral is an elegant gothic building; but strangely disfigured by a daubing of rose-coloured paint. In this church, under a marble tomb, are deposited the venerable remains of the great Erasmus, a writer who not only possessed learning superior to that of most of his contemporaries, but who had also a peculiar elegance of style, and great wit. Basle was the favourite place of his residence, and he published, from this town

the greatest portion of his works. The university of Basle was formerly eminent in the literary history of Europe.

The direct road from this town to Soleure lies through the midst of the Jura mountains, along the romantic *Valley of Bistal*, remarkable for its fertility. *Soleure* is pleasantly situated upon the Aar. It is a small but extremely neat town, surrounded by regular stone fortifications which were erected in the beginning of the last century. Its church, which was finished in the year 1772, is a noble edifice of whitish gray stone, and in the Grecian style of architecture. The country around Soleure is extremely pleasing and diversified, and exhibits several points of view which are as agreeable as they are wild, and as beautiful as they are romantic. Most of the inhabitants of this place are Catholics.

Mr. Coxe next describes a journey *from Zuric to Zug and Lucern*. In company with a party of friends he set out from Zuric on the 5th of August, and had an agreeable walk, in a southerly direction, to *Zug*. Their journey lay through a pleasant country, in some parts so thickly planted with fruit-trees, that Mr. Coxe could hardly distinguish any other sort. Indeed, he had before remarked a prodigious number of fruit-trees in several other parts of Switzerland.

Zug, the capital of the canton of that name, stands, delightfully, upon the edge of a beautiful lake, in a fertile valley, abounding with corn, pasture, and wood. The travellers took a boat at Zug, and, being rowed across the lake, which is about three leagues in length, and one in breadth, they were landed at a village in the canton of *Selwritz*. Thence they walked to the *Lake of Lucern*, where they embarked. The lake of the Four Cantons, of which the lake of Lucern forms the upper branch, is perhaps the finest body of water in Switzerland. Towards the town of Lucern it is bounded by cultivated hills which slope gradually to the water;

and, on the opposite side, by an enormous mass of barren and craggy rocks. On approaching the fine situation of the town of *Lucern*, they were greatly delighted with it, and with the noble amphitheatre of mountains which border the lake. Lucern was, at this time, the first in rank and power among the Catholic cantons, and was the residence of the pope's nuncio.

The town contained scarcely three thousand inhabitants, had no manufactures of any importance, and little commerce. Learning, here, received no encouragement, and, consequently, was little cultivated. The cathedral and the Jesuits' church were the only public buildings deserving of notice; and they were overloaded with rich ornaments and bad paintings. In the cathedral was an organ of fine tone and extraordinary size: the centre pipe was forty feet in length, nearly three feet in diameter, and weighed eleven hundred pounds. The bridges which skirted the town, round the edge of the lake, were the fashionable promenade of the place. Being covered at the top, and open at the sides, they afforded a constant and delightful view of the adjacent country: they were decorated in the interior with coarse paintings, representing the histories of the Old Testament, the battles of the Swiss, and the Dance of Death.

Among the mountains near Lucern is one called *Mount Pilate*. Its ancient name was *Mons Pileatus*, from the Latin word *Pilea*, because its top is generally covered with a cloud or cap. This word has been corrupted into *Pilatus*, and many absurd stories have, in consequence, been circulated concerning the mountain: among others, that Pontius Pilate, after having condemned our Saviour to death, was seized with remorse, made an excursion into Switzerland, and drowned himself in a lake at the top of it.

Mount Pilate presents a most singular curiosity. At an elevation of five thousand feet, and, in the middle of a cavern in a black perpendicular rock, is observed a colossal statue, apparently of white stone. It represents

the figure of a man in drapery, leaning one elbow on a pedestal, and having one leg crossed over the other. This figure is called Dominic by the peasants, who frequently accost it, from the only place whence it can be seen; and, when their voices are re-echoed from the cavern, they say, in the simplicity of their hearts, "Dominic has answered us." It is difficult to imagine by whom, or in what manner this figure can have been placed in a situation, which has, hitherto, proved inaccessible to all who have endeavoured to approach it. About the commencement of the last century a person named Huber, an inhabitant of an adjacent village, attempted, by means of ropes, to descend from the summit of the precipice to the cavern. He so far succeeded as to obtain a near view of this singular phenomenon, and was again drawn up in safety. On a second trial, as he was suspended in the air, and was endeavouring to draw himself into the cavern, by fixing a grapple to the statue, the cord broke, and he was dashed to pieces.

In traversing the country between Lucern and *Entlibuch* Mr. Coxe and his friends passed between ridges of well-wooded hills, abounding in picturesque scenery. The peasants of the valley of *Entlibuch* are much esteemed for their independent spirit, vigour, and strength; are remarkable for keenness and vivacity, and for great quickness of repartee. They also have many customs which distinguish them from the natives of the circumjacent districts. Mr. Coxe mentions the following. Two neighbouring parishes, he says, send a challenge to each other, and, at the conclusion of the carnival, each dispatches a man, decked with flowers and shells, and called the "Shrove-monday ambassador." He rides to the neighbouring village, and reads, or rather sings, two satirical compositions in verse. The one, a general satire against the parish, and the other a string of epigrams, in ridicule of particular persons; recording any scandalous adventures, or ludicrous circumstances, which have happened since the preceding year. The poet concludes his harangue by expressing

a wish that, before the ensuing Shrove-monday, the inhabitants may improve, and that they may not again deserve so severe a reprimand. At the conclusion of this lecture, which excites much laughter, the mock ambassador returns; and the men of the two parishes repair, with drums beating and colours flying, to an open space, called the field of battle, followed and encouraged by the inhabitants of their respective parishes. The two armies being drawn up in order of battle, the combatants, in imitation of the old Swiss custom, kneel, offer a short prayer, and start up at the sound of the trumpet. Having formed themselves into two columns of several ranks, they march arm in arm, with uniform step and military attitude. The foremost lines meet and jostle against each other, being supported and pushed forward by the hinder files, assisted perhaps by the women, until one phalanx is broken. The victorious party is dignified by the appellation of Swiss, and those who give way are called Austrians, in allusion to an ancient animosity which existed between these two powers. The jurymen of the district are present as umpires, and to prevent any violent disputes and quarrels. After the rencounter both parties sit down to table, and the day is concluded with feasting. As these satirical compositions occasionally created much ill-will between the neighbouring parishes, and the rencounters were sometimes attended with accidents, the government of Lucern abolished the custom; but, a short time previously to the arrival of Mr. Coxe, they had permitted it to be revived, with certain restrictions calculated to prevent future mischief.

Quitting the valley of Entlibuch, the travellers crossed the *Emme*, over a covered bridge; and, having passed through a steep and rocky country, they reached a small village, called *Malters*, during the time of the fair. Here they observed several booths for the sale of artificial flowers, which were purchased by the country girls. With these flowers, and with four bows of ribbons, they ornamented their hats, which they adjusted

obliquely, and with a degree of rustic coquetry not unbecoming.

The travellers returned, towards the lake of Lucern, through the town of *Sempach*, celebrated for the battle of the 9th of July, 1386, which established the liberty of the Swiss. The anniversary of this battle is still commemorated with peculiar solemnity, both at Sempach and Lucern. On this day a great number of persons, of all ranks, assemble at the spot where the battle was fought. A priest ascends a pulpit erected in the open air, and delivers a thanksgiving sermon on the successful efforts of their ancestors, which insured to their country liberty and independence. At the conclusion of this sermon, another priest reads a description of the battle, and commemorates the names of those brave Swiss, who gloriously sacrificed their lives in defence of their freedom. Having exhorted those who are present, to pray for the souls of their countrymen, and of their enemies, who fell, they all repair to a small chapel, where masses are sung for the deceased.

The travellers once more embarked on the lake of Lucern, intending to proceed to Altdorf. On landing at *Fluellin*, Mr. Coxe had an opportunity of observing that the cross-bow was a weapon still much used; for he saw several boys, each with one of these instruments in his hand. There was a butt at a little distance from the place, and Mr. Coxe offered a penny to each boy who could hit the mark. Three of them successively took aim, and two touched the very centre of the butt.

From Fluellin Mr. Coxe and his friends walked to *Altdorf*, the capital of the canton of Uri, situated in a narrow vale almost surrounded by stupendous mountains. It contains several neat houses; the tops of which are covered with large stones, to prevent the roofs from being carried away by the hurricanes that are frequent in these mountainous countries. Nearly the whole *canton of Uri* is rugged and mountainous:

it is cultivated chiefly as pasture, produces little corn, and has no vines.

"Every step we now advance (says Mr. Coxe) we tread, as it were, upon sacred ground. Monuments continually occur of those memorable battles, by which the Swiss rescued themselves from oppression, and secured the enjoyment of their invaluable freedom."

Mr. Coxe made an agreeable excursion to Saxelen, and Stantz, in the canton of Underwalden. The village of *Saxelen* is remarkable for a modern church, dedicated to the Saint and Patriot Nicholas de Flue, who was a native of this place. Ten elegant columns of black marble support the roof; and, under a glass case, in the middle of the church, are deposited the bones of this favourite object of national worship, fantastically ornamented with gold and precious stones.

Stantz, the capital of Underwalden, is situated in a beautiful plain two or three miles in length. The town and its environs, delightfully sprinkled with numerous cottages, are extremely populous. The women in this part of Switzerland dress their heads in a singular and very unbecoming manner: they wear black beaver cocked hats, similar to those of the men, and black ears to their caps which almost conceal their hair. From Stantz the travellers visited the abbey of *Engelberg*, and then returned to Altdorf.

Eighth Day's Instruction.

SWITZERLAND CONCLUDED.

Conclusion of MR. COXE'S *Travels through Switzerland.*

QUITTING Altdorf, Mr. Coxe and his friends passed through a fertile plain; and, at the end of about nine

miles, began to ascend the steep sides of the mountains. The river Reuss sometimes appeared many hundred yards below them: here, rushing a considerable way through a forest of pines; there, falling in cascades, and losing itself in the valley. They crossed it several times, over bridges of a single arch, and beheld it tumbling under their feet, in channels which it had forced through the solid rock. Innumerable torrents were seen roaring down the sides of the mountains, which in some places were naked, and in others finely wooded. The darkness and solitude of the forests, the occasional liveliness and variety of the verdure, immense fragments of rock, blended with enormous masses of ice: crags of astonishing height piled one upon another, and closing the vale: such are the sublime and magnificent scenes with which this romantic country abounds. On their journey the travellers met several packhorses laden with merchandise. The roads, impending over precipices, cannot fail of inspiring terror to all persons who are unaccustomed to them; more particularly as the mules and horses do not keep in the middle of the track, but continue crossing from side to side, and forming, as it were, a continued zigzag. The sides of the mountains were occasionally strewed with cottages, covered with forests, or enriched with pastures. Still continuing to ascend, the scenery became more wild and desert: the rocks were bare, craggy, and impending. The travellers then came to a bridge thrown across a deep chasm over the Reuss, which formed a considerable cataract down the shagged sides of the mountain, and over immense fragments of rock which it had undermined in its course. This bridge is called *Teufels-bruck*, or the Devil's bridge. As Mr. Coxe and his friends stood upon the bridge, contemplating the cataract and listening to the roar of the water, they were covered with spray, which the river threw up to a considerable height. Not far from this spot the road led them into a subterraneous passage, cut through a rock of granite which opened, at the opposite extremity, into the se-

rene and cultivated, but romantic vale of *Urseren*, containing four villages backed by lofty mountains. Near the middle of this vale commences *the Valley of St. Gothard*, which is filled with the ruins of broken mountains.

The travellers were here lodged in a house inhabited by two Italian friars, from the convent of Capuchins at Milan. These friars receive all strangers that pass through this inhospitable region. In the lower parts of the country the weather had been hot, but among the mountains it was excessively cold. "It is singular (says Mr. Coxe) to find, at the distance of only a day's journey, such a difference of climate: the air was absolutely in a freezing state, though in the midst of summer." Mr. Coxe visited the sources of the Tesino and the Reuss. Within a day's journey was the source of the Rhine; and, at the distance of about three leagues, that of the Rhone.

From the valley of Urseren Mr. Coxe and his party proposed to ascend the summit of *Mount St. Gothard*. They first proceeded by a path, up a steep mountain, where a horse, with some dexterity, could just put one leg before the other. After having crossed several large drifts of ice and snow, they reached, by a very steep ascent, the summit of the *Furca*, so called from the great number of rugged and forked rocks which are here piled one above another. The country around was dreary and desolate. All vegetation seemed to have ceased. From this place they descended, for a considerable way, by broken rocks and craggy precipices. In full view before them was the *Glacier of Furca*, a valley of ice, which extended at least three miles in length, and nearly a mile in breadth. The rays of the sun caused the ice to glisten like crystal, while the blue tints, reflected on its surface, appeared inexpressibly beautiful. The torrent of the *Rhone* roared beneath them. The travellers descended to the bottom of the glacier, where they admired the Rhone, breaking forth with violence from beneath the bed of ice, and near some huge fragments of a fallen rock. They pro-

ceeded through the valley more than two leagues, perpetually ascending or descending the rugged sides of the river. At length they came to an opening, which commanded an extensive view of the fertile vale of *Valleis*, containing several scattered villages. Here quitting their rugged track they descended into the Vallais, and took up their residence at an inn which afforded them good bread, some meat, quiet rooms, and clean beds.

They ascended the summit of *Mount Grimsel*, one of the Alps which separate the Vallais from the canton of Berne. The ascent occupied them four hours. In their progress they crossed the several shades of Alpine vegetation: in the valley, and the lower parts of the mountain, corn and rich meadows: then forests of larch and pine; next short grass, with several species of plants: to these succeeded the various tribes of mosses and lichens; then bare rock and snow.

From the top of the Grimsel they descended, about two miles, to a small plain or hollow, containing one solitary hovel, where they obtained excellent cheese, butter, milk, and wine. The occupier of this house is stationed here by the canton of Bern, and he resides in it about nine months every year. When he quits it, which he generally does in the beginning of December, he leaves a certain quantity of cheese, hard bread, salted provision, and fuel, in case any unfortunate wanderer should happen to come this way in the winter.

The travellers amused themselves in searching for crystal, and found many pieces of different colours; white, black, yellow, and green. These mountains also abound in rich veins of gold and other metals. A considerable quantity of gold-dust is found in the bed of the Aar, and in the various adjacent torrents.

Having quitted their wretched abode on the Grimsel, they passed along the valley of the Aar, through a chain of wild, rugged, and uninhabitable Alps. The road, along the steep acclivities and de-

clivities, had, in some places, been laid on arches, and in others had been carried over bridges thrown across tremendous precipices. In their progress they traversed some extensive forests of beech and pines, and passed many small villages: at length they descended to a valley on the banks of the Aar. Here each fragment, each cottage, each shed, each shrub, would have made a picture; and the general effect was considerably heightened by the transparency of the air, and the grandeur of the mountains which formed the background.

In this part of Switzerland the houses are generally constructed of wood, although there is no deficiency of stone. The reason is evident. Wooden houses are sooner constructed and more easily repaired than those of stone; and, being formed in a compact manner, with small rooms, and low ceilings, they are sufficiently warm even for so cold a climate.

About two miles from *Meyringen* the travellers passed along some fields, in order to view the *Cataract of the Reichenbach*, which is deservedly celebrated for its variety and beauty. This cataract is divided into three principal parts. In the first the water is precipitated down a perpendicular rock at least one hundred feet in height. The second cataract begins from the overflowing of the bason; and the third is below this. From a meadow at the bottom of the second cataract the whole of the Reichenbach seems one immense waterfall, which throws up a great quantity of spray.

While the travellers were in a cottage resting and refreshing themselves, they were suddenly startled by a noise like the sound of thunder. This had been occasioned by a large body of snow falling from the top of a mountain. They rushed out to observe it, and saw that, in its precipitate descent, it had the appearance of a torrent of water reduced almost to spray. These *avalanches*, as they are called, are sometimes attended with fatal consequences; for, when they consist of enormous

masses, they destroy every thing which lies in their course, and not unfrequently overwhelm even whole villages.

The travellers proceeded towards *Grindelwald*, along a gentle but tedious descent. This village, consisting of houses dispersed over the plain and upon the rising hills, exhibits an agreeable and picturesque scene, heightened by a view of the valleys of ice which stretch, in a regular curve, along the steep sides of the mountains, and are beautifully skirted with wood. The two valleys of ice which extend into the plain of Grindelwald, are called the Superior and Inferior Glaciers.

On visiting these, Mr. Coxe observed that the Inferior Glacier was composed of numerous pyramids, some of which were from forty to fifty feet in height. He was conducted, by a difficult path, at the edge of the frozen region; and occasionally passed over steep and craggy parts of rock that were almost perpendicular. After having employed more than two hours in ascending, they were prevented by rocks and a rising hill of ice from continuing their progress, and were obliged to descend, much disappointed, that what they had seen, though certainly curious and sublime, had not equalled their expectations.

A tolerable road leads from Grindelwald to *Lauterbruennen*; and the country is pleasingly diversified with hanging woods, immense rocks, deep precipices, and violent torrents. Near this place is the celebrated *Cataract of the Staubbach*. The torrent rolls from so considerable a height, and resolves itself into so fine a spray, as, when the sun shines upon it, to form a miniature rainbow.

Mr. Coxe and his friends next proceeded, through a mountainous, and still romantic country, to the baths of *Leuk*. This is a famous place for hot medicinal springs, and, during the summer and autumn is much frequented by invalids. The accommodations for the company were at this time, however, very inconve-

nient; each person having, for his own use, a small apartment not more than a few feet square, in which there was just room for a bed, a table, and two chairs. The public dining-room was upon a larger scale, as was also an apartment in which the company occasionally assembled. The dinner hour was eleven in the morning, and the supper hour seven in the evening.

The tract of country in which these baths are situated is called the *Vallais*: it stretches, from east to west, about a hundred miles, is divided into the Upper and Lower Vallais, and contains about one hundred thousand inhabitants, all of whom profess the Roman Catholic religion. The inhabitants of this part of Switzerland are much subject to *goitres*, or large excrescences on the neck, which often increase to an enormous size; and, what is more extraordinary, idiotcy no less abounds among them.

In this enclosed vale the weather was excessively sultry; and the inhabitants appeared extremely languid and indolent. The uncleanliness of the common people also was disgusting beyond expression. Mr. Coxe and his party stopped at the village of *Martigny*, a place much frequented by travellers. It leads to the valley of Chamouny, to St. Maurice and the lake of Geneva, and is a place of passage for merchandise, conveyed over the Great St. Bernard into Italy. Not far from Martigny they saw the *Pisse-Vache*, a cataract, the characteristic beauty of which is that it seems to burst from a cleft in the middle of a rock, through hanging shrubs, and forms a perpendicular column of water about two hundred feet in height.

At the extremity of the Lower Vallais, where the two chains of mountains, that bound this country, approach towards the Rhone, stands the town of *St. Maurice*, built upon a rock, at a little distance from the river. The spot near which it stands, constitutes the chief entrance from the canton of Bern into the Vallais. This entrance is formed by a narrow pass, so strongly

fortified by nature, that a very small number of men might defend it against a considerable army.

From Martigny Mr. Coxe visited the *Vale of Chamouny* and *Mont Blanc*. This mountain is particularly distinguished from all others, by a mantle of snow, which clothes its summit and sides, and from which it derives its name. Its perpendicular height above the level of the sea is upwards of fifteen thousand feet. Mr. Coxe says he is convinced that Mont Blanc exceeds the loftiest point in Switzerland.

On the 23d of August he and his friends mounted, by the side of the *Glacier of Bosson*, to *Les Murailles de Glace*, or the walls of ice, so called from some extensive ranges of ice, which rise abruptly from their base, and appear, in many places, upwards of a hundred and fifty feet in height. Near them are pyramids and cones of ice of all forms and sizes, which shoot to a very considerable height, and in the most beautiful and fantastic shapes imaginable. From this glacier, which they crossed without much difficulty, they enjoyed a fine view of the vale of Chamouny.

They next proceeded to visit the valley of ice, in the *Glacier of Montanvert*. Conducted by guides, they scrambled up a deep and rugged path, called *the Road of the Crystal-hunters;* and, from the summit of Montanvert, they descended to the edge of the glacier. The scene around them was magnificent and sublime. Numberless rocks rose boldly above the clouds; some of their tops were bare, others were covered with snow: many of the peaks, gradually diminishing towards their summits, ended in sharp points and were called *Needles*. Between the rocks, the valley of ice stretched several leagues in length, and was nearly a mile broad.

The next adventure of the travellers was to cross the ice. They had each a long pole spiked with iron; and, in order to secure them from slipping, the guides fastened to their shoes *crampons*, or small bars of iron, each furnished with four spikes. The difficulty of

crossing these valleys of ice, arises from immense chasms, which in some places occur, and are said to be not less than five hundred feet in depth. Mr. Coxe says that he can only compare this body of ice, broken into irregular ridges and deep chasms, to waves instantaneously frozen in the midst of a storm. With some difficulty the travellers crossed the valley, and reached the opposite side. A tempest of thunder and rain having suddenly overtaken them, they were, however, obliged to hasten their descent to the valley of Chamouny.

Mr. Coxe and his friends made several excursions to the mountains around the vale of Chamouny. From one elevated point, he says, they were astonished with a view far more magnificent than imagination can conceive. Before them was a valley of ice twenty miles in extent, bounded by a circular glacier of pure unbroken snow, which led directly to the foot of Mont Blanc, and was surrounded by large conical rocks, terminating in sharp points, like the turrets of an ancient fortification. Beyond these, far above them, and appearing of immense magnitude, rose the majestic summit of Mont Blanc, his highest point obscured by clouds.

Various attempts have, at different times, been made to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, but most of these have proved unsuccessful. Mr. Coxe informs us that Dr. Paccard, a physician of Chamouny, accompanied by a single guide, accomplished this difficult task, in the month of August, 1786, though not without great suffering. While they were on the summit the cold was so intense, that the provisions they carried were frozen in their packets, and the ink in their inkhorns was congealed. They employed fifteen hours in ascending; and, when they returned, their faces were excoriated, and their lips much swelled: Dr. Paccard was almost blind, and his eyes continued to be affected for a considerable time afterwards. M. Saussure, a celebrated French naturalist reached the summit of this mountain in the following year. He remarks that the summits of

Mont Blanc and the adjacent mountains are composed of granite.

Quitting the delightful valley of Chamouny and its magnificent scenery, Mr. Coxe and his friends continued their route towards Geneva. As they proceeded, the height of the mountains appeared gradually to diminish; and the valleys through which they passed, were agreeably diversified in their forms and productions. Near *Salenche* they passed, on the right, a small but picturesque lake, skirted with wood; and thence descended into a plain, which continues almost perfectly level to Geneva. Not far from *Mogland* they stopped to admire a beautiful cataract, called the *cascade of Arpenas.*

On arriving within the territory of Geneva, they were much pleased with the neatness and the pleasing manners of the inhabitants. They admired the populousness of the country, the richness of the cultivation, and the number of country seats scattered among the fields.

The town of *Geneva* is built on the bank of the narrowest part of the lake, where the Rhone issues in two large and rapid streams which afterwards unite. This river separates the town into two unequal parts. The adjacent country is extremely picturesque, and abounds in magnificent views. The objects most conspicuous, are the town, the lake, and the numerous hills and mountains, backed by the glaciers of Savoy, with their frozen tops glistening in the sun, and the majestic Mont Blanc, rearing his head far above the rest. The town of Geneva is irregularly built: the houses are high, and many of those in the trading part of it have arcades of wood, which are raised even to the upper stories. These arcades give a gloomy appearance to the streets, but they are useful to the inhabitants in protecting them from the sun and the rain. Geneva is by far the most populous town in Switzerland: it contains at least twenty-four thousand inhabitants, a considerable portion of whom are employed in different branches of trade.

To a man of letters, Geneva is a place peculiarly interesting. Learning is here divested of pedantry, and philosophy is united with a knowledge of the world: the pleasures of society are mixed with the pursuits of literature, and elegance and urbanity give a zest to even the profoundest disquisitions. Even the lower classes of people are well informed; and there is perhaps no city in Europe where learning is more universally diffused than in this. The citizens enjoy the advantage of free access to a public library; and, by this privilege, they not only retain but improve that general tincture of learning which they imbibe in early youth. This library contains twenty-five thousand volumes, and many curious manuscripts.

The road from Geneva to Lausanne extends along the *Pays de Vaud*, a region of which historians and travellers speak with rapture. Through nearly the whole distance it lies on a gradual ascent from the edge of the lake; and the adjacent country is richly laid out in vineyards, corn-fields, and luxuriant meadows, and chequered with continued hamlets, villages, and towns.

Lausanne contains about seven thousand inhabitants. It is built upon an ascent so steep, that, in some places, the horses cannot, without difficulty, draw up a carriage; and foot passengers ascend to the higher parts of the town by steps. But these inconveniences are amply compensated by the sublimest views in nature, commanding the lake of Geneva, the Pays de Vaud, and the rugged coast of Chablais.

At this time the government of Lausanne was in the hands of its own magistrates: it had its own courts of justice, and the burghers who possessed houses in the principal street, enjoyed the right of pronouncing sentence in criminal cases. The principal church of this place, formerly the cathedral, is a magnificent Gothic building, standing in the most elevated part of the town.

The road from Lausanne to Vevay extends along the sides of mountains, between continued ranges of vineyards. The industry of the Swiss is no where more

observable than in this part of the country. The mountains, in many places, though naturally consisting of steep and naked rock, are thickly covered with vines: the mould has been brought from other grounds, in order to create a soil, and is supported by rows of stones ranged in straight lines like walls. This district is called *La Vaux*, and contains the two pleasant little towns of *Lutry* and *Cully*, with two villages. It is entirely hilly, and rises abruptly from the lake. Above the vineyards are rich meadows, and a continued forest.

Vevay is a clean and well-built place. It stands in a small plain at the foot of the mountains, near the margin of the water; and is one of the few towns within the canton of Bern which carry on any trade. The borders of this part of the lake are much more contrasted, wild, and picturesque than those about Geneva. The mountains of the Vallais and Savoy boldly project into the water, and form a semi-circular chain; enclosing the lake, except where they are divided by the Rhone, a few leagues from Vevay.

Nature can scarcely form a position more delightful than that of the castle of *Chatillard* or *Clarens*. It stands above the village of Vevay, on an eminence, whose gentle declivity slopes gradually towards the lake, and commands a view of that majestic body of water, its fertile borders, and the bold rocks and Alps of Savoy. The adjacent scenery consists of vineyards, fields of corn and pasture, and rich groves of oak, ash, and Spanish chesnut trees.

From Vevay the travellers made an excursion to the salt-works of Bex, a small town about fifteen miles south of the eastern extremity of the lake. On their arrival at the salt-springs, Mr. Coxe put on a workman's jacket, and went into the mountain in an horizontal direction for about three thousand feet. The gallery was six feet high, and four feet broad, and had been hewn out of the solid rock. The salt is procured from springs, which are found within the rock: the richest source yields twenty-eight pounds of salt from every hundred pounds

weight of water. No solid salt, except a few small cubes, has yet been discovered; but the mountain is replete with saline particles. After having travelled, in this subterraneous passage, nearly three-quarters of a mile, Mr. Coxe observed a wheel thirty-five feet in diameter, which was employed in raising the brine from the depth of about seventy feet. From this place there was a shaft three hundred feet high, which had been cut through the mountain to the surface, for the purpose of introducing fresh air. Mr. Coxe noticed three large reservoirs, one of which was one hundred and sixty feet square, and nine feet deep. The brine deposited in these reservoirs was conveyed by means of two thousand pipes, to the distance of about a league, to the village of Bevieux, where the salt was extracted.

Having returned to Lausanne, Mr. Coxe and his friends proceeded towards the *valley* and *lake of Joux*. The former contained several neat and well-peopled villages, and was beautifully chequered with wood, arable, and pasture ground. From Joux they went through a highly romantic and interesting country to *Yverdun*, a large, airy, and well-built town, which stands near the bank of the lake of the same name, called also the *Lake of Neuchatel*. Between the town and the lake a pleasant lawn, planted with avenues of lime-trees, extends to the water. Yverdun scarcely carries on any trade, and its chief support is derived from the passage of merchandise through it between Piedmont and Germany. The *lake* stretches, from south to north, about twenty miles in length, and in some places is about five miles in breadth. Its shores near Yverdun are covered with country houses.

The travellers next skirted the west side of the lake of Neuchatel through *Granson*, the principal town of a bailiage of that name, belonging both to Bern and Friburg. About six miles from this town they entered the principality of Neuchatel, and passed several villages, pleasantly situated on the borders of the lake. The road extends along the sides of the Jura, which are covered, almost the whole way, with vines.

The town of *Neuchatel* is small, and lies partly upon a little plain between the lake and mount Jura, and partly upon the declivity of that mountain. In consequence of this situation, some of the streets are very steep. One chief article of trade in Neuchatel is wine, produced from the neighbouring vineyards. Manufactories of printed linens and cottons have also been established here with success. Several public works and buildings had been erected at Neuchatel a little before the time that Mr. Coxe was here; among others was a superb causeway, leading towards the valley of St. Imier; and a town house, built of extremely solid materials.

From Neuchatel the travellers made an excursion to the summit of *Mount Jura*. They passed into the district of *Vallengin*, which is enclosed within the Jura. Parallel chains of this mountain run from east to west; and form, in the most elevated parts, several valleys. The lower grounds of this chain are arable lands and vineyards: the higher consist of large tracts of forest, which, in many parts, have been cleared, and converted into pasture grounds, intermixed with fields of barley and oats. The inhabitants of this part of Switzerland are distinguished for their genius, industry, and skill in the mechanical arts. They carry on an extensive traffic in lace, stockings, cutlery, and other manufactures; and they particularly excel in watch-making and every branch of clock-work. The Valengins are extremely courteous to strangers. Many of them are well informed in several branches of knowledge; and, as they usually employ their leisure hours in reading, many of the villages contain circulating libraries. The houses are plastered and white-washed. Though small, they are well built and commodious; and they are furnished with a degree of neatness, and even elegance, peculiarly striking in these sequestered mountains.

The rock which forms the base of the Jura is chiefly composed of lime-stone; and there is probably no spot in Europe where such numbers of petrified shells and

marine plants are found within so small a space as in this.

In returning to Neuchatel, the travellers had a sublime prospect of the lakes of Neuchatel, Bienne, and Morat, with the high and rugged chain of Alps, stretching from the cantons of Bern and Friburgh as far as the Vallais, and the mountains of Chablais.

While he was in this part of Switzerland, Mr. Coxe visited *Moitier Travers*, rendered memorable by the residence of Rousseau. The dwelling-house of this singular man was a small wooden building at the further extremity of the village, near the road which leads to Fleurier. The room chiefly occupied by him was a small bed-chamber, which, out of respect to his memory, had been left in the same state as in his life time. Mr. Coxe mentions several interesting particulars respecting him; but they are much too long to be recited here.

In proceeding from Neuchatel towards Friburgh and Bern, the travellers crossed the river *Thiele*, which issues from the lake of Neuchatel, and discharges itself into that of Bienne. Thence they went to *Morat*, a small town, pleasantly situated on the edge of a small lake, and noted for an obstinate siege which it sustained against Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and for a battle which followed, on the 22d of June, 1476. From Morat they proceeded to *Avenche*, celebrated for many Roman antiquities which have been discovered in its vicinity.

Friburg, the capital of the canton of the same name, is situated in one of the most wild and picturesque parts of Switzerland. It stands partly in a small plain, and partly among bold acclivities, on a ridge of rocks half encircled by the river Sane; and is so entirely concealed by circumjacent hills, that the traveller scarcely catches the smallest glimpse of it, until the whole town bursts upon his sight from the overhanging eminence. The fortifications, which consist of high stone walls and towers, enclose a circumference of about four miles,

within which space the eye comprehends a singular mixture of houses, rocks, thickets, and meadows, abruptly varying from wild to agreeable, from the bustle of a town to the solitude of the deepest retirement. On all sides the descent to the town is extremely steep; and, in one place, the streets pass even above the roofs of the houses beneath. Many of the edifices are raised in regular gradation, like the seats of an amphitheatre: many overhang the edge of a precipice so deep, that, on looking down, a weak head would be apt to turn giddy. The houses, constructed with a gray sand-stone, are neat and well built, but the whole place has a dull and inanimate appearance. Among the few objects deserving of particular attention are the cathedral, an elegant Gothic edifice, remarkable for the height and solidity of its tower; and the town-house, an ancient building, which formerly composed part of a palace.

The society at Friburgh was, at this time, extremely agreeable; the gentry were frank and hospitable, and blended French politeness with great simplicity of manners. Dinner was usually served at twelve, and the supper seldom later than eight.

The canton of Friburgh contains a small portion of arable land, but abounds in pastures: accordingly, its principal articles of export are horned cattle, cheese, butter, and hides. The cheese, well known by the name of Gruyeres, which is exported in great quantities, is made on a chain of mountains about ten leagues in length, and four in breadth. The whole district is divided into farms of various sizes, which the proprietors let out in leases at a certain annual rent for each cow.

In their route from Friburg to Bern, the travellers made a small circuit to visit an *hermitage*, about a league distant from Friburgh. This extraordinary habitation is in the solid rock, and was the work of two men. Many years ago a hermit scooped out a hollow in the rock, just sufficient for him to lie in at full length; but another, who succeeded him, desiring a more commo-

dious residence, hewed, in the heart of the mountain, a chapel, several apartments, and stair-cases. The length of the whole is upwards of four hundred feet. One room is ninety feet long, and twenty feet broad: the steeple of the chapel, if it may be so called, is eighty feet high, and the chimney of the kitchen is ninety. The hermit who perforated this extraordinary habitation was engaged in it near thirty years. What a waste of time and industry! But such is the folly of sequestered superstition, that, for want of better occupations, it frequently has recourse to laborious trifles.

From this hermitage to the spot where the canton of Bern commences, the country is rich and finely wooded. On entering the town of *Bern*, Mr. Coxe was much pleased with its singular neatness and beauty. The principal streets are broad and long, not straight, but gently curved. The houses are mostly uniform in appearance, and built of a grayish stone, upon arcades. Through the middle of the streets runs a stream of clear water, in a stone channel,—while several fountains are not less ornamental to the place than beneficial to the inhabitants. The river *Aar* nearly surrounds the town, winding its course over a rocky bed, and in the midst of rocky and precipitous banks. The cathedral, a noble pile of Gothic architecture, stands upon a platform raised from the bed of the river, and commands a most extensive view. The adjacent country is richly cultivated, and agreeably diversified with hills, lawns, wood, and water. The river flows rapidly below, and an abrupt chain of rugged and snow-capped Alps bounds the distant horizon. Such an assemblage of wild and beautiful objects would, in any place, present a most striking prospect; but the effect is greatly heightened when seen from the midst of a large town.

The society is here extremely agreeable. The men do not meet in separate societies; and the women are the life and ornament of the daily assemblies: these begin about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and continue till eight, when the parties usually retire to

their respective houses. Dancing is a very frequent amusement at Bern; and, when Mr. Coxe was here, there was a public ball every fortnight, and in winter scarcely an evening passed without one. These diversions usually commenced at so early an hour as five in the afternoon.

Bern is not a place of much trade; and such families as have any influence in public affairs, consider themselves degraded by engaging in commerce. It is remarkable, concerning this town, that peasants who have acquired opulence, either by manufactures or agriculture, seldom quit their station. They continue in the same habits which they had contracted during the earlier period of life; and, however wealthy they may become, they never give their daughters in marriage but to persons of their own rank.

The public buildings of Bern are constructed in a noble simplicity of style. The arsenal at this time contained arms for sixty thousand men, and a considerable quantity of cannon: the latter are cast in the town. The charitable institutions of Bern were numerous, liberal, and well directed. The house of correction was extremely well regulated: the prisoners, both men and women, were constantly employed in cleaning the streets, and other servile occupations; they were also taught to read and write, and instructed in various trades, for the purpose of aiding them in gaining a maintenance, at the expiration of the time for which they had been sentenced to hard labour. The public library of Bern is a small but well-chosen collection, containing twenty thousand volumes, a cabinet of Swiss coins and medals, and many curious manuscripts; and the public granary is always well stored with corn.

The environs of Bern are, in general, extremely delightful; and no road exhibits a more pleasing variety of hill and dale than that which leads from this town to *Thun*. It extends through an agreeable country, winds among fertile meadows, enriched with dark forests of pine and fir, and occasional groves of beech and oak.

Mr. Coxe attended a fair at *Langenau*, a village a few miles east of Bern. It was crowded with the neighbouring peasants. Great numbers of the men had long beards, and many of them wore extremely broad straw hats, like those of the women. Their dress consisted chiefly of a coarse brown cloth jacket, without sleeves, and large puffed breeches, formed of ticking. The women, who were remarkably handsome, wore their hair platted behind in tresses, with the ribbon hanging down below their waist; a flat plain straw hat; a red or brown cloth jacket, without sleeves; a black or blue petticoat, bordered with red, and scarcely reaching below the knees; red stockings with black clocks; and the shift of extremely fine linen, fastened close round the neck by a black collar with red ornaments. The better sort had chains of silver between their shoulders, brought round under each arm, and fastened beneath the bosom, the ends hanging down in front, and terminated by silver ornaments.

From Langenau Mr. Coxe returned to Geneva, whence he proceeded into France.

Ninth Day's Instruction.

ITALY.

The country we next enter is extremely important, both in an historical and a geographical view. It was once the seat of almost unbounded empire, the nursery of the arts, and the centre of opulence; and though it is now sunk into comparative insignificance, it contains innumerable monuments of ancient grandeur, such as have not since been equalled by the artists of any nation. It is seated in a delightful *climate*, and many parts of it abound in scenes of luxuriance and fertility, of pic-

turesque and romantic beauty, which are no where excelled.

Some writers have, however, imagined, that, during the last fifteen hundred years, its climate has undergone a considerable change; and that the winters are now much warmer than they were in the time of the Romans. This opinion is founded upon some passages in the writings of the ancients, alluding to a severity of cold seldom experienced in later ages; and describing winter scenes that are now never beheld beyond the Apennines. But these passages admit of explanations which are perfectly applicable to the present state of the country; and there can be little doubt, that the climate is now nearly the same as it was in ancient times. Even in winter the rays of the sun are powerful, and in summer they are sultry; but the heat is never intolerable, for the air is generally cooled by gales from the mountains, and, on the southern coast, is refreshed by breezes from the sea.

During the spring and summer *rain* is not frequent; but showers, adequate to the support of the vegetation, occasionally fall. In autumn there are regular rains; but all these are only transient and temporary interruptions of the general serenity, which constitutes one of the principal advantages of this admirable country.

The *soil* of Italy is, in general, fertile and productive. It yields an abundance of vines, olive-trees, and corn; oranges, lemons, almonds, and other fruit; and, from the innumerable kinds of aromatic herbs, trees, and shrubs which here grow wild, this country well merits the appellation that it has obtained of "The Garden of Europe." Great quantities of silk are produced in several of the districts of Italy. Many parts of the country afford excellent pasture, and abound in cattle, sheep, goats, buffaloes, wild boars, and horses; and the forests are well stocked with game. In the mountains are mines of iron, lead, alum, sulphur, and marble of various kinds.

Italy is divided from France, Switzerland, and Germany by the *Alps*, the loftiest ridge of mountains in

Europe; and is traversed, through nearly its whole length, by another range, called the *Apennines*. In the northern parts of the country there are some extensive *lakes*, particularly those of Como, Garda, and Lago Maggiore. This country also boasts some celebrated *rivers*. Of these the Po, which is mentioned in the writings of many of the ancient classics, rises in Piedmont, and falls into the Adriatic; the Tiber, which runs through Rome, and has been the scene of many an eventful history, has its source in the Apennines, and discharges itself into the Tuscan sea; the Arno falls into the gulf of Genoa; and the Adige into the Adriatic.

This country is supposed to have been first peopled from Greece. During the time of the Romans it became mistress of the world; but, after the fall of the Roman empire, through a long succession of ages it underwent numerous vicissitudes.

Christianity was preached in Rome by the apostles Peter and Paul, both of whom here sealed their faith by martyrdom, during the reign of the emperor Nero. Some time after this had become the established religion of the country, the bishops of Rome claimed supreme power over the Christian church, assumed the title of Pope or Papa, which signifies "Universal Father," and declared themselves the immediate representatives of St. Peter, to whom our Lord had said, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven."

After the reign of Charlemagne, who, in the beginning of the ninth century, obtained the sovereignty of nearly all the continental countries of Europe, Italy was ravaged by different contending tyrants: it was again harassed by wars and internal commotions, and was subsequently divided into several states and principalities. These, with occasional changes, continued for several centuries. At length, by the conquest of Italy, subsequently to the late French revolution, the whole country was thrown into

the power of Buonaparte. This extraordinary man placed one of his brothers on the throne of Naples, reduced the Pope to the condition of a local bishop, and gave the sovereignty of Rome to his own infant son. The final defeat of the French again liberated the Italians; and, at a general congress afterwards held at Vienna, it was arranged that the ecclesiastical states should be restored to the see of Rome; that the king of Naples should repossess his former territories in the south of Italy; that the king of Sardinia should possess Savoy, Piedmont, and the Genoese territories; the emperor of Austria should have Lombardy, Mantua, and Venice; Maria Louisa, the daughter of the emperor, and lately the wife of Buonaparte, should have the duchies of Parma and Placentia; and that the arch-duke Ferdinand of Austria should have the grand duchy of Tuscany, of which Florence is the capital, and Leghorn the sea-port.

As Rome is the supreme see of the Catholic church, and as this is the established church of most of the continental countries of Europe, we must not omit to mention some of the different orders and regulations which have been introduced into it. The *Pope*, as primate, presides over it, and is invested with supreme power. All the great cities of Italy have *archbishops;* and almost every large town is the see of a bishop. Each *bishop* has, under his inspection, a seminary or college, devoted solely to ecclesiastical education. In this seminary the candidates for orders in the diocess, are obliged, before they are admitted to the priesthood, to pass three years in the study of divinity, and in a state of preparation for the discharge of their ecclesiastical functions.

The parochial *clergy* are numerous, for none are allowed to hold more than one living. The regular clergy are divided into two great classes of *monks* and *friars*. The appellation of the latter is derived from *fratres*, *frères*, or "brothers," and has been adopted as a mark of humility and a sign of fraternity.

The Pope is not only the chief pastor of the Catholic hurch, but is a temporal sovereign of the Roman ter-

ritory. His titles, dress, equipage, and the whole ceremonial of his court are, however, adapted solely to his ecclesiastical character. His robes are nearly similar to those of the bishops. His tiara or crown consists of three circlets; and its use is confined to certain extraordinary occasions. In public a large silver cross, raised on high, is carried before him, as a sacred banner; the church bells are rung as he passes, and all persons kneel in his sight. No other sovereign is attended with so much pomp. Even when in private he has always waiting, in his anti-chamber, a bishop in full robes. When the bell rings the door of the pontifical apartment opens, and the Pope is seen in a chair of state with a little table before him. In the ceremony of presentation the person presented kneels once at the threshold, again in the middle of the room, and, lastly, at the feet of the pontiff, who, according to circumstances, allows him to kiss the cross embroidered on his shoes, or presents his hand to raise him. The pontiff converses with him a short time, and then dismisses him.

Other sovereigns have their hours of relaxation; but the Pope has none. Always encumbered with robes, surrounded by attendants, and confined within the magic circle of etiquette, he labours for ever under the weight of his dignity; and, if influenced by ordinary feelings, he may often sigh in vain for the leisure and the insignificance of the college or the cloister. A morning walk of business and application closes with a solitary meal, for the Pope never dines in company; a walk in the gardens of his palace, a visit to a church or an hospital, are his only relaxations.

The Papal government is vested in the Pope and the *College of Cardinals*. The members of this college are seventy-two in number. They are named by the Pope, but all the Catholic powers are allowed to recommend a certain number. The grand assembly of cardinals is called the consistory. Here the Pope presides in person; and here the cardinals appear in all the splendour of purple robes, and all the form of a ma-

jestic senate. This assembly witnesses the ratification of measures previously considered and adopted in the cabinet of the pontiff. Here public communications are announced, foreign ambassadors are received, cardinals created, formal compliments made and answered: here, in short, is all the exterior splendour of sovereignty displayed to the public eye.

But the chief prerogative of a cardinal is exercised in the *Conclave*, so called because the members of the college of cardinals are confined within the precincts of the great halls of the Vatican palace, where they remain immured till they agree in the election of a Pope. During the sitting of the conclave, the senators of Rome, the conservators, and the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops then in the city, guard the different entrances, and prevent all communication. After the election has taken place, the Pope is placed in a chair on the altar of what is called the Sextine chapel, and there receives the homage of the cardinals: this ceremony is repeated on the high altar of St. Peter's. As he advances towards the altar, the master of the ceremonies, kneeling before him, sets fire to a small quantity of tow placed on the top of a gilt staff, and as it blazes and vanishes in smoke, he thus addresses the Pope, "*Sancte Pater! Sic transit gloria mundi.*" "Holy Father! Thus passes the glory of the world."

A Narrative of a Journey from Trent to Venice. From a Classical Tour through Italy; by the Rev. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

MR. EUSTACE had passed through Germany to Trent, where he arrived about the beginning of February, 1802. This place, which is the seat of an archbishop, is situated in a narrow but beautiful valley, exposed, from its elevation, to intense cold in winter, and, from the reflection of the sun against the mountains, to ex-

cessive heat in summer. The town is well built, and boasts some palaces. The cathedral is Gothic, but not remarkable either for beauty or magnificence. Trent has been rendered famous by an important council, which was held within its walls about the middle of the sixteenth century, and which, with various interruptions, continued to sit during the space of eighteen years. This council consisted of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, chiefs of religious orders, representatives of universities, and ambassadors from most of the courts of Europe, and comprised in the whole more than a thousand persons. Its professed objects were the reformation of the church, and the restoration of peace and unanimity among Christians.

From Trent the road extends, through a narrow valley watered by the river *Adige*, and covered with vines, which are conducted over trellis work, or wind in garlands from tree to tree. High mountains rise on each side. There are several neat villages on both banks of the river; though, in all of them, the ravages of war, by the late invasions of the French armies, were still discernible. Cottages destroyed, houses burned or damaged, and churches disfigured, forced themselves too frequently upon the attention of the traveller, and excited emotions of pity and abhorrence.

Roveredo, the second stage from Trent, is a neat little town, in the defiles of the Alps, situated, geographically, within the German territory; but, in language and appearance, Italian. The entrance is good, but the main street is narrow. The descent from Roveredo to Ala is rapid, and the mountains break into rocks and precipices, which occasionally approach the road, sometimes rise perpendicularly from it, and now and then hang over it in terrible majesty. *Ala* is an insignificant little town, in no respect remarkable, except as forming the geographical boundary of Italy.

A traveller on his entrance into Italy is impatient to discover some remains of ancient magnificence, or some

specimen of modern taste; and he finds much to gratify his curiosity in Verona, the first town that receives him, on his descent from the Rhetian Alps. *Verona* is beautifully situated, partly upon the declivity of a hill, which forms the eastern swell of the Alps, and partly on the skirts of an immense plain, which extends from these mountains to the Apennines. The hills behind it are adorned with villas and gardens. The plains before the city are streaked with rows of mulberry trees, and shaded with vines that climb from branch to branch, and spread, in garlands, from tree to tree. Verona is divided into two unequal parts by the Adige, which sweeps through it in a bold curve. The river is wide and rapid, but the streets, as in almost all continental towns, are narrow. They are, however, straight and well built. This town possesses one of the noblest monuments of Roman magnificence now existing: an amphitheatre, inferior in size, but equal in materials and solidity, to the Coliseum at Rome. The external wall has long been destroyed, but forty-five ranges of seats, and other parts of the interior, are still entire. The whole is formed of vast blocks of marble, and presents such a mass of compact solidity as might have defied the influence of time, had not its powers been aided by the more active operations of barbarian destruction. Shortly after the arrival of the French at Verona, they erected a wooden theatre near one of the grand portals of the amphitheatre, and caused several farces and pantomimes to be acted in it, for the amusement of the army. The sheds and scaffolding that composed this miserable edifice were standing in the year 1802.

Verona was an ancient Roman colony, the native country or the residence of many illustrious persons mentioned by historians, and celebrated by poets. Some parts of the town, particularly a square near the amphitheatre, are airy and splendid; and several of its palaces and churches merit the attention of the traveller. Few towns have contributed more largely to the reputation of Roman literature, or have been more fertile in the pro-

duction of genius, taste, and knowledge, than this. Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, Vitruvius, and Pliny the Elder, form a constellation of luminaries of the first magnitude, and cast a distinguishing lustre on the place of their birth and early education. In modern times Verona has preserved its reputation for taste and science; and the names of Bianchini and Scipio Maffei may be considered as proofs of its present, and pledges of its future literary glory.

The distance from Verona to Vicentia is three posts and a half; and the road extends over a plain highly cultivated and beautifully shaded with vines and mulberry-trees. *Vicentia*, or *Vicenza*, is a town as ancient as Verona. Its circumference is about three miles, and the number of its inhabitants is thirty thousand. This place does not exhibit any important remains of Roman glory; but it contains numerous master-pieces of modern genius. Palladio, the celebrated Italian architect, was a native of this city, and seems to have employed all the power of his art in the embellishment of it. Among its public edifices are the Town-house, the Palazzo del Capitanio, or residence of the principal magistrate, and above all, the celebrated Olympic theatre, built upon the plan of the ancient theatres, and resembling these in the permanent and immoveable scenery, in the ranges of seats rising above each other, the situation of the orchestra, and the colonnade that crowns the upper range. There are said to be, in Vicentia, about twenty palaces erected by Palladio, some of them extremely magnificent.

The splendour of Vicentia is not, however, confined to its walls, but extends to the country for some distance around, where private or public munificence has erected several villas and magnificent edifices. Among the latter we must not omit to mention the arch, the stair-case, and portico, that lead to the church on Monte Berico. The arch is light and airy; and the stair-case is remarkable for its vast height: it consists of nearly two hundred steps, has thirty-five resting

places, all of stone, and reaches from the town to the summit of the hill. The portico is a noble gallery, which, in similar manner, leads from the town to the church, and is intended to shade and shelter the persons who visit the sanctuary in which it terminates; and, as its length is more than a mile, its materials stone, and its form not inelegant, it strikes the spectator as a magnificent instance of public taste.

The hills in the vicinity of Vicentia, called the *Colles Berici*, contain some natural grottos of great extent, and surprising variety.

From Vicentia to *Padua* the distance is eighteen miles. Few cities can boast an origin so ancient and so honourable as this; nor has many experienced greater vicissitudes. At one period it was so powerful that it could count, among its citizens, five hundred Roman knights. After the destruction of Roman independence, Padua partook of the disasters of the capital; and many of its citizens, fleeing from the ravaging armies of the Goths, took refuge in the solitary islands of the Adriatic, and there founded the city of Venice.

Padua is, at this day, a great, and, in many respects, a beautiful city; and, notwithstanding the general narrowness of its streets, many of its buildings, both public and private, are truly magnificent. Among the former the most remarkable edifices are the abbey of St. Guistina, the cathedral, and the church denominated Il Santo. The last of these, dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, is of Gothic architecture, and great magnitude; and, before the late French invasion, was enriched with a valuable treasury. That treasury, however, consisting, among other things, of church plate, and gold and silver candlesticks of great value, was seized and carried off by the French; but the tomb of the saint, adorned with fine marbles and exquisite sculpture, still remains.

Padua was the birth place of Titus Livius, the Roman historian, and the town-hall contains a monument, with an ancient bust, in honour of him. This place was,

in ancient times, famous, and is still famous for its woollen manufactures. But its chief glory arises from its literary fame. About the end of the eleventh century an university was founded here; and its foundation was, to the place, the commencement of an era of glory and prosperity. Its fame soon spread over Europe, and attracted, to its schools, prodigious numbers of students, even from the most remote countries. The catalogue of students is rich in illustrious names. Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus, with various other men of eminence, applied here, each to his favourite art. Eighteen thousand students are spoken of as having been at Padua, but, when Mr. Eustace was there, the number did not exceed six hundred.

In one of the recesses of the mountains, at a little distance from Padua, stands the village of *Arquato*, distinguished by the residence of Petrarch, during the latter years of his life, and by his death, which took place in 1374. He was buried in a church of this village, and a monument was erected to his memory. This monument and his villa have been preserved with almost religious care; and continue, even to this day, to attract a great number of visitants from all countries.

Mr. Eustace, accompanied by Lord Brownlow, and two other friends, proceeded from Padua to *Venice*, to enjoy there a few days of the carnival. They embarked on the *Brenta* in the morning of the 21st of February, and glided slowly down that river. The country through which it flows is a dead flat, but is highly cultivated, well wooded, and extremely populous. The banks are lined with villages and towns, and are decorated with palaces and gardens. These celebrated banks have, without doubt, a rich, a lively, and in some parts a magnificent appearance, but their splendour and beauty have been much exaggerated. About five o'clock the travellers arrived at *Fusina*, on the shore of the Lagune, opposite to Venice. That city was faintly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun; and its numerous domes

and towers presented a beautiful appearance on the bosom of the ocean. Mr. Eustace and his friends embarked on the Lagune, and, gliding over its unruffled surface, entered the city, by rowing up the grand canal, passing under the bridge of the Rialto, and admiring the various architecture and vast edifices that line its banks.

Venice cannot boast a very ancient origin, nor has it any direct connexion with Roman story or classical recollection. Its foundation is dated from the year 421; and it was governed by a succession of doges or dukes, and never saw a barbarian army within its walls till the arrival of the French, in the year 1797. It enjoyed thirteen centuries of fame, prosperity, and independence.

The appearance of this city is peculiarly grand. Its churches, palaces, and public buildings of every description, and even many of its private edifices, have in their size, materials and decorations, an air of magnificence which is truly Roman. The style of architecture is not always either pure or pleasing, but it is conformable to the taste which prevailed in the different ages when each edifice was erected.

The *church of St. Mark*, with its accompaniments, its tower, its square, its library, and its palace, deserves the traveller's first visit. The famous Piazza de S. Marca, surrounded with arcades, is remarkable for being the well known scene of Venetian mirth, conversation, and intrigue. The church occupies one end of the square, and terminates it with a sort of gloomy barbaric magnificence. The five domes that swell from its roof, and the paltry decorations which cover and encumber its porticos, give to it, externally, the appearance of an eastern pagoda, while it is formed within on the plan of the Greek churches, and is dark, heavy, and sepulchral. But, if riches can compensate the want of taste, the church of St. Mark possesses a sufficient share of these to supply every deficiency. It is ornamented with the spoils of Constantinople, and displays

a profusion of the finest marbles, of alabaster, onyx, emerald, and all the splendid jewellery of the East; but it is so gloomy that they are scarcely visible, except by minute inspection. On a portico facing the east stood four celebrated bronze horses, supposed to have been the workmanship of Lysippus, a famous Grecian sculptor. These horses, successively ornamented different triumphal arches at Rome: they were transported by Constantine to his city of Constantinople, and they were carried thence to Venice in 1206. In the year 1797, they were seized by the French, and conveyed to Paris, [but after the final defeat of Buonaparte, they were restored to the Venetians.]

Close to the church of St. Mark stands the *ducal palace*, the seat of the Venetian government, where the senate and the different councils of state were accustomed to assemble, in their respective halls. This antique fabric is in the Gothic style, of vast extent, great solidity, and venerable appearance; and its apartments are adorned with paintings by the most celebrated masters of the Venetian school. Its courts and stair-cases are decorated with antique statues. Marble and bronze appear on every side, and the whole edifice corresponds with the dignity of its destination.

The celebrated bridge called the *Rialto* consists of a single but bold arch, thrown over the grand canal. The *arsenal* occupies an entire island, is spacious, commodious, and well fortified. Before the gate of the arsenal stand two vast pillars, and two immense lions of granite, which were formerly brought from Athens.

No public edifice does so much credit to Venice as the noble *rampart* which has been erected to protect the city and the port against the storms of the Adriatic. This vast pile, formed of blocks of Istrian stone, extends along the shore for nineteen miles.

A person accustomed to the rides, the walks, the activity of ordinary towns, soon becomes weary of the confinement of Venice, and of the dull, indolent, see-saw motion of the gondolas, as the boats that are used on

these canals are called. He longs to expatiate in fields, and to range at large through the streets without the encumbrance of a boat and a retinue of gondolieri or boatmen.

Venice now constitutes a province of the Austrian empire. The unjust and cruel deed of destroying a republic, weak and inoffensive, yet respectable from its former fame, belongs to Buonaparte; but the leading causes of the destruction of the Venetian independence, were the indolence and luxury of the inhabitants.

Tenth Day's Instruction.

ITALY CONTINUED.

Narrative of Mr. Eustace's *Journey from Venice to Rome.*

The travellers left Venice on the 6th of March, and, embarking at the inn door, proceeded towards *Fusina.* From this place they ascended the river *Brenta,* and, late in the day, arrived at *Padua.* Hence they returned, through *Vicentia,* to *Verona;* and, having passed the following day there, they set out for the *Lago di Garda,* the *Benacus* of the Romans, and celebrated by Virgil, as one of the noblest ornaments of Italy. Its distance from Verona is about eighteen miles; and the intervening country abounds in corn-fields and vineyards. The borders of the lake present a varied and beautiful aspect; and a promontory of it, called Sormio, has been celebrated by Catullus, the Roman poet, as his favourite residence. This peninsula produces a great abundance of olives, vines, and corn.

The lake, with all its streams and surrounding hills; indeed, the whole circumjacent country, has been rendered classical, by having been made the scene or sub-

ject of many beautiful compositions in the second Augustan age of Italy. The mountains and hills on its borders have been converted into the Arcadia of Italy, and peopled by a race of shepherds, that almost rival, in song, the Grecian swains.

On the 16th of March the travellers proceeded towards *Mantua*, where they arrived about six o'clock in the evening of the ensuing day.

After having rested themselves a day or two, they took a boat, and descended the river *Mincius*, to the place where it falls into the *Po*, about twelve miles below Mantua. The country through which the Mincius runs is so low, that the river is, in most parts, embanked like a canal; and the adjacent lands exhibit great fertility and a high degree of cultivation.

The breadth of the *Po* and the vast mass of waters which roll betwixt its banks, give it a very magnificent appearance. Its waters, very different from the transparent azure colour of the Mincius, are muddy and yellow: its banks are low, and the country around is flat. Its borders are lined with trees and villages, that are pleasing, though by no means picturesque. The Po is a truly classic river, and has been celebrated by Virgil, Ovid, and other writers. Mr. Eustace and his friends returned up the river to *Mantua*.

This is a large city, with spacious streets, and some fine edifices. Its cathedral is a regular and beautiful edifice, chiefly in the Corinthian style of architecture, surmounted by a noble dome, and decorated with fine paintings. The church of St. Andrew is built in the form of a cross, contains some fine pictures, and is painted all over in a beautiful manner. There are, in Mantua, several other churches, and many public buildings. At one period the arts and sciences flourished here, and numberless palaces adorned the streets, the squares, and suburbs. Most of these, however, were destroyed by the Austrians upwards of a century ago; and, in the late wars with France, the place further suffered, by twice undergoing the horrors of a siege.

The Roman poet Virgil was born near this city; and in one of the public places of Mantua there was formerly a statue of him on an elevated pedestal. This, though held in great veneration by the inhabitants, was cast into the adjacent lake, by order of one of the dukes of Mantua, who would not admit the honour of a statue to any but to saints. The bust, however, is supposed to have been preserved, and to have been the same of which the French army plundered the city in the year 1797.

On the 23d of March the travellers left Mantua, and pursued the road to Cremona. This, which, for some miles, extends along the reedy banks of the *Mincius*, is straight and even, runs through several villages, and traverses a tract of country luxuriantly fertile.

Cremona, a place which was colonized and fortified by the Romans, as a rampart against the attack of Annibal, is now a large and well built city, adorned with many noble edifices, and advantageously situated on the northern bank of the river *Po*. Its cathedral of Gothic, or rather mixed architecture, is a splendid edifice, which was commenced upwards of seven hundred years ago. The public palace, or town hall, and most of the churches are deserving of attention. Cremona is celebrated as having been the birth-place of the modern Latin poet Vida, who, for his piety and poetical merits, was created bishop of Alba.

On the same day that Mr. Eustace and his friends left Cremona, they entered *Placentia*, a large and well built city, containing a cathedral in the Saxon style of architecture, and a town-house and some other public buildings in the Gothic style. Several of the churches are of Roman architecture, and some are adorned with paintings of great celebrity. The vicinity of Placentia has been the theatre of many bloody engagements, both in ancient and modern times. This place is, at present, annexed to the duchy of Parma.

The travellers, on leaving Placentia, proceeded in a south-easterly direction, to Parma. They travelled

along the *Via Emilia*, a road formed by Marcus Emilius Lepidus, about one hundred and eighty-seven years before the Christian era, and which has since been kept in good repair. The country was extremely fertile and beautiful. The *Apennines*, as the travellers advanced, presented their bold forms to vary the uniformity of the plain. Hedges and neat enclosures marked the different farms; and elms, in long rows, garlanded with vines, separated the fields and villages.

Parma stands on a river of the same name. It was founded by the Etrurians, was taken by one of the Gaulish tribes, and at length colonized by the Romans. This city is large, populous, airy, and clean, though it cannot boast of any very extraordinary or regular building. The cathedral is Saxon, but lined with Roman architecture. Its dome is much admired for the beautiful painting with which it was adorned by Corregio. The palace is large, but irregular. In the churches, palaces, and public halls of Parma there were formerly many fine paintings by Corregio, but all the most valuable of these were carried away by the French. There are in Parma an university, two academies, schools of painting, and other public institutions. The public walk on the ramparts of this city is extremely pleasing; and the country around is well wooded.

At the end of two stages, south-east of Parma, Mr. Eustace arrived at *Reggio*, anciently a Roman colony, but now deserving of little other attention than what would be excited by its having been the country of the copious and fantastic Ariosto. Two more posts brought the travellers to *Modena*, formerly the capital of a dukedom, but, at this time, a place dependent on the will of Buonaparte. It presents no traces of antiquity, but this is accounted for by the circumstance of its having been the scene of many ferocious contests. It is, however, at present a well built town: its streets are wide, and several of its public edifices have a noble appearance. Its cathedral is Gothic; and the ducal palace is of vast magnitude. The latter contains several handsome

apartments, a gallery of paintings, and a noble library: it was plundered by the French.

From Modena to Bologna the travellers proceeded still along the Via Emilia, and, amidst scenes of the neatest cultivation and the most luxuriant fertility. The distance is about twenty-four miles.

The streets of *Bologna* are narrow, and the exterior of the public buildings is by no means proportioned to the fame and opulence of the city. The cathedral is a modern edifice and of Roman architecture; but several of the churches are in the Gothic style. One of them, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, has a portico, which is carried from the gates of the city, all the way up a long hill, to its entrance. Bologna has many palaces of vast extent, and some few of noble architecture. These are, in general, ornamented with a profusion of paintings, by the first Italian masters. No city has given greater encouragement to painting than this. An academy, one of the most magnificent in Italy, has been established for the instruction of pupils in this art, and, in this academy, every possible facility is given to the study of it. The university of Bologna is one of the most ancient and most eminent seats of literature in Europe.

On the 30th of March Mr. Eustace and his friends set out from Bologna, and, continuing still along the Via Emilia, passed through the insignificant towns of *Imola*, *Faenza*, and *Forlim populi*, to Cesena. The road extended along a plain, having the Apennine mountains crowned in various parts with towers, castles, or towns, at a little distance on the right.

Cesena retains its ancient name. It is a little clean town, beautifully situated at the foot of a ridge of fine hills, covered with villas and convents: the eminence immediately over the town is crowned with a romantic old castle. About two miles from Cesena flows a stream, called the *Pisatello*, and supposed to have been the ancient *Rubicon*. Like most other mountain streams, it is very shallow in dry weather; but its banks are, in some places, high, and in others its channel is wide, so

that it might present a mass of waters, considerable enough to embarrass an army in its passage. This is conjectured by Mr. Eustace to have been the celebrated spot where Cæsar stood, and, for a moment, suspended his own fortunes, the fate of Rome, and the destinies of mankind.

From Cesena the travellers passed through the town of *Savignano*, to *Rimini*, a city on the coast of the Adriatic. The history of this place contains no fact that is particularly interesting to the reader, except that it was the first town which beheld Cæsar in arms against his country.

The travellers proceeded, at a little distance from the sea coast, through *Pesaro*, *Jano*, and across the river *Metro* to Ancona. It was on the banks of the Metro, anciently called *Metaurus*, that one of the most decisive victories ever obtained by the Romans, was achieved over the army of Annibal. This victory saved Rome, by depriving Annibal of his long expected reinforcements, and anticipated the fall of Carthage, by cutting off, at one stroke, the strength of her armies, and the flower of her rising generation.

Ancona retains its ancient name, and, Venice excepted, is the most populous and trading town on the shores of the Adriatic. This town was built by a band of Syracusan patriots, who, to avoid the insolence and lawless sway of Dionysius the tyrant, abandoned their country, and settled here about four hundred years before the birth of Christ. Few places are better adapted to health and enjoyment than this. Seated on the side of a hill, forming a semicircular bay, sheltered, by a bold promontory, from the blasts of the north, and surrounded by fields of inexhaustible fertility, Ancona seems formed for the abode of mirth and luxury. In ancient times this was the principal naval station which the Romans possessed on the shores of the Adriatic. It had a mole adorned with a triumphal arch, which was undertaken and finish'd by Trajan. The latter is still entire. The cathedral of Ancona is ancient, low, and

dark. It is elevated far above the town, and commands a most magnificent view, on the east towards the sea, and on the west towards the Apennines. The general appearance of the town, though beautiful at a distance, is, from the narrowness of the streets, dark and gloomy within.

The distance from Ancona to *Loretto* is about fourteen miles. The road is hilly, the country in the highest degree fertile, and the views on every side extremely beautiful. Loretto stands on a bold and commanding eminence. The town is modern, large, well built, and populous. Every reader is acquainted with the legendary history of the *Santissimà Casa* or "most holy house;" that it is believed by the Catholics to have been the very house which the virgin mother, with the infant Saviour and St. Joseph inhabited at Nazareth: that it was transported by angels from Palestine, and placed first in Dalmatia, and afterwards on the shore in Italy; whence, after a quarrel between two brothers, the proprietors of the ground on which it stood, it was removed, and finally fixed on its present site. This wonderful event is said to have taken place in the year 1294*. But, whatever may really have been the origin of this little edifice, it became universally venerated; pilgrimages were made to it from all parts of Europe, and gifts and votive offerings accumulated in it to an enormous amount. A magnificent church was erected over it: gold, silver, and diamonds, blazed round every altar, and heaps of treasure loaded the shelves of the sacristy. The treasury of this church was formerly a subject of admiration and astonishment to all travellers, but the French despoiled it of every thing valuable that it contained. At present the number of pilgrims is very small, and in general of the lowest class, who beg their bread on the road, and are supported, while at Loretto, from the revenues of the church.

* For a more particular account of this singular edifice, see Biographical Conversations on celebrated Travellers.

From Loretto the road leading towards Rome, passes under a noble gateway, and descends the hill of Loretto, near an extensive aqueduct. The travellers proceeded along this road through *Macerata*, and a beautiful and interesting country, to *Tolentino*. A little beyond Tolentino they began to enter the defiles of the *Apennines*: the hills closed and swelled into mountains, the river roughened into a torrent, and the rocks, here and there, were broken into huge precipices. The grandeur of the scenery increased as they advanced. In some parts the mountains assumed a savage aspect. As the travellers proceeded they saw, on the sides of the mountains, villages, and cottages, but these, in general, appeared bleak and miserable.

About three miles from Foligno, an opening in the mountain afforded a delightful view, through a deep wooded defile, into the adjoining vale. *Foligno*, though a large, is a very indifferent town. Its cathedral of the Ionic order, is unfinished on the exterior, but neat within. The situation of this town compensates for all its internal defects: it stands at the foot of the Apennines, in a delightful plain, which winds among the mountains, and is adorned with vines, corn-fields, and villages.

The town which the travellers next entered was *Spoleto*, situated on the side and summit of a hill. It is well known that Annibal attacked this town immediately after the defeat of the Romans at Thrasimenus; and the inhabitants still glory in having repulsed the Carthaginian general, flushed, as he was, with conquest, and confident of success. An ancient gate commemorates this event. The cathedral of Spoleto, in a commanding situation, presents a front of five Gothic arches, supported by Grecian pillars, in the Corinthian order. The view, from the terrace, is extensive and beautiful. Near it a fountain, of elegant form, pours out a torrent of the purest water. The castle, a monument of barbarous antiquity, is a vast stone building, surrounded by a rampart, and stands on a lofty

hill that overlooks the town. Behind the castle, a celebrated aqueduct, supported by arches of astonishing elevation, runs across a deep dell, and, by a bridge, unites the town with the hill that rises behind it. This hill is covered with evergreen oaks, and is adorned by the white cells of a tribe of hermits who have established themselves on its shaded sides.

The road from Spoleto is excellent, and bordered by a stream on the left, and by wooded hills on the right. After having passed over a part of Monte Somma, one of the elevations of the Apennines, nearly five thousand feet in height, Mr. Eustace and his friends descended to the little city of *Terni*, over the gate of which is an inscription intimating that this colony gave birth to Tacitus the historian, and to Tacitus and Florian, the emperors. The principal glory of Terni, and indeed one of the noblest objects of the kind in the universe, is a cascade in the neighbourhood called the "Caduta delle Marmore." Here the river *Velino* rushes headlong over a ridge of broken rock, in one vast sheet and three streamlets.

Narni, about nine miles from Terni, and situated on the summit of a high and steep hill, was an ancient Roman colony. From this place the road extends through the defile, till, suddenly, the opposite mountain seems to burst asunder, and opens, through its shaggy sides, an extensive view over the plain of the Tiber. Beyond this the travellers, quitting the mountains, entered a spacious and verdant plain, watered by the *Tiber*. This river they crossed by the Ponte Felice: they changed horses at *Borghetto*, and arrived, when dark, at *Civita Castellana*.

It is supposed, by many writers, that the road from this place, to the gates of Rome, was anciently lined by a succession of magnificent edifices, obelisks, and palaces, adorned with statues, and conducted under triumphal arches. But, if this were the case, it is singular that no trace whatever should now remain of all these splendid monuments. It is one dreary solitude, through

the whole of what is called the Campagna di Roma, to the Imperial City. Naked hills and swampy plains occupy nearly the entire space, without presenting a single object deserving of attention; except where occasional corn-fields, and numerous herds and flocks serve to somewhat animate the scene. The solitude that encircles the fallen metropolis of the world is singular and grand: and awakens sentiments of awe and melancholy.

On the heights above *Baccano* the postillions stopped, and pointing to a pinnacle that appeared between two hills, exclaimed—"Roma!"—That pinnacle was the cross of St. Peter's. "The ETERNAL CITY (says Mr. Eustace) now rose before us!"

Eleventh Day's Instruction.

ROME.

A Description of Rome. From MR. EUSTACE'S *Classical Tour through Italy.*

MR. EUSTACE and his friends crossed the Tiber, and, proceeding along the *Via Flaminia*, entered the *Porto del Popolo*, admired the beautiful square beyond this gate, and drove to the *Piazza d' Espagna*. After they had alighted they hastened to the celebrated cathedral of *St. Peters*, for the purpose of viewing this superb edifice, and, the next morning, they renewed their visit and examined it more in detail. The rich marbles (says Mr. Eustace) that compose its pavement and line its walls, the paintings that adorn its cupolas, the bronze that enriches its altars and railings, the gilding that lines the pannels of its vault, the mosaics that rise, one above another, in brilliant succession, up to the very dome, being lighted by the splendours of the morning sun, shone forth in all their varied colours. Its nave, its

aisles, its transepts, expanded their vistas, and hailed the spectator, wheresoever he turned, with a long succession of splendid objects; and filled the eye and the imagination with magnitude, proportion, riches, and grandeur.

From St. Peters they hastened to the *Capitol*, and, ascending the tower, they seated themselves under the shade of its pinnacle, and fixed their eyes on the view beneath and around them. That view was no other than of ancient and modern Rome. Behind them the modern town lay extended, beyond the Campus Martius; and, spreading along the banks of the Tiber, it formed a curve round the base of the Capitol. Before them, scattered in vast, black, and shapeless masses, over the seven hills, and through the intervening valleys, arose the ruins of the ancient city.

Every school-boy has read, with delight, Virgil's short, but splendid description of the *Capitoline-hill*, then a silvan scene of dark forest and craggy rock, though destined to become the scene of regal opulence and universal empire. The *capitol* was anciently both a fortress and a sanctuary: a fortress surrounded with precipices, that bade defiance to all the means of attack employed in ancient times; a sanctuary crowded with altars and temples, the repository of the fatal oracles, the seat of the tutelary deities of the empire. When in the height of its grandeur, its northern entrance led, under a triumphal arch, to the centre of the hill. On the eastern summit stood the temple of Jupiter Ferretrius; and on the western summit was that of Jupiter Custos. Near each of these temples, were the fanes of inferior deities; and, in the midst, to crown the pyramid, formed by such an assemblage of majestic edifices, and, at the same time, to afford a becoming residence for the reputed guardian of the empire, rose the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, on a hundred steps, supported by a thousand pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the plunder of the universe. Hither the consuls were conducted by the senate, to assume the military dress, and

implore the favour of the gods before they marched to battle; hither the victorious generals used to repair in triumph; here, in cases of danger and distress, the senate was assembled, and the magistrates were convened, to deliberate on the conduct to be pursued; here the laws were deposited, and exhibited to public inspection.

Not only is the capitol fallen, but its very name is now almost lost in the semi-barbarous appellation of Campidoglio. At present the Capitoline Mount is covered with buildings, far inferior to the imperial edifices, yet of grand proportions and vast magnitude. The capitol is the palace of the Roman people, the seat of their power, and the residence of their magistrates. Many statues and other antiques have been placed here by the Popes. The Museum Capitolinum contains, in several large rooms, a most splendid collection of busts, statues, sarcophagi, &c. In the palace of the Conservatori there are galleries of paintings, and halls appropriated to the use of young artists. In short, the capitol is now consecrated to the arts, to the remains of ancient grandeur, and to the monuments of ancient Roman genius. On the descent of the hill towards the Forum, there are yet seen some remains of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and of the Temple of Concord.

The *Forum* is on the south-east side of the Capitoline Mount. This was anciently bordered with temples and lined with statues. It terminated in triumphal arches, and was bounded on one side by the Palatine Hill, with the imperial residence glittering on its summit, and on the other by the Capitol, with its ascending ranges of porticos and temples. It was here, in the midst of these superb monuments, the memorials of their greatness, that the Roman people assembled to exercise their sovereign power, and to decide the fates of heroes, kings, and nations. But the glories of the Forum are fled for ever: its temples are fallen, its sanctuaries have crumbled into dust, its colonnades encumber its pavements, now buried under their remains. The walls of the rostra,

stripped of their ornaments; a few shattered porticos; and here and there an insulated column, standing in the midst of broken shafts, vast fragments of marble capitals and cornices, heaped together in masses, rise to remind the traveller, that the lonely field he now traverses, and which is now degraded into a common market for cattle, was once the Roman Forum.

At a little distance commences a double range of trees, which leads along the *Via Sacra*, by the temples of Antoninus and of Peace, to the *Arch of Titus*. Proceeding along the Via Sacra, and passing under this arch, Mr. Eustace beheld the amphitheatre of Vespasian and Titus, now called the *Coliseum*.

Never did human art present to the eye a fabric so well calculated, by its size and form, to surprise and delight, as the Coliseum. Let the spectator first place himself on the north, and contemplate that side which depredation, barbarism, and ages have spared, he will behold, with admiration, its wonderful extent, its well-proportioned stories, and flying lines, that retire and vanish without break or interruption. Next let him turn to the south, and examine those stupendous arches, which, stripped as they are of their external decorations, still astonish us by their solidity and duration. Then let him enter, let him range through the lofty arcades, and, ascending the vaulted seats, let him consider the vast mass of ruin that surrounds him, insulated walls, immense stones suspended as it were in the air, arches covered with weeds and shrubs, vaults opening upon other ruins: in short, above, below, and around, he will behold one vast collection of magnificence and devastation, of grandeur and decay.

This stupendous fabric was erected by the Emperors Vespasian and Titus, for the purpose of public shows; and, owing to the solidity of its materials, it continued so perfect, that, even in the thirteenth century, games were exhibited in it. Since this time it has been despoiled of most of its ornaments, and even a considerable part of its walls have been used in the erection of

modern buildings. These dilapidations, however, were stopped by Pope Benedict the Fourteenth, who erected a cross in the centre of the arena, and, from a reverence for the blood of the many martyrs who were butchered there during the early persecution of the Christians, he declared the place to be sacred.

Mr. Eustace, on leaving the Coliseum, passed under the *Arch of Constantine*, the only one in Rome that now remains entire. Its pillars, statues, and basso relievos are all of beautiful marble, and some of them are exquisitely wrought. They were taken from the arch of Trajan, which, it seems, was stripped, or probably demolished, by order of the senate, for that purpose.

He then ascended the *Palatine Mount*. This hill, the nursery of infant Rome, and finally the residence of imperial grandeur, presents now two solitary villas and a convent, with their deserted gardens and vineyards. Its numerous temples, its palaces, its porticos, and its libraries, once the glory of Rome, and the admiration of the universe, are now mere heaps of ruin, so shapeless and scattered, that the antiquary and architect are at a loss to discover their site, their plans, and their elevation.

From the Palatine he went to the *Aventine Mount*, well known for the unpropitious augury of Remus, and, at an earlier period, for the residence of Cacus, and the victory of Hercules. Here also stood the temple of Diana, but not a trace of this edifice is now left. The pyramidal monument of Caius Cassius, which rises one hundred and twenty feet in height, is still entire, and now forms a part of the city wall.

Mr. Eustace next visited the *Baths of Caracalla*. No monuments of ancient architecture are calculated to inspire such exalted ideas of Roman magnificence as the baths. Many of these remain, in a greater or less degree of preservation; but it would occupy too much space to describe them here.

From the baths of Caracalla, Mr. Eustace passed to the *Cœlian Mount*. Many shapeless ruins, that bewilder

antiquaries, in a maze of conjectures, are strewed over the surface of this hill. He then proceeded, across the *Sabrura*, once the abode of great and opulent Romans, but now forming two long streets, lined with dead walls, and covered with a few straggling houses and solitary convents. Beyond this he visited the *Baths of Titus*, an edifice once of unusual extent and magnificence, and the *Esquiline Mount*. A considerable part of this mount was anciently devoted to the plebeian dead, whose bodies were sometimes burned here, and sometimes thrown into trenches or uncovered graves. To remove such objects, and to purify the air, Augustus presented the ground to Mæcenas, who covered it with gardens and groves, and erected on its summit a palace. From the top of this palace, or from a tower in the garden, the wretched Nero contemplated and enjoyed the spectacle of Rome in flames.

From the Esquiline Hill, Mr. Eustace passed to that elevated site which branches into the *Viminal* and *Quirinal Hills*. Here stand the remains of one of the grandest edifices of antiquity, the *Baths of Dioclesian*, now converted into a convent of Carthusians.

After having visited *Monte Pincio*, anciently called, *Collis Hortulorum*, from its having been covered with villas and gardens, he descended to the *Campus Martius*. This, in the early ages of the republic, was an open field devoted to military exercises, and well calculated for that purpose, by its level grassy surface. In process of time some edifices of public utility were erected upon it: these, under the emperors, increased to such an extent, that the Campus Martius became another city, containing theatres, porticos, baths, and temples. These edifices were not only magnificent in themselves, but were surrounded with groves and walks, and arranged with a due regard to perspective beauty. Of all the splendours of the Campus Martius, there now remain little more than some ruins of Augustus's tomb, and the theatre of Marcellus. The *Pantheon*, indeed, still retains its majestic portico, and presents its graceful

domes uninjured: the pavement, laid by Agrippa, and trodden by Augustus, still forms the floor; some parts of its interior also are left. This circular temple of all the gods was converted, about the year 609, into a Christian church. The niches in its walls were anciently occupied by statues of the superior deities; and the intermediate altars served as pedestals for statues of the inferior powers. It is one of the most noble and perfect specimens of Roman art and magnificence that now exists.

The two celebrated *Columns of Antoninus and Trajan*, stand each in its square, but, by accumulated rubbish around them, they have lost several feet of their original elevation; and the colonnade or portico, which enclosed the latter, and which is supposed to have been the noblest structure of the kind ever erected, has long since sunk into the dust, and its ruins probably lie buried under the foundations of the neighbouring houses.

There were formerly seven bridges over the Tiber. Of these one, *Pons Sublicius*, which opened a passage from the Aventine Mount, was the first that was built. This bridge was rendered famous by the heroic exertions of Horatius Cocles. It has long been destroyed, and only some slight traces of its abutments remain.

Of the various theatres and circuses with which Rome anciently abounded, scarcely a trace now remains. In general their very foundations have vanished; and the *Circus Maximus* itself, though once capable of containing half the population of Rome, is so far erased, that no vestige is left of its existence, excepting the hollow scooped out in the Aventine valley, for its foundations. Some few of the ancient temples remain, and these are indebted, for their existence, to their having been converted into Christian churches. There is, however, reason to suppose, that many important ruins lie buried under the edifices of the modern city. The elevation of the ground over the whole extent of the city, is, in general, from fourteen to twenty feet in depth,

and the many little hills, which have arisen in various parts of the Campus Martius, especially on the sites of the theatres and baths, and other extensive buildings, sufficiently show what a mass of ruin lies concealed below. The pavement of the Forum is well known to exist about fourteen feet under the present level; and the portico of Trajan lies nearly twenty feet under the foundations of churches and convents.

The *modern city* possesses many features of ancient Rome. The same roads lead from the extremities of Italy to her gates; the same aqueducts pour streams into her fountains; the same great churches that received the masters of the world, under the Flavian and Theodosian lines, are still open to their descendants; and the same venerable walls, which enclosed so many temples and palaces, in the reign of Aurelian, still lift their antique towers around the same circumference. Within this circumference modern Rome lies extended, principally on the plain, and scattered thinly over the hills, bordered by villas, gardens, and vineyards. Its population, previously to the French invasion, amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls; but this number has of late been much diminished. The streets are well built and well paved. Narrower in general than the streets of London, but wider than those of Paris. The houses are of stone, but plastered, as in Vienna, Berlin, and other transalpine cities; but the plaster is equal to stone in solidity and duration.

There are, in Rome, some considerable squares. In one of these are three fountains, so contrived as, during the heat of August, to inundate the whole square on Saturdays and Sundays; and thus to afford a refreshing exhibition to the Roman gentry, who parade along it in their carriages. This city contains, in different parts, several *obelisks:* these are, in general, of Egyptian workmanship, and each formed of one solid block of granite. Of the ancient *aqueducts* three only now remain. Artificial *fountains* are, in general, little better than orna-

mented pumps, which sometimes squirt out a scanty thread of water, and sometimes distil only a few drops into a muddy bason below. In Rome, however, almost every square has its fountains, and almost every fountain has some peculiarity in its size, form, or situation, to attract attention.

This city abounds in *palaces* of modern foundation. The chief of these are the *Doria Palace*, which contains three vast fronts, and a spacious court; the *Palazzo Ruspoli*, remarkable for its marble staircase, supposed to be the noblest in Rome; the *Orsini Palace*, which stands on the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus; the *Corsini Palace*, once the residence of Christina, Queen of Sweden, and remarkable for its magnitude, its furniture, gardens, and superb library; the *Farnese Palace*, which occupies one side of a handsome square, adorned with two fountains, and, on the whole, is the noblest edifice of the kind in Rome; the *Palazzo Borghese*, a superb edifice, remarkable for its extent, its porticos, its granite columns, its long suite of apartments, its paintings and antiques; and still more distinguished by a well-supported magnificence, which pervades every part, and gives the whole mansion, from the ground floor to the attic, an appearance of neatness, order, and opulence. The illustrious possessors of this palace have long and deservedly been celebrated for taste and magnificence. In an antechamber of the *Palazzo Spada*, stands the celebrated statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Cæsar is supposed to have fallen. The *Palazzo Barberini* is of vast extent, and, besides its paintings and statues, possesses a noble library, which, on certain days, is open to the public.

There are three *Pontifical Palaces*. Of these the most ancient is the *Lateran*, which stands close to the patriarchal church of that name, but which has fallen into ruins, and has now only a part reserved for the accommodation of the Pontiff, when he performs service at St. John's. The *Quirinal Palace*, on Monte Cavallo, is the summer residence of the Pope. Its exterior

presents two long fronts, plain and unadorned. A broad and lofty portico runs along every side of the court in the interior, and terminates in a grand staircase, conducting to the papal apartments, to the gallery and chapel, all on a grand scale, and adorned with fine paintings. The square at the side of this palace is remarkable for an Egyptian obelisk, having on each side of it a colossal statue, representing a horse held by a young man.

The *Vatican* hill gives name to the palace and church, which adorn its summit and declivity. The palace is now the theatre of some of the grand ceremonies of the pontifical court; it is the repository of the records of ancient science, and the temple of the arts of Greece and Rome. Its extent is immense, for it covers a space of one thousand two hundred feet in length, and one thousand in breadth. Galleries and porticos sweep around, and through it, in all directions, and open an easy access to every quarter. Its halls and saloons are all on a magnificent scale, and contain many valuable antiques, and innumerable paintings by the most eminent masters. The library of the Vatican, perhaps one of the most splendid collections of literature in the world, is under the care of two keepers, and seven secretaries, or rather interpreters, who speak the principal languages of Europe. A double gallery, two hundred and twenty feet long, opening into another, eight hundred feet long, with various rooms, cabinets, and apartments annexed, form the receptacle of this noble collection. The superiority of this library arises not from the number of printed books which it contains, but from the multitude of its manuscripts, which are said to exceed fifty thousand in number. Some of the manuscripts, of the highest antiquity, were taken away by the French and sent to Paris. The galleries of the library open into various apartments, filled with antiques, medals, cameos, &c. One in particular is consecrated to the monuments of Christian antiquity, and contains a regular and unparalleled collection of instruments of torture employed in the first persecutions. The Mu-

seum of the Vatican consists of several apartments, galleries, halls and temples; some lined with marble, others paved with ancient mosaics, and all filled with statues, vases, candelabras, tombs, and altars. So extensive and admirable is this collection, and so judicious is the arrangement, as to fill the mind of the spectator with astonishment and delight, and to form the most magnificent and grand combination that perhaps has ever been beheld, or can almost be imagined. Such was the state of the Vatican before the invasion of the French. That people laid their sacrilegious hands on this unparalleled collection, tore its master-pieces from their pedestals, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the halls of the Louvre. [Since the final defeat of the French, however, a considerable portion of them has been restored.]

The *churches* of Rome are numerous, and many of them deserve attention, on account of their size or proportions, their architecture or materials, their external or internal decorations. In that of *S. Pietro in Vincoli* is the tomb of Pope Julius the Second, ennobled by a celebrated figure of Moses, supposed to be the masterpiece of Michael Angelo, and one of the most beautiful statues in the world. The walls and aisles of the church of *S. Martino* and *S. Silvestro* are adorned with admirable paintings by the two Poussins. *S. Pietro in Montorio*, a very ancient church, was once remarkable for its sculpture and paintings. Many specimens of the former have been broken or displaced, and some of the latter were carried off by the French during their late predatory invasion: among the paintings was the famous Transfiguration of Raphael, generally supposed to be the finest painting in the universe. In the church of *S. Sebastiano* is the principal entrance to a series of *catacombs*, which lie in its vicinity. These catacombs are subterraneous galleries, from four to eight feet in height, extending to an immense and almost unknown length, and branching out into various walks. They were originally excavated for the purpose of obtaining

a peculiar kind of earth or sand, which was supposed to form a valuable cement for building; and they afforded a retreat to the Christians during the persecutions of the three first centuries. The church of *Madonna del Sole* is the ancient temple of Vesta, but considerably altered, and the temple of Fortuna Verilis now constitutes the church of *Santa Maria Egiziaca*.

There are, in Rome, seven greater churches, the cathedrals of the Sovereign Pontiff, who officiates in them on certain festivals, and who reserves exclusively to himself the high altar in each of them. Of these the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, one of the noblest ecclesiastical edifices in the world, stands, by itself, on the highest swell of the Esquiline Hill. From this church a wide street leads to that of *S. John Lateran*, the regular cathedral of the Bishop of Rome, and founded by the Emperor Constantine. The magnitude of this church corresponds with its rank and antiquity, and the richness of its decorations are equal to both. The patriarchal church of *St. Paul* was erected by Constantine. A portico nearly a mile in length, supported by marble columns, and covered with gilt copper, formerly led to it, but not a trace of this magnificent work is now left. The interior of this edifice, like that of the Pantheon, being constructed of brick, looks dismal and ruinous. There are, in the interior, several columns formed of porphyry, and others formed of purple and white marble, and in the most exquisite workmanship and proportion imaginable.

Mr. Eustace closes his account of the Roman churches with a description of the *Basilica Vaticana*, or *cathedral church of St. Peter*, already mentioned. This was originally an edifice erected by Constantine. It stood on part of the circus of Nero, and is supposed to occupy a spot that was consecrated by the blood of numberless martyrs, exposed or slaughtered, by order of the tyrant, in that place of public amusement. The present edifice was commenced in the year 1508. The work was carried on through the space of one hundred years;

and occupied the attention and absorbed the income of eighteen pontiffs.

On approaching this stupendous edifice, the spectator, when entering the court of the church, observes four ranges of lofty columns, *sweeping* off, to the right and left, in a bold semicircle. In the centre of the area formed by this immense colonnade, stands an Egyptian obelisk of solid granite, and one hundred and thirty feet high: two perpetual fountains, one on each side, play into the air, and fall in sheets round the immense basons of porphyry which receive them. Before him, raised on three successive flights of marble steps, he beholds the majestic front of the church, supported by a row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues. Far behind, and above it, rises the dome, the justly celebrated "wonder of Rome" and "of the world." The interior of the church corresponds with the grandeur of its exterior. It would be impossible to particularise the parts of it in such manner as to render the description either interesting or intelligible. The splendid golden vault, the beautiful and variegated marble of the floor, the Corinthian pilasters; the niches with their statues; the arches that communicate with the aisles: the prodigious elevation of the dome, four hundred feet above the spectator, and presenting, in glowing mosaic, the companies of the just, the choirs of celestial spirits and the whole hierarchy of heaven arranged in the presence of the Eternal: all these, added to the innumerable ornaments around, excite sensations of astonishment and admiration. The high altar stands immediately under the dome; and under the altar is the tomb of St. Peter. In magnitude, elevation, opulence, and beauty, this church has no rival; and it will scarcely bear comparison with any other.

The only church that has been compared with it is St. Paul's in London; but the latter is far inferior in size, proportions, and excellence of materials. The Portland stone of which St. Paul's is built, though, in

itself, of a beautiful colour, is inferior in appearance to the yellow stone of St. Peter's. The latter retains its rich native hue uninjured, while the delicate white of the former is, in most parts, turned to a sooty black. The cold dark stone walls, the naked vaults, the faded paintings of the dome of St. Paul's, chill the spectator, and almost extinguish all sense of beauty and all emotions of admiration. The marble linings, the gilded arches, the splendid mosaics, that emblazon St. Peter's, dilate the mind, and awaken sentiments of wonder and delight.

The daily service in St. Peter's is performed in a large and noble chapel, by a choir consisting of an arch-priest, thirty-eight prebendaries, and fifty minor canons, or chaplains, besides clerks, choristers, and beadles. The grand altar under the dome, is reserved for the use of the pope, who, when he officiates, is always attended by the college of cardinals with their chaplains, the prelates attached to the court, and the papal choir of musicians. A temporary chancel is fitted up, in St. Peter's, for splendid occasions: this extends behind the high altar, and is of semicircular form, covered with purple, and adorned with rich drapery. In the middle, raised on several steps, stands the pontifical chair or throne. The seats of the cardinals and prelates form a curve on each side.

When the pope celebrates divine service, as on Easter Sunday, Christmas day, Whit Sunday, &c. the great doors of the church are thrown open at ten o'clock, and the procession, formed by all the persons before mentioned, preceded by a beadle carrying the papal cross, and two others, bearing lighted torches, enters, and advances slowly up the church, in two long lines, between two ranks of soldiers. This procession is closed by the pontiff himself, seated in a chair of state, supported by twenty men, half concealed by the drapery that falls in loose folds on all sides around them. When arrived at the foot of the altar the pontiff descends, resigns his tiara, kneels, and, assuming a com-

mon mitre, seats himself in the episcopal chair on the right of the altar, and joins in the psalms and prayers, which precede the solemn service. Towards the conclusion of these, his attendants form a circle around him, clothe him in his pontifical robes, and place the tiara on his head: after which, accompanied by two deacons and two sub-deacons, he advances to the foot of the altar, and, bowing reverently, makes the usual confession. He then proceeds, in great pomp, through the chancel, and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir sing certain parts of the service. After this he lays aside his tiara, and himself takes a part in the duty that is performed. This ended, the pope, borne along in the same state as when he entered, passes down the nave of the church, and ascends to a grand gallery in the middle of the front, and on the exterior of the church. The immense area and colonnade before the church are lined with troops and crowded with thousands of spectators. The chant of the choir is heard at a distance, the blaze of numberless torches plays around the columns, and the pontiff appears elevated on his chair of state, under the middle arch. Instantly the whole multitude fall on their knees, the cannon at the castle of St. Angelo are fired; then, rising slowly from the throne, the pope elevates his hands towards heaven, stretches forth his arms, and thrice gives his benediction: a solemn pause follows, the cannon are again fired, the crowd rises, and the pomp gradually disappears.

Besides this there are other remarkable ceremonies, particularly during the last week of Lent. These we must omit, but we must not omit to speak of the well known exhibition that takes place, in St. Peter's, on the night of Good Friday, when the hundred lamps which burn over the tomb of the apostle are extinguished, and a stupendous cross of light appears suspended from the dome, shedding, over the whole edifice, a soft lustre, delightful to the eye, and highly favourable to picturesque representations. This exhibition is supposed to

have originated in the sublime imagination of Michael Angelo, and, says Mr. Eustace, he who beholds it will acknowledge that it is not unworthy of the inventor. The magnitude of the cross, hanging as if self-supported, and like a vast meteor "streaming in the air;" the blaze that it pours forth; the mixture of light and shade that it casts on the pillars, arches, statues, and altars; the crowd of spectators, placed in the different attitudes of curiosity, wonder, and devotion; the processions with their banners and crosses gliding, successively, in silence along the nave and kneeling around the altar; the penitents, of all nations and dresses, collected in groups near the confessionals of their respective languages; a cardinal occasionally advancing through the crowd, and, as he kneels, humbly bending his head to the pavement; the pontiff himself, prostrate before the altar, form a scene singularly striking.

These pompous offices only take place on the great festivals, on St. Peter's day, and one or two other occasions. On Sundays, and during the greater part of the year, the altar stands a grand but neglected object. The service is performed in a distant chapel; and, though private masses are said, at the different altars around, the great body of the church seems to be deserted by its ministers.

Twelfth Day's Instruction.

ROME.

A Description of the Environs of Rome. From Mr. Eustace's *Classical Tour through Italy.*

The villas that encircle modern Rome form one of its characteristic beauties, as well as one of the principal features of its resemblance to the ancient city; for that

seems to have been environed with gardens, and almost studded with groves and shady retirements. Julius Cæsar had a spacious garden on the banks of the Tiber; Mæcenas enclosed and converted, into a pleasure ground, a considerable part of the Esquiline Hill: at the extremities of the Viminal and Pincian hill, the historian Sallust had a retreat adorned with so much magnificence and luxury that it became a favourite resort of successive emperors. The gardens of Lucullus are supposed to have bordered on those of Sallust; and several other delicious retreats occupied the summit and brow of the same hill.

Many of the villas of modern Rome occupy the same ground, share some portion of the splendour, and enjoy all the picturesque advantages of the gardens of the ancient city. Of these the *Villa Farnesiana*, on the Palatine Mount, is one of the most interesting, both for beauty of situation, and the extent of its gardens. The *Villa Ludovici* occupies the site of a part of the gardens of Sallust. It stands on the summit of the Pincian hill and commands some beautiful prospects. Its extensive and delicious walks are shaded with ilex, cypress, and bay, of the noblest growth and most luxuriant foliage. The *Barberini* gardens rise to the south of the court of St. Peter's; they present to the eye of those who approach the Vatican, a beautiful background; and spread their pines and cypresses in such manner as to form, in appearance, a pendent garden, hanging over the pillars and shading the statues.

These gardens and villas, with several others, are within the ancient walls of the city. But there are many in the suburbs and neighbourhood, which give to the environs of Rome an uncommon share of amenity and interest. Of these the *Villa Pamfili* or *Belrespiro*, is a country seat which now belongs to the Prince Doria, and is supposed to occupy the same ground as the gardens of the Emperor Galba. This villa is remarkable for its edifices, its waters, its woods, its antiquities of every description, its great extent, and its general mag-

nificence. The *Villa Borghese*, or *Villa Pinciana*, so called from its being adjacent to the Porta Pinciana, now shut up, is supposed to occupy a space about four miles in circumference. Its noble vistas, numerous fountains, ornamental buildings, superb palace, and almost innumerable antiquities, render it the first of the Roman villas, and worthy of being put to competition with the splendid retreats of Sallust and Lucullus. It stands upon a continuation of the Pincian hill, at a little distance from the walls of the city; and its gardens are always open to the public.

Among other important objects in the vicinity of Rome, the *Tiber* is one that must not be omitted. This river, more distinguished in the history of mankind than the Nile or the Thames, the Rhine or the Danube, is, in breadth, far inferior to all the great rivers; yet its average width, near Rome, is not much less than three hundred feet. Above and below the city it runs through groves and gardens; and waters the villas and suburban retreats of the more wealthy inhabitants.

Mr. Eustace describes the circus of Caracalla, about two miles from the gates of Rome. This edifice, he says, still presents such remains of its ancient walls, as to enable us to form a clear notion of the different parts and arrangements of a circus. A considerable portion of the exterior, and in many places the vault that supported the seats, a portion of the gallery appropriated to the musicians, and some other parts still remain. There were seven rows of seats, capable of containing, in the whole, about twenty-seven thousand spectators.

After having passed five delightful weeks, in a rapid survey of the ancient ruins and the modern magnificence of Rome, Mr. Eustace and his friends became desirous of visiting some of the more distant objects. Accordingly, on Thursday the 13th of May, they made an excursion to *Tivoli*. Passing through one of the eastern gates of the city, and proceeding along the *Via Tiburtina*, at the distance of about eleven miles from

the city walls, they crossed a little streamlet, called, from its strong sulphureous exhalations, the *Solfatara.* The lake or pool from which it rises, is about a mile from the road, somewhat less than a mile in circumference, and nearly two hundred feet deep. This lake was in high repute among the ancients, and was much frequented on account of an oracle of Faunus, whose temple stood on its bank, surrounded by a sacred grove. Its waters are frequently spotted with bituminous substances; and bituminous exhalations impregnate the air to a considerable distance from it.

About two miles from this place the emperor Adrian had a villa, on the summit of a hill. To this he had determined to collect the most remarkable edifices that lay dispersed over the Roman world. It consisted of the imperial palace; quarters for the legionary soldiers, cavalry and infantry; three theatres; a naumachia or place for the exhibition of naval fights; a hippodrome or race-course, temples of Apollo and the Muses, of Diana, of Venus, of Serapis; halls and habitations for the different sects of philosophers; and numerous other buildings. Statues, columns, and marbles of the rarest kind have been discovered, on making excavations among the ruins.

The travellers next ascended the lofty eminence on which Tivoli is situated; and they passed to it through successive groves of olive-trees. The town of *Tivoli,* the *Tibur* of the ancients, boasts of great antiquity; it now contains some fine houses, and is delightfully situated. The pride and ornament of this place are still, as anciently, the fall and meanderings of the *Anio,* now called *Teverone.* This river, after gently gliding through Tivoli, flows to the brink of a rock, whence it precipitates itself in one mass down the steep; and, then foaming, for an instant, in its narrow channel, it rushes headlong, through a chasm in the rock, to the caverns below.

On the summit of an adjacent steep stands a celebrated temple commonly called the temple of the Sybil;

a small but beautiful circular edifice of the Corinthian order, constructed in the reign of Augustus. It is now without roof, and, of its eighteen columns, only ten remain. Near this temple stand the ruins of another, consisting of four pillars, and forming part of the wall of a church. Besides these scarcely any vestige of ancient Tibur remains.

But, if its artificial ornaments have perished; if its temples and villas have long since crumbled into dust; the unalterable graces which nature has conferred upon it still remain, and its orchards, its gardens, and its cool recesses, still flourish in unfading beauty. Horace often and fondly celebrates the charms of Tibur, which, in his time, was interspersed with splendid villas, the favourite abodes of the most refined and luxurious Romans. Mæcenas, the patron of Horace, had here a splendid villa. The remains of it are still to be seen at the extremity of the town, on the brow of the hill, overhanging several streamlets which fall down the steep.

From Tivoli the travellers proceeded towards the *Sabine Mountains*, to visit *Horace's Villa* there. The country through which they passed was beautifully varied with hill and dale: in some parts woody, in others naked, but always bold, and in general fertile. At the foot of *Mount Lucretilis*, the scenery was so beautiful that it could not have been excelled even by Arcadia itself. On the spot which is supposed to have been occupied by the villa of this celebrated Roman poet, part of a wall, rising in the midst of brambles, and some mosaic pavements, are the only traces that remain. Their situation is extremely beautiful, in a little valley, amidst the windings of Mount Lucretilis.

The *Alban Mount*, which forms so conspicuous and majestic a feature in the Roman landscape, and so often presents itself to the reader's notice in Roman history and literature, next attracted the attention of the travellers, and furnished an object for a second excursion

from Rome. The road to it lies towards the south, and through the famous scene of combat between the Horatii and the Curiatii. Several tombs stand on the side of a hillock which is there seen, but no one in particular is pointed out as belonging to the unhappy champions.

The town of *Albano* consists chiefly of one long street, which, for the most part, is well built and airy; but its chief advantage is its lofty situation, and its principal ornament is the beautiful country houses and walks that surround it. The villa of a Roman nobleman commands a view of the whole of that classic ground, which Virgil has made the scene of the last six books of his Eneid; the seven hills and the humble capital of Evander, the mouth of the Tiber where Eneas landed, *Laurentum* with its surrounding forests, the lake of Turnus, the *Vada Sacra Numici*, and all the Rutelian territory. A fine road, shaded with double rows of ilex, leads to the *Alban Lake*, a well known expanse of water, seven miles in circumference, and surrounded with gardens and orchards. Nothing can be more delightful than the walks around this lake. The favourite villa of Cicero is now an abbey of Greek monks. This was his favourite retreat; and, owing to its proximity to Rome, he was here enabled to enjoy the leisure and liberty of solitude, without removing to too great a distance from the business and engagements of the city. It had previously belonged to Sylla the dictator, and was purchased by Cicero at an enormous price. The scenes of several of his philosophical dialogues are laid on this classic spot. Not a trace of the ruins is, however, at this day discoverable.

From this place the travellers proceeded to the lofty eminence, once crowned with the town of *Tusculum*. The ruins of this town remain in long lines of wall, and of shattered arches, intermingled with shrubs and bushes, over the summit and along the sides of the mountain. The modern town of *Frescati* stands on the

side of the hill, and is surrounded with villas, many of which are of great beauty and magnificence, but its interior contains nothing remarkable.

A day or two after this Mr. Eustace and his friends ascended the summit of the *Alban Mount*. Here stood the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, where all the Latin tribes, with the Romans at their head, used to assemble once a year, and offer common sacrifice to the tutelar deity of the nation. Hither the Roman generals were accustomed to repair, at the head of their armies, after a triumph, and, in the midst of military pomp and splendour, to present their grateful acknowledgment to the Latin Jupiter. Of so much importance was this temple considered that Augustus appointed a regular corps of troops to guard its treasures. Nothing now remains of it but some parts of the foundations.

From this place, as it was not more than ten miles distant, the travellers took an opportunity of making an excursion to the sea-coast, and visiting *Antium*, the capital of the Volsci, often mentioned in the Roman annals. The road to it extends along the Alban hills, then over the Campagna, and afterwards through a forest bordering the sea coast for many miles.

Antium was once a considerable port, improved, augmented, and embellished by Nero, and much resorted to by the higher classes of Romans, who adorned it with many magnificent villas. It was remarkable for a temple of Fortune, alluded to by Horace. Nothing, however, now remains of it but subterraneous arches and vast foundations. The port, though capable of admitting large vessels, is totally unfrequented. A few straggling houses remain in the town, and there are some handsome villas in its vicinity.

A few days after the return of the travellers to Rome, they determined to visit Ostia, once the port of that capital, and the great mart of the Mediterranean. It is about fifteen miles distant; and the road, that leads to it, extends betwixt two ridges of hills, and afterwards over a fertile plain. The present town of *Ostia* is a

miserable fortified village, containing scarcely fifty sickly inhabitants; and so injurious is its climate that none but malefactors and banditti will inhabit it. Antiquities of various kinds are frequently found here; and there are still seen the ruins of an extensive aqueduct.

Some Observations on Ancient Rome.

It has been observed that Roman greatness manifested itself most conspicuously in the *cloacæ* or sewers, the *aqueducts*, and the *high roads*. Of these the first were arched galleries, carried under the city in every direction, and wide enough for a loaded cart, or a boat, to pass through them without inconvenience. These all communicated with the principal sewer (called *Cloaca Maxima*) which was sixteen feet broad and thirty feet high. The latter still exists, though almost choked up with rubbish and weeds.

Ancient Rome was supplied with water by nine *aqueducts*. These extended through a distance of from twelve to sixty-two miles, and conveyed whole rivers through mountains and over plains, sometimes underground, and sometimes supported by arches, to the centre of the city. Of these aqueducts three are sufficient to supply modern Rome, with a profusion of water for private as well as public purposes. What a prodigious quantity then must have been poured into the ancient city! The ruins of some of these ponderous edifices, towering far above all the modern buildings, attract the eye, on the Celian and Esquiline mounts; but more particularly, in vast broken lines, extending over the solitary plains adjacent to the city.

Rome was indebted to Appius Claudius for her aqueducts, and, to the public spirit and talents of the same censor she owed also her *roads*. In the Roman Forum stood a pillar, on which were inscribed the distances of the great cities of Italy, and of the empire. At this column the roads commenced, and, thence, they branched off in

straight lines from Rome to every part of Italy. They were paved, or rather flagged, generally with vast blocks of stone. These roads, in process of time, were extended to the most distant provinces of the empire.

The Roman *forums*, or squares, are represented, by ancient writers, as alone to have been sufficient to eclipse the splendour of every other city. These were of two kinds, one for the public markets, and the other for the transaction of public business. The former were twelve in number, and the latter five. Of the latter the *Forum Romanum* was the most eminent. Its name was coeval with that of the city, and its destination was connected with all the glories of the republic. It was, in fact, the seat, or rather the throne of Roman power; and was encircled with buildings of the greatest magnificence. The *Forum Trajani* consisted of four porticos, supported by columns of the most beautiful marble: the roof rested on brazen beams, and was covered with brazen plates. It was adorned with statues and chariots, all of gilt brass; and the pavement was of variegated marble. The entrance was at one end by a triumphal arch; and, at the other and opposite end was a temple. On one side was a palace, and on the other a public library. In the centre rose the celebrated column, crowned with the colossal statue of Trajan.

From the forums we pass to the *porticos*. These, which were very numerous, are frequently alluded to by the Roman writers. They were erected for the convenience of the public, in sultry or inclement weather; and were supported by columns, and, in many instances, decorated with paintings and statues.

There were, in Rome, sixteen public *baths*, usually called *Thermæ*, supplied with hot and cold water, and open at all hours of the day. Though they differed, both in magnitude and splendour, yet these edifices had some features in common. They contained spacious halls for bathing and swimming, for reading and declamation, for conversation and exercise. These halls

were all lined and paved with marble, and adorned with the most valuable statues and paintings. They were surrounded with plantations and walks, and combined every species of polite and manly amusement. The principal baths were those of Dioclesian, Caracalla, and Titus.

There were, in Rome, no fewer than four hundred and twenty *temples;* but of far the greatest number of these no account whatever is extant. The temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, though not the largest, was esteemed the most sacred. It was filled with the treasures of vanquished monarchs, adorned with the plunder of palaces and temples, and enriched with the spoils of the conquered world. Its threshold was of bronze, the valves of its portals were of gold; and the roof was of bronze, doubly and triply gilt. The temple of *Peace*, was probably the largest in Rome, and was even ranked by Pliny among the noblest edifices in the world.

Thirteenth Day's Instruction.

ITALY CONTINUED.

Narrative of MR. EUSTACE'S *Journey from Rome to Naples; and Description of Naples and its Vicinity.*

ON Friday, the 27th of May, Mr. Eustace and his friends set out from Rome, on a journey to Naples. After having passed through *Albano*, they arrived, the next day, at *Velletri*, an ancient town of the *Volsci*, which still retains its former name and consideration. At a very early period this place became a Roman colony, and was the seat of the Octavian family, and the birth-place of the emperor Augustus. Though it contains some considerable edifices, it appears ill-built and

gloomy. Its situation, however, on the southern extremity of the Alban hills, is very fine.

The country, through the next two stages, was extremely green and fertile, presenting rich meadows adorned with forest scenery, the mild beauties of which formed a striking contrast with the harsh features of the adjacent mountains. Near the *Forum Apii*, anciently inhabited by innkeepers and boatmen, commence the famous *Pomptine marshes*, through which has been constructed an excellent road, that runs on an exact level, and in a straight line, for thirty miles, bordered on each side by a canal, and shaded by double rows of elms and poplars.

This tract of country, eight miles in width and thirty in length, was once an immense swamp, and the putrid exhalations arising from it, were not unfrequently carried even to the capital. A road through it was constructed by Appius Claudius, about three hundred years before the Christian era. Various attempts were, at subsequent periods, made to drain it, but with only a very partial effect, till the time of the late Pope Pius the Sixth. In 1778, he commenced the laborious and arduous task; and, in ten years, completed what has proved one of the most useful as well as most difficult works that ever was accomplished. When Mr. Eustace crossed the Pomptine marshes, fine crops of corn covered the country on the left, while on the right numerous herds of cattle and horses were grazing, in extensive and luxuriant pastures.

At the extremity of the marshes the travellers crossed the river *Amasenus*, and, beyond this, they arrived at a little ancient bridge, which crossed a streamlet, issuing from the fountain of *Feronia*. The grove, in which this goddess is supposed to have delighted, has long since fallen: her temple has sunk into the dust, not even a stone of it remains.

On the rocky eminence of *Auxur*, not far distant from this place, and immediately over the sea, stood a celebrated temple of Jupiter. There still remain two

vast squares, consisting each of several arches. These are supposed to have been the substruction of the temples of Jupiter and Apollo.

The situation of *Terracina*, on the side of the mountain, and along the shore, is very picturesque; and a country palace, belonging to the pope, gives it a general aspect of magnificence. This place is well calculated for bathing and public resort. Its beach is flat, its sands are level and firm, the sea is tranquil, and the scenery around is rich, bold, and variegated. Hence, in ancient times, it was much frequented during the summer. From Terracina the *promontory of Circe*, so well known from the descriptions of Homer and Virgil, forms a conspicuous feature in the scene.

The travellers next proceeded, through the little town of *Fondi*, to *Gaieta*, situated on a rocky promontory, and surrounded by ramparts and fortifications, which render it a place of great strength. The cathedral of Gaieta, though not large nor highly decorated, is well proportioned: the font is a fine antique vase of white marble, ornamented with basso relievos. The streets of the town are neatly built and well paved. On the narrow neck of land, which unites the peninsula of Gaieta to the continent, stands the circular tomb of Munatius Plancus, stripped of its marble casing, and now turned into a battlemented tower.

About a mile from the shore stand the few remains of what are supposed to have been the *Formian Villa* and *tomb of Cicero*. History informs us that this celebrated Roman orator was beheaded in a grove that lay between his villa and the sea; and, near this place, stands a sort of obelisk, in two stories, which tradition reveres as his mausoleum, raised on the very spot where he was butchered, and where his faithful attendants immediately interred his headless trunk.

Beyond this place were the ruins of Minturnæ, spread over a considerable space of ground, and exhibiting vast substructions, arches, gateways, and shattered walls, now utterly forsaken by human inhabitants. In

their journey from Minturnæ, Mr. Eustace and his friends traversed the *Falernus ager*, a tract of country celebrated by the ancient poets, and well known to the classical reader, for its delicious wines.

Before they arrived at *Capua* night had set in, but it was night in all its charms; bright, serene, and odoriferous. The only objects which could attract their attention, or excite their curiosity, were the *luciola*, a bright kind of insects, many of which were flying about in every direction, like sparks of fire, casting a vivid light around them, and seeming to threaten the waving corn over which they flitted with a conflagration.

The travellers entered *Naples*, at a late hour, and drove to an inn on the sea-shore, close to the royal garden. Few scenes, says Mr. Eustace, can surpass in beauty that which burst full upon him when he awoke the next morning. In front, and under his windows, the bay of Naples spread its azure surface, smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided, in different directions, over its shining bosom. On the right the town extended along the semi-circular shore, and *Posilipo* rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines, scattered in confusion along its side and on its ridge. In front appeared the island of *Capreæ*, with its white cliff and ridgy summits. This scene, illuminated by a sun that never shines so brightly in the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is perhaps the most splendid and beautiful exhibition which nature can present to the eye.

Naples occupies the site both of ancient *Palæpolis* and *Neapolis*, though it inherits the name of the latter. At one period it was a favourite winter retreat of the luxurious Romans, many of whom had villas on the shores, or amid the romantic recesses of the adjacent mountains. The presence of Horace and Virgil, and their attachment to its delightful scenery, were lasting and honourable distinctions; while the foul indulgences of Tiberius, and the cruel freaks of Caligula, were its scandal and its scourge.

No vestiges remain of the ancient beauty or magnificence of this city. Its temples, its theatres, its halls, have been leveled by earthquakes, or destroyed by barbarians. Its present edifices, whether churches or palaces, are less remarkable for their taste than for their magnitude and riches.

Naples, seated in the bosom of a capacious harbour, is an opulent and flourishing city. Within the walls, and in the suburbs, the number of inhabitants is supposed to amount to at least five hundred thousand. Its internal appearance is in general pleasing; the edifices are lofty and solid; and the streets as wide as those in any continental city. It, however, possesses little of architectural magnificence. Several of the churches are supposed to occupy the sites of ancient temples. The cathedral is said to stand on the remains of a temple of Apollo, and to contain more than a hundred columns of granite, which belonged to the original edifice. In a subterraneous chapel beneath the choir of the cathedral is deposited the body of St. Januarius. His supposed blood is kept in a vial in the treasury, and is considered one of its most valuable deposits*.

The *palaces* in Naples are, for the most part, in a style of architecture neither pure nor majestic. They are, in general, too much encumbered with ornaments; but, in many of them, the apartments are on a grand scale, and are ornamented with fine paintings. This city contains an *university*, four *public libraries*, six *colleges*, and public *schools* beyond number.

Few cities stand less in need of architectural magnificence or internal attractions than Naples: indeed, if it had fewer artificial recommendations than it possesses, it would still be a most desirable residence. Its neighbourhood is beautiful: its climate is delicious. Before it extends the sea and its bays, promontories and islands; behind it rise mountains and rocks in every fan-

* For particulars respecting this imaginary blood, see Conversations on Eminent Travellers.

tastic form, and always clad with verdure; on each side swell hills and hillocks, covered with groves, gardens, and orchards, blooming with fruits and flowers. Every morning a gale, springing from the sea, brings vigour and coolness with it, and tempers the greatest heats of summer with its freshness. Every evening a breeze, blowing from the hills, and sweeping all the perfumes of the country before it, fills the nightly atmosphere with fragrance.

Following the course of a street, which winds, like a staircase, up the steep, Mr. Eustace ascended the hill of *Posilipo*. At the top he entered a garden gate, and, pursuing a path through a vineyard, then descending a little, he came to a small, square, flat-roofed building, overshadowed by a spreading ilex: this was an ancient tomb—the *tomb of Virgil!* The name of the poet is the only ornament of the edifice: it contains no sarcophagus, no urn, nor any inscription. The hill on which this monument stands is beautiful in the extreme.

Not far from the tomb of Virgil is a *grotto*, which penetrates the hill of Posilipo, and through which the road from Naples to the towns that lie eastward extends. This grotto is mentioned by ancient writers: it is gloomy and narrow, its length being nearly three-quarters of a mile, and its breadth only about twenty-four feet. During the day, two circular apertures, through the mountain, admit a dim glimmering light from above; and at night a lamp, burning before an image of the Virgin, placed within a recess in the middle, casts a feeble gleam over the gloomiest part of the passage. This grotto is, on the whole, a very singular and striking object; and no prospect can be more truly Elysian than that which presents itself to a person who has emerged from it, and passed the little suburb beyond it. The road is seen to extend through a valley towards the sea, having, on each side, groves of poplars and mulberry trees, united by vines, interwoven in thick clustering garlands, suspended over rich harvests of wheat and maize.

On the right a road turns off, and leads, through a narrow valley, to the *Lago d'Agnano*, a fine expanse of water, of circular form, and about two miles in circumference. Mr. Eustace is inclined to think that this may have been the celebrated fish-pond sunk by Lucullus. His villa stood close to the lake, and the communication, which he opened between his ponds and the sea, is still discernible.

A few paces from the borders of the lake is the *Grotto del Cane*, a small aperture in the side of the mountain, remarkable for a deadly vapour which rises from its bottom, and for the often-repeated experiment of its efficacy in suffocating dogs that are put into it. A similar vapour anciently existed in the same neighbourhood, and perhaps in the same place, and is alluded to by the elder Pliny.

On the third of June Mr. Eustace and his friends set out on an excursion to Puteoli, Baiæ, &c. They took the road to the Lago d'Agnano, and, there turning off, proceeded towards the shore. Thence, continuing their journey along the coast, they soon afterwards entered *Pozzuolo*, anciently called *Puteoli*. It stands on a point which juts out a little way into the sea, nearly in the centre of a fine bay. It is easy to imagine what the animation and splendour of this city must have been, at the time when the riches of the east were poured into its bosom, and its climate, baths, and beauty, allured the most opulent Romans to its vicinity. Its population, which formerly spread over the neighbouring hills, and covered them with public and private edifices, is, however, now confined to the little prominent point which formed the ancient port; and all the magnificence of antiquity has either been undermined by time, demolished by barbarism, or leveled in the dust by earthquakes. Vestiges, however, remain, numerous and vast enough, to give some idea of the ancient extent and grandeur of Puteoli. The cathedral is supposed to stand on the ruins of a temple, and has been chiefly built of ancient materials. On the hill behind the town

are the remains of an amphitheatre, called, after that at Rome, the Coliseum: it was originally of considerable magnitude, but not comparable to the edifice whose name it assumes. Close to the amphitheatre are some vast fragments, probably of baths. But the most extraordinary monuments of Puteoli are the remains of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, and those of the mole that formed its port. Some beautiful statues, and many fine fragments of ancient sculpture, have been found buried in the earth, or under the ruins of Puteoli.

On the road, which leads along the coast, towards the Lucrine Lake, stood *Cicero's villa*, called by him *Puteolanum*, and *Academia*. Pliny relates that this villa was situated on the shore, and adorned with a grove and a portico. But the portico is fallen, the grove is withered, and not a vestige of the academic retreat is left to mark its situation.

On the side of the bay opposite to Puteoli was the *Lucrine Lake*, a piece of water, which had one communication with the sea, and another with the *Lake Avernus*. Only a small part of it now remains, a muddy pool, half covered with reeds and bulrushes: the centre, though anciently remarkable for its depth, was one night (in the year 1538) changed into a conical mountain, a vast mass of cinders, black and barren.

Mr. Eustace and his friends, after having traversed part of the bank of this lake, followed a path that conducted them, through a vineyard, to the borders of the *Lake Avernus*. This is a circular expanse of water, about a mile and half in circumference, and of immense depth; surrounded with ground on one side low, and on the other high, but not steep. Its appearance is now totally different from the dismal descriptions given of it by ancient poets. But it is impossible to say what changes this part of the world may have undergone, by earthquakes and other operations of nature. On the southern bank, however, there is yet left a large and lofty octagonal edifice, with niches in the walls, and with halls adjoining. This is supposed, by some writers,

to have been a temple of Proserpine, and, by others, that of Avernus, whose statue, it is said, stood in the immediate vicinity of the lake. On the opposite side of the lake, beneath a steep, overhung with shrubs and brambles, is the opening of a subterraneous gallery, called, by the guides, the *Grotto of the Sibyl.* This leads to another gallery, and, at some distance within the latter, is a piece of water called the *Bath of the Sibyl,* beyond which the ground rises abruptly, and all further progress is precluded by heaps of ruins. The situation and appearance of this cavern correspond exactly with the description given of it by Virgil, and are sufficient to authorize us in supposing it the same to which he alludes. It probably branched out into several other galleries, and may have communicated with many large caverns, as well as with several vales and lakes in its vicinity; and once, perhaps, formed the whole scenery of the infernal regions, so beautifully described by Virgil. In this cave, the stream, which the travellers had passed, may possibly have represented the *Acheron.*

From these subterraneous regions, they proceeded along the sea coast to *Baiæ.* The harbour of this city is of semicircular form, and lined with ruins, the remains of villas and baths of ancient Romans. The baths consist of several galleries, worked through the rock, and terminating in a fountain of boiling water. The vapour that rises from this fountain fills the whole cavern, and feels hot and oppressive to persons not accustomed to the effects of steam. These mineral waters seem to pervade the whole region of Baiæ: they ooze through the rocks, work their way from under the sands, and heat these even to a considerable distance from the shore. They were known, and their utility was experienced, more than two thousand years ago, but they have long been totally neglected. Venus, after she had deserted Paphos and Cythera, is described, by the ancients, to have settled on the delicious shore of Baiæ, where a temple was erected to her.

Advancing southward the travellers passed under the Castle of Baiæ, a fortress on the brow of a rocky precipice, rising to a considerable elevation above the sea. At the foot of the hill the port of *Misenus* expands inward, protected by high lands, and forming a small but a tranquil haven. This was made, by Augustus, the principal station of the Roman fleet in the Mediterranean.

As the evening approached the travellers returned to *Pozzuolo*, and thence proceeded, about a mile northeast, to the *Solfatara*. This name, a corruption of *Sulphurata*, has been given to an oval plain, surrounded by an elevated border, resembling a rampart. The shattered hills, which form this rampart, are impregnated with sulphur and heated by subterranean fire. They are destitute of verdure and all appearance of vegetation. The plain below is a pale yellow surface of sulphureous marle, thrown like a vault, over an abyss of fire. Its heat almost scorches the feet of those who pass over it; and the workings of the fire beneath, are distinctly heard through it. Sulphureous exhalations rise through the crevices; and, from an orifice at one of the extremities, thick vapour by day, and a pale blue flame by night, burst forth with a murmuring sound and great impetuosity. This ever burning plain is supposed to have been anciently called the *Forum Vulcani*. Milton seems to have taken some features of his infernal regions from this repository of fire and sulphur. "The dreary plain"—"the seat of desolation,"—"the land that burned with solid, as the lake with liquid, fire"—"the singed bottom all involved with stench and smoke"—"the uneasy steps over the burning marle"—"the fiery deluge fed with ever burning sulphur," compose, when united, a picture poetical and sublime, and not altogether inaccurate, of the Solfatara.

Some days after this the travellers made an excursion from Naples to *Cumæ*, the road to this place led them through Pozzuolo. Cumæ was founded by the Greeks

at a very early period: it was, in fact, the earliest Grecian establishment in Italy; and, for many ages, was considered the first in power, opulence, and population. Its situation was favourable to commerce and general communication; and its oracle, its sibyl, and its temple, attracted numerous votaries and visitants. As the Roman power extended, that of Cumæ declined, till the city gradually adopted the interests, and its inhabitants were honoured with the appellation, of Roman citizens. In the thirteenth century Cumæ was the resort of robbers, rebels, and banditti, whose depredations provoked the vengeance of the neighbouring cities, and occasioned its total destruction; and now, this anciently opulent and populous town is a solitary wood. Its once busy streets are now silent alleys; and its only inhabitants are stags and wild-boars.

The attention of the travellers was next turned to an ascent of *Mount Vesuvius*. For this purpose they left Naples one morning about three o'clock; and, after having reached *Portici*, where guides, with mules, had previously been engaged to meet them, they began the ascent. Vesuvius rises in a gentle swell from the shore; and the first part, or base of the mountain, is covered on all sides with towns; and villages and villas extend over the second region. After having passed these, the travellers were obliged to dismount and leave their mules, as the summit of the mountain could only be ascended on foot. This part has the shape of a cone cut off at the top: it is formed almost entirely of ashes, and is extremely difficult of ascent; its surface yields under the pressure of the foot, so that one step in three may be considered as lost.

When the travellers had reached the summit they found themselves on a narrow ledge of burned earth or cinders, with the crater, or opening of the volcano beneath them. This was about a mile and half in circumference, and seemed about three hundred and fifty feet in depth. Its sides, formed of ashes and cinders, with

some rocks and masses of lava intermingled, shelved in a steep declivity, enclosing at the bottom a flat space about three quarters of a mile in circumference. Mr. Eustace descended some way; but, observing that the least motion brought vast quantities of ashes and stones rolling down the sides, he reascended. He, however, had gone near enough to the bottom to observe, that it seemed a sort of crust of brown burned earth, and that, on one side, there were three orifices, like funnels, from which ascended a vapour so thin as scarcely to be perceptible. Such was the state of the crater in the year 1802. On his return to the summit, he sat down, on the highest part of the cone, to enjoy the prospect. Vesuvius is only about three thousand six hundred feet in height, and consequently does not rank among the greater mountains; but its situation is so advantageous, that the scene which it unfolds to the eye, probably surpasses that of any other eminence. This includes Naples, with its bay, its islands, and its bordering promontories; and an extended and delicious region, scattered over with numberless towns and town-like villages. But the most interesting object from the summit of Vesuvius is the mountain itself, rent by a series of convulsions and strewed with its own ruins.

Mr. Eustace and his friends descended the upper part of the mountain with great ease and rapidity, for the ashes yielding to the tread, prevented them from slipping, and enabled them to hasten their pace without danger. In their descent they visited a bed of lava, ejected in the last preceding eruption (in 1794). From the summit this resembled long stripes of newly ploughed land; but, on a closer inspection, it seemed like the surface of a dark muddy stream convulsed by a hurricane, and frozen in a state of agitation. The exterior parts of this once liquid torrent of fire were, at this time, cold, but the sand produced by the friction and crumbling of the interior parts, although eight years had elapsed since the eruption, was still too hot to be held in the hand, as indeed was the earth itself, under,

or in immediate contact with these once glowing masses. The travellers hence continued their descent, and again reached Portici about eleven o'clock.

Portici is a small town, about six miles from Naples, on the sea shore, and at the foot of Mount Vesuvius: its principal ornament is a royal palace. Under this town and palace lies buried, at the depth of seventy feet, beneath accumulated beds of lava, the city of *Herculaneum*, destroyed during one of the earliest eruptions of the mountain. Considerable excavations have been made, and temples, theatres, and other edifices have been exposed to view: streets have been cleared, and private houses and even monuments explored. A prodigious number of statues, columns, paintings, and mosaics have been discovered; many of them entire, and in high preservation, and others fractured and damaged. To these we may add almost every species of ornament used in dress, most kinds of weapons and armour, of kitchen utensils and domestic furniture, of agricultural and chirurgical instruments. But, of all the articles drawn from Herculaneum, the most curious and most valuable are the manuscripts that have been discovered there. Of these a considerable number moulder into dust as soon as they are exposed to the air; while others, though much scorched, resist the action of that element. The number at this time was about eighteen hundred. As, however, only a very small part of Herculaneum had been explored, Mr. Eustace considered it highly probable, that, if a general excavation were made, ten times this number of manuscripts might be discovered. The first manuscripts unfolded were Greek; but several Latin works have since been found. In consequence of the state of these manuscripts, the process of unrolling them is so tedious, that probably centuries may elapse before even those now in hand can be developed, and their contents given to the public.

On Monday, the 7th of June, Mr. Eustace made an

excursion to *Pompeii*, another town which perished by the same disastrous catastrophe that overwhelmed Herculaneum. This place is about fourteen miles from Naples, on the road to Nocera. From Naples to *Torre del Greco*, the highway is almost a street, so close to each other are the villas, villages, and towns. Torre del Greco, in its shattered houses, half buried churches, and streets almost choked up with lava, still presented a melancholy instance of the ravages of an eruption which took place not long before Mr. Eustace was there. The depth of the destructive torrent of lava, was, in some places, five-and-twenty feet; so that the entrance into several of the houses, was at this time in the second story; and into one church, the entrance was through the great window over the western door. Some edifices had been entirely destroyed; and others had been surrounded, incrusted, and filled with lava.

In Pompeii the travellers stopped at what appeared to be a farm-house; but, on alighting in the court, they found themselves amidst the ancient quarters of a legion of Roman soldiers. The destination and date of the edifice, its form and colouring, the names and jests of the soldiers scribbled on the walls, appeared as fresh as if they had been written only the preceding day. Behind these they saw two theatres, both lined with marble, beautifully paved, and, in every respect, highly finished: a temple of Isis stands near the smaller of the theatres, and occupies an angle formed by two streets. The street leading from the soldiers' quarters to the gate, is not more than thirteen feet wide, and is formed of large stones fitted to each other. On each side of the street are parapets raised about two feet above the middle, and about three feet wide. The pavement appears furrowed by two deep ruts, which show that carriages must always have kept the same line, and that the wheels were about four feet asunder. During certain hours all the carriages must have moved in the same direction; and they must have had regular times for coming and going, as there is not room for

two to pass. The houses on each side of the street stand close to each other; they seem to have had shops of different kinds, were of the same elevation, and nearly of the same size, all paved and painted much in the same manner. In one of these were found several unfinished statues, that announced the work-shop of a statuary. In another, the word "Salve" engraved in large characters on the threshold, indicated as it is supposed, the readiness of a publican to welcome his guests. In one, the amphoræ, or vessels which contained wine, still remain; and, on the marble slab that served as a shop-board, are the marks of cups and glasses.

The most perfect and most curious object which the travellers saw was a villa at a little distance from the town. It consists of three courts: in the first and largest is a pond, and in the centre court a little temple. There are numerous apartments of every description paved in mosaic, coloured and adorned with various paintings on the walls. The baths of this villa appear to have been admirably constructed. In the cellars, under the portico of the great court, were discovered several female skeletons in a row, with their backs against the wall; at the door of the same court were found two other skeletons, one with a key, and the other with a purse grasped in his hand.

The houses of Pompeii are on a small scale, generally of one, but sometimes of two stories. The principal apartments are always behind, enclosing a court with a portico round it, and having a marble cistern in the middle. Two of the houses had glass windows, in the others shutters only had been used. The pavements are all mosaic, and the walls have been coloured. The decorations are basso relievos in stucco, and paintings in medallions. The roofs and upper parts of the houses have been borne down by the weight of the ashes and pumice stones upon them. At the time that Mr. Eustace was here, not more than one fourth part of the town had been explored. This scene, observes Mr. Eustace,

of a city, raised as it were from the grave, where it had lain forgotten, during eighteen centuries, when once beheld, must, for ever, remain pictured on the imagination; and whenever it presents itself to the fancy, it comes, like the recollection of an awful apparition, accompanied by thoughts and emotions solemn and melancholy.

After the travellers had returned to Naples they made an excursion to *Beneventum*, an ancient city, belonging to the pope, though surrounded by the Neapolitan territory. It is at some distance north-east of Naples, and at the foot of a bold ridge of hills. One of the gates is a triumphal arch of the Emperor Trajan. The cathedral is a large gothic edifice, but constructed of ancient materials, and, supported within by fifty columns of Parian marble, forming, on each side, a double aisle. It has, on the whole, a good appearance, and contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants. Beneventum was anciently one of the principal cities of the Samnites, the most warlike people of Italy.

The inhabitants of Naples are, by some writers, accused of great immorality of character; and this, as far as it prevails, seems ascribed, by Mr. Eustace, to the corruption of the national religion, the facility of obtaining absolution, the easy purchase of indulgences from the Romish Church; and, in a considerable degree, to the defects of the government. The higher classes, he says, pass their days in visits, gaming, and intrigue: many of the persons of these classes live in an uninterrupted vortex of dissipation, and have neither opportunity nor perhaps inclination to harbour serious reflections. In Naples literature engages the attention of some men of genius and talents; but its charms are much too feeble to influence the generality of the inhabitants.

There is, in this city, a class of persons called *Lazzaroni*, whose very existence has been represented as a

political phenomenon, and a reproach to the government and character of the country. But, in fact, this tribe is neither more nor less than the poorer part of the labouring class, such as are attached to no particular trade, but are willing to work, if work be offered. The Lazzaroni are the porters of Naples. Their dress is often only a shirt and trowsers; their diet maccaroni, fish, water-melon, and iced-water; and their habitation the portico of a church or palace. Their athletic forms and constant flow of spirits are, however, sufficient demonstration of the salutary effects of their plain food and simple habits.

Fourteenth Day's Instruction.

ITALY CONCLUDED.

Narrative of MR. EUSTACE'S *Journey from Naples, through Rome and Florence, towards France.*

MR. Eustace and his friends returned from Naples to Rome; and, on the 3d of August, at two o'clock in the morning, they set out on a journey towards Florence. The weather was serene, the air cool and delicious, the stars sparkled with unusual brilliance, and the night appeared in all the freshness and beauty of the climate. They entered *Etruria*, a country celebrated in the early records of Rome, for many a furious combat and many an heroic achievement. All this territory, the object of so much contest and bloodshed, is, however, now a desert. Even *Veii* itself, a city once superior even to Rome in magnificence, and capable, like Troy, of resisting for ten years, the efforts of an army of fifty thousand men, has perished, and left not even a ruin to mark its situation.

They passed through *Civita Castellana*, having tra-

versed regions which once were inhabited by warlike tribes, well known in the early periods of Roman history, and not unfrequently recorded by the poets. This was *Fescennium*, the very capital itself, six or seven miles from mount *Soracte*. After they had left this place they crossed the river *Tiber*, over a fine bridge, and then began to ascend a ridge of cultivated hills which border the plain intersected by that river.

Their route now led them through *Narni*, *Terni*, *Spoleto*, and *Foligno*, towns, which they had already visited in their journey to Rome. Leaving Foligno, they turned towards the north-west, and soon afterwards reach *Assisi*, situated on the side of a hill. This town gave birth to St. Francis, the founder of one of the Roman Catholic orders. At the foot of the hill there is a village, containing a chapel, in which St. Francis is said to have offered up his devotions, and where the Catholics assert that he received the first call to perfection. This chapel afterwards became an object of great veneration, and still continues to be resorted to by pilgrims, especially on the 2d of August, the festival of the Saint. In order to satisfy the devotion of so great a concourse of people as assembled here, a spacious and noble church has been erected, in such manner as to cover the original chapel, which stands in its centre and under its dome. Mr. Eustace was at Assisi on the second day after this festival. He was informed that more than ten thousand persons had attended the service; and that, owing to the heat of the weather and the bigoted enthusiasm of the crowd, pressing forward to touch the altar, ten persons had been suffocated, pressed or trampled to death.

A fertile plain extends round Assisi, and reaches, in a westerly direction, to the foot of the mountains of *Perugia*. This was one of the most ancient and distinguished towns of Etruria. It is now a large, clean, well built, and well inhabited city. Seated on the summit of a mountain, it commands, from its ramparts, and particularly from its citadel, an extensive view over a

vast range of country. There are in Perugia many churches, convents, and palaces. It has an university supplied with numerous professors, and several academies; and is, on the whole, an interesting place, capable of entertaining the curious and inquisitive traveller for several days.

The road from Perugia lies over a hilly country, planted chiefly with olive trees, and of course not very shady. Descending the steep side of a hill, Mr. Eustace and his friends discovered the small lake *Trasimenus*, the vicinity of which is noted for an important battle betwixt Annibal and the Romans. Here fell fifteen thousand Romans and the consul Flaminius. The plain on which Annibal was encamped is about six miles in length, and four in breadth, bounded on one side by the lake, and on the other by mountains. After leaving the banks of the lake, the travellers ascended a bold woody hill, from the summit of which they enjoyed a beautiful and extensive view.

On entering the Tuscan territory, they proceeded towards Arezzo, where they arrived late in the evening. This town, anciently called *Arretium* was a city of Etruria, but, with exception of the supposed ruins of an amphitheatre, it possesses no vestige of its former celebrity. It is, however, a well built place, and has a few remarkable edifices, among which are the cathedral and the public palace, in the great square. Of these the latter displays a vast and noble front; and the former is a Gothic edifice, which contains some beautifully coloured windows. The poet Petrarch, and Guido d'Aretino, a monk of the eleventh century, who invented the scale of notes now used in music, were both born at Arezzo. The Tuscan villa of the younger Pliny was in its vicinity.

Early in the ensuing morning the travellers descended the hill of Arezzo, to the Etrurian plains, famed for their fertility. They shortly afterwards entered the vale of Arno, the Italian Arcadia; a district as celebrated in modern, as the vale of Tempe was in ancient

times. Handsome villages graced the road, and neat, clean-looking cottages, rose, without number, in the fields, often embosomed in gardens and overshadowed by pendent vines. The hills, on each side, were adorned with small towns, sometimes boldly rising on the sides, and at other times half concealed in woods and recesses.

This scenery, with some variations, continued all the way to *Florence*, which the travellers entered about sunset. Florence owes its origin to a Roman colony, composed, it is said, of chosen veterans of the army of Cæsar. At the time that Mr. Eustace was here, this city was under the government of the prince of Parma, who had been expelled by the French, from his own territory, and had reluctantly been decorated with the mock title of king of Etruria.

Florence is seated in a vale, intersected by the *Arno*, graced by numberless hills, and bordered, at no great distance, by mountains of various forms, which rise gradually towards the Apennines. The whole vale is one continued grove and garden, where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, and the fertility of the soil is redoubled by the industry of its cultivators. White villas gleam through the orchards on every side, and large populous hamlets border the roads, and almost line the banks of the river.

The city itself spreads along the side of the river, which forms one of its greatest ornaments, and contributes not a little to its fame. The *streets* are well paved, or rather flagged; and the houses are, in general, solid and stately. Florence has several squares, and many churches and palaces, so that its appearance is airy, clean, and in some parts even grand. The number of great edifices does not, however, correspond with the reputation of the city, or with the figure it has so long made in the annals of modern history. The *cathedral* is an edifice of great extent and magnificence, and ranks among the first of the kind in Europe. Its walls are encrusted with black and white

marble: it is adorned, both within and without, with marble statues, most of which are the work of eminent sculptors; and its paintings are, in general, masterpieces of the art. But its principal distinction and greatest glory is its octagonal dome. Close to the front of the church, but detached from it, rises the *campanile* or belfry, a light and graceful tower; and opposite to the principal entrance stands the *baptistry*, an octangular edifice, with portals of bronze, adorned with basso relievos of such exquisite beauty, that Michael Angelo, in an ecstacy of admiration, termed these portals "the gates of Paradise."

Besides the cathedral there are, in Florence, several *churches* well deserving of attention from the traveller. In that of *St. Lorenzo* is a magnificent mausoleum of the Medicean family. It is of large size, and nearly lined with lapis lazuli, agate, jasper, onyx, and other valuable stones; and furnished with sarcophagi of porphyry. In this church are many statues, the workmanship of Michael Angelo; and in the adjacent convent, is a library founded by the princes of the house of Medici: it originally contained many valuable manuscripts, but several of these were taken away by the French army. The other churches of Florence are equal, in internal decorations, to most edifices of similar description in Italy; and many of them are ennobled by the tombs of eminent men who flourished in this city and its vicinity during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Few of the *palaces* of Florence, if compared with similar edifices in Rome, are calculated to inspire much interest. The Palazzo Strozzi, and, even the Palazzo Pitti the archiducal residence, though grand, regular, and extensive edifices, are dull and heavy, and seem better adapted for monasteries than palaces.

The most distinguishing and honourable feature of Florence, is its *gallery*. This yields only to the unrivaled collection of the Vatican. Mr. Eustace speaks of it before the arrival of the French army; for, under

a fear that it might be plundered by Buonaparte, some of its most valuable contents were conveyed to Palermo. Among these were the famous statues of the Venus of Medicis, the Faun, the Wrestlers, and about sixty others. Many that had been left were conveyed to France, as were also a great number of the paintings. This gallery is in the form of the Greek Π and is more than five hundred feet in length. Each wing measures, in the interior, four hundred and sixty feet, and is twenty-four feet broad; and the middle, that forms the communication, is about a hundred feet long. In one wing are depicted various mythological subjects, and in the middle, and the other wing, conspicuous persons and remarkable events in the annals of Florence. The walls are adorned with pictures, and lined with busts and statues, all antique, some in marble, and some in bronze. Intermingled with the statues and busts, are altars and sarcophagi, shields and trophies. The gallery is bordered on one side by a suit of apartments or halls, about twenty in number, each of which is consecrated to some particular set of masterpieces in sculpture or painting, or to some particular school or favourite collection.

The *environs* of Florence present as great a portion of rural beauty, hill and dale, orchard and vineyard, cottage and villa, as perhaps the environs of any capital in Europe, Naples only excepted. The *Arno*, by which it is watered, is a river inferior to many in magnitude, but superior to most in renown.

Not far from Florence is *Fiesole* (*Fæsulæ* of the ancients), a town formerly one of the twelve Etrurian cities. It has a cathedral; and, though now but a lonely, though beautiful, village, it retains episcopal honours. The most delightful excursion which Mr Eustace made, in the neighbourhood of Florence, was by the abbey of *Vallombrosa*, a place ennobled by Milton, in his Paradise Lost. Its situation is extremely beautiful, on a little plain, surrounded by woods and mountains. Vallombrosa is both an abbey and a college; and, in the

latter capacity, it is a seminary for the education of the Florentine youth of rank. The dress of the students is a black gown, having a black collar edged with white.

The Benedictine abbey of *Camaldoli* is a religious establishment of considerable celebrity, which stands in a valley, surrounded by mountains of prodigious elevation, and on the bank of a torrent, about thirty-six miles from Florence. On one of the mountains is a place called the *Holy Desert*. This is a hermitage consisting of twenty-seven mansions, each the abode of one person, and consisting of a bed-room, a sitting-room, a working-room, a little oratory or chapel, and a garden, on a very small scale, and furnished with the utmost plainness and simplicity. They are all surrounded by a wall, forming a general enclosure. The life of these hermits is unusually austere and mortified. Their diet consists entirely of vegetables and eggs, meat being utterly prohibited. In summer they are allowed to converse together, at certain stated hours, three days in the week, and in winter only two days. The abbot of Camaldoli always resides among them; and governs the monastery, in the valley below, by a delegate called the prior. The number of monks, at the abbey of Camaldoli, is about forty, of whom ten only are in priest's orders. They lead a very austere life. It is their practice to rise a little after midnight, or rather about one o'clock in the morning. Their dress is white, but, in form, is similar to that of the Benedictine monks in general.

Mr. Eustace and his friends made an excursion to *Pietra Mala*, a mountain that rises in the middle of the Apennines, on the road to Bologna, and about forty miles from Florence. This mountain is rendered remarkable by a flame that spreads over a small part of its surface, and burns, almost continually, without producing any of those destructive effects which accompany volcanic explosions. Towards evening, on approaching the mountain, they observed the flame. It covered a

portion of the side of the steep about one hundred and forty feet in extent, ran along the crevices, and burned much stronger in some places than in others. They extinguished it in particular spots, by waving their hats strongly over it, and they reproduced it by firing a pistol into a small train of gunpowder, or by throwing a lighted paper on the spot where it had disappeared. The flame emitted a strong odour not unlike that of ether. Some naturalists consider this flame to be electric, others phosphoric, and others volcanic. It however communicates but little heat when burning, and, when extinguished, leaves the ground cold and without the usual indications of fire. The adjacent soil does not exhibit the least trace of any oily or bituminous substance. Similar phenomena were observed in or near this place in the time of the Romans, and are mentioned by the naturalist Pliny.

On Friday the 3d of September, the travellers set out from Florence, and, after crossing the fertile plain that encircles the city, directed their route towards the Apennines, which rose before them in various broken forms. They passed through the village of *Campi*; the small, but well built and lively episcopal town of *Prato*, and the spacious, airy, and magnificent town of *Pistoia*; and after having, for several miles, proceeded through defiles of the mountains, they descended into a fertile plain, and arrived at *Lucca*.

This, one of the most ancient cities of Italy, belonged originally to the Etrurians; and was colonized by the Romans, about one hundred and seventy years before the birth of Christ. The most remarkable event that distinguished it, in ancient times, was the interview which here took place between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus: an interview which attracted half the senate and nobility of Rome, and for a time gave to a provincial town, the pomp and splendour of the capital. After the fall of the Roman empire Lucca seems to have been governed by princes of its own. It afterwards had a republican form of government. When Mr. Eustace

was here the taxes were light, provisions cheap, and competency was within the reach of every individual. Lucca is three miles in circumference, surrounded by a rampart, beautifully planted and converted into a spacious and delightful public walk and drive. The streets are well built, but none of the edifices are very remarkable. The cathedral was erected in the eleventh century. Its exterior is cased with marble, and much of its interior is ornamented with fretwork of admirable grace and beauty. The territory of Lucca is about forty-three miles long and sixteen broad; and of this territory two-thirds are mountainous, and the remainder forms a delicious plain.

About fourteen miles north-west of the city are the celebrated *Baths of Lucca*. These, and the lodging-houses around them, are on the declivity of a hill, and in the very heart of the Apennines. They do not appear to constitute a place of gay or fashionable resort; but such persons as retire to them for the purpose of health or improvement, find here tolerable accommodations, and a country in the highest degree picturesque and interesting.

The road betwixt Lucca and Pisa, runs mostly at the foot of high, wooded hills, over a rich, level, and well cultivated country. *Pisa*, situated about four miles from the sea, appears to great advantage from a distance; the swelling dome of the cathedral, attended by its baptistry on one side, and its celebrated leaning tower on the other, with various lesser domes and towers, around or in perspective, are visible at a considerable distance. This city stands in a fertile plain, bounded on the north by the Apennines, and on the south by the sea. Some time after the fall of the Roman empire Pisa became a place of considerable importance. It boasted numerous and powerful fleets; and, for military achievements, was not inferior even to Sparta. Its population consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. At this day Pisa occupies a space nearly seven miles in circumference. It is di-

vided into two parts, by the river *Arno*, over which there are three bridges; the middle one of marble. The *streets* are wide and well paved, with raised flags for foot passengers; and the houses are lofty and good-looking. There are several palaces, not deficient either in style or magnificence. The *cathedral* and its attendant edifices (the baptistry, belfry, and cemetery, all detached) present one of the finest groups of buildings in the world. They are all constructed of marble. The belfry is the celebrated *leaning tower* of Pisa. Its materials are of the finest marble: it consists of eight stories, formed of arches supported by pillars, and is about one hundred and eighty feet high. This tower, owing to the nature of the ground, of the foundation, or to some other cause not hitherto ascertained, leans so much, towards one side, that its inclination from the perpendicular exceeds fourteen feet.

The *hot baths* of Pisa were much frequented in ancient times. They are about four miles from the city, at the foot of a mountain, and are environed with buildings of various kinds, with lodging houses and a palace. The remains of an ancient *aqueduct* are seen at a little distance, but these are eclipsed by a modern aqueduct of a thousand arches, erected originally to supply Pisa with water, but now carried on to Leghorn.

Several of the *churches* and other public edifices of this place are deserving of notice; but a description of them would be both tedious and uninteresting. The glory of Pisa is not, however, confined to architectural honours. Her *university* once rivaled the most celebrated academies in Italy; and, though it subsequently fell into decay, it has now regained its ancient celebrity. This university has more than forty public professors, most of them authors and men of high reputation. It is moreover abundantly furnished with all the apparatus of an academy, an extensive library, and a well arranged botanical garden.

The distance from Pisa to Leghorn is about thirteen miles, and the intervening country is a plain, remark-

able neither for beauty nor cultivation; and intersected with numberless canals, opened to let off the waters that naturally stagnate in the hollows and flats of the Tuscan coast. Though every method has been employed to drain the marshes, and purify the atmosphere, this country, in the heat of summer, is still extremely unhealthy.

Leghorn, in the time of the ancients, was a mere village, almost immersed in swamps and sea-weeds. It is now a considerable town, airy and well built, the streets are wide and straight; having a noble square, fourteen churches, a good harbour, and a population of thirty thousand souls. It is well fortified, and has, in every respect, the appearance of prosperity. There are not in it any antiquities to occupy the attention of the classic traveller.

Mr. Eustace and his friends sailed, in an English frigate, from Leghorn to *Genoa*. The harbour of Genoa is in the form of an amphitheatre. The city occupies one side of it, and spreads its streets and churches, and then its suburbs and villas over a vast semicircular tract of craggs, rocks, and declivities. Its white buildings, ascending one above another, make a splendid show, and give it an appearance of much magnificence. The interior of the city does not, however, correspond with its exterior. Like Vienna it is composed of well built lanes, and contains no wide, and only three beautiful streets. It has a square, surrounded with trees not of luxuriant growth; but, at one end, a magnificent double flight of steps, and houses, gardens, and churches, intermingled, rising in terraces one above another, give it a pleasing and romantic appearance. There are two other, smaller squares. Some of the principal streets are composed of lines of vast and lofty palaces, some of which are of marble, and all ornamented with marble portals, porticos, and columns. A few of these palaces are of great magnificence. The churches of Genoa are numerous, and as splendid as marble, gilding, and painting, can make them, but few have any claim to archi-

tectural beauty. Their internal ornaments are glaring and gaudy. The cathedral is encrusted with marble, but is in a mixed style of Gothic architecture, which has little or no beauty. Genoa is surrounded by two walls or ramparts: of these one encloses the town only, and the other, taking a more extensive range, passes over the hills that command the town, and forms a circumference of thirteen miles.

Genoa now subsists entirely by commerce. It was one of the three great republics which, during the middle ages, rendered Italy the seat of liberty, of science, and civilization. But, in the different wars that occurred during the last century, this place, overawed by the vicinity of the grand naval arsenal of Toulon, lost its independence, and usually adhered to the French interest. It was formerly governed by a *doge*, but it is now united to Piedmont, and forms part of the dominions of the king of Sardinia.

On the 18th of September the travellers set out for Milan. Beyond the beautiful valley of *Polcevera*, they ascended the steep of *Bochetta*, a lofty mountain, part of the Apennines. This is one of the great bulwarks of Genoa, and one of the few mountains where the road runs nearly over the summit. The ascent and descent of it are alike long and tedious. After the travellers had passed the Bocchetta, they found the country very romantic, alternately open and wooded, here green and fertile, there barren and rocky: thus presenting all the contrasts of shade and nakedness, of wildness and cultivation, which characterize the scenery of the Apennines.

The road, betwixt the Genoese territory and *Alessandria*, crosses a plain, which is sandy, but fertile and well cultivated. The travellers, beyond this, entered the fatal plain of *Marengo*, where Buonaparte obtained, over the Austrian veteran Melas, a victory which Europe, and Italy, in particular, long had reason to deplore. The event is recorded on the pedestal of an insignificant Doric column, erected on the high road, in the village of Marengo. This village, which is about

two miles from Alessandria, is a mere fortress, and remarkable only for the sieges it has sustained.

From Alessandria the travellers passed through *Tortona*, the ruins of whose citadel, demolished by the French, lie extended over the side of a hill, and, from their magnitude and whiteness, present a grand and imposing spectacle. Beyond Tortona, and, proceeding towards Milan, they traversed part of a fertile and beautiful plain, watered by the rivers *Po* and *Tesino*, with their tributary streams, and bounded by the Alps and Apennines.

As they approached the *Po*, they found the roads deep and sandy. This river, though reduced, by the dryness of the season, to the deepest part of the channel, was still a majestic stream. Among the trees which adorn its banks, the poplar is now, as it was anciently, predominant. The fable of Phæton, says Mr. Eustace, so prettily told by Ovid, and so amusing to boyish fancy, naturally occurs to the recollection of the traveller, and enhances the pleasure with which he contemplates the stream and its bordering scenery.

As the travellers approached *Pavia*, the verdure and freshness of the country seemed to increase, and they exhibited an appearance altogether cooling and delightful. The *Tesino* (anciently *Ticinus*) a noble stream, clear and rapid, bathes the walls of Pavia, and waters its whole territory. A long stone bridge, covered with a wooden gallery, leads over the river to the gate of the town.

Pavia, formerly called *Ticinum*, contains few edifices that deserve particular attention. It has, however, a noble library, grand halls for lectures, anatomical galleries, a botanical garden, and several well endowed colleges. Its schools, however, are not much frequented; and indeed the very streets of the city seem solitary and forsaken.

About four miles from Pavia stands the abbey of *Chiaravalle*, once celebrated for its riches and magnificence. It belonged to the Carthusian monks, and on

the suppression of that order by the emperor Joseph, it passed, with a property of twenty thousand pounds per annum, to the government. The walls of its church are of solid white marble, and lined with several kinds of valuable stones. Sculpture and carving, whether in marble, gems, or metals, are displayed in all their pomp. Ornaments are here not so much bestowed as squandered on every part; but they are all so rich, so perfect in their kind, so well placed, and so admirably adapted to the style of the edifice, that the most fastidious observer would find it difficult to retrench them. The view from the tower, over the surrounding plains, bordered by the Alps and Apennines, is verdant, rich, and luxuriant, beyond expression.

The travellers, leaving the abbey in the dusk of the evening, rolled rapidly over a smooth and level road, and entered *Milan* about nine o'clock. This city (anciently called *Mediolanum*) may be ranked among the few in Italy, which have risen superior to the devastation of ages, wars, and revolutions. Like most of the cities between the Alps and the Apennines, Milan is of Gallic origin. It is now a great and splendid place, nearly eleven miles in circuit, and containing about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Its general appearance, however, does not, perhaps, correspond with its reputation. The streets are not, in all parts, either wide or regular, or well built; and it presents few edifices of peculiar magnificence or beauty. Of these, the *cathedral* is, without doubt, the principal. It occupies part of the great square; is of Gothic architecture, and constructed of white marble. In magnitude this edifice yields to few: and in fret-work, carving, and statues, it exceeds all the churches in Europe. Its double aisles, its clustered columns, its lofty arches; the lustre of its walls; its numberless niches all filled with marble figures, give it an appearance singularly magnificent. Of the numerous statues that are crowded in and around this edifice, one is very extraordinary. It stands in the church, and represents the apostle St.

Bartholomew, holding his own skin, which appears as if it had been drawn off, like drapery, over his shoulders.

There is, in Milan, a celebrated library, founded by Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, and called the *Ambrosian library*. It contains about forty thousand volumes, and more than fifteen thousand manuscripts. There is also, annexed to this library, a gallery of pictures, statues, antiques, and medals, which, before it was plundered by the French, contained many articles of great rarity and reputation. In colleges, hospitals, and establishments of charity in general, Milan is, or rather was, most splendidly endowed. The principal *college*, once belonging to the Jesuits, contained twelve hundred students. It is an edifice of vast extent and considerable magnificence. Its courts, surrounded with galleries, in two stories, supported by granite pillars, its staircase, its library, and its observatory, are much admired. The great *hospital* is an immense edifice; and the *Lazaretto* consists of a spacious quadrangle, twelve hundred and fifty feet in length and twelve hundred in breadth. It contains about three hundred rooms with fire-places. In the centre of the court stands a chapel, so contrived that the priest, at the altar, may be seen by the sick persons even from their beds.

On Monday, the 27th of September, the travellers set out from Milan, and took the road to Como. The distance is about twenty-six miles, and the road passes through an extensive plain, which presents, in the midst of verdure and fertility, many villas, but no object particularly interesting.

Como, or *Comum*, is a place of great antiquity. It owes its origin to a Gallic tribe, and its importance to Roman colonization. Its situation is beautiful. On the southern border of the *Lake Como*, or *Larian Lake*, it commands a fine prospect of that noble expanse of water, with its bold and varied shores. The cathedral is of white marble and mixed architecture.

Mr. Eustace and his friends embarked on the lake of Como. At the distance of a mile from the quay, the

town appeared extremely beautiful. It was seen at the foot of three conical hills, all of them green and wooded; the middle hill was crowned with a castle, which extended its ramparts down the declivity. On the eastern bank of the lake, they landed at a villa called *Pliniana*. This villa owes its appellation to an intermittent fountain, which is minutely described by the younger Pliny, which still exists, and which usually ebbs and flows thrice a day. The younger Pliny had two favourite retreats on the banks of the lake of Como, but this villa does not accord with his description of either of them. There are several beautiful villages on the banks of the lake, many of which Mr. Eustace visited. This expanse of water is about fifty miles in length, and from three to six in width. Its form is serpentine, and its banks are indented with numerous creeks and harbours. The mountains by which it is surrounded are neither barren nor naked. Their lower regions are generally covered with olive-trees, vines, and orchards: the middle is encircled with groves of chesnut; and the upper regions are either downs or forests of fir-trees, except the most elevated ridges, which are either naked, or covered with perpetual snow. These mountains anciently produced, and still produce, in considerable quantity, iron, lead, and copper. They contain also quarries of marble, which have supplied Milan, and all the neighbouring cities, with the materials and ornaments for their magnificent churches.

From Como the travellers walked, first over a fine hill, and then through a delightful vale, between two lofty but verdant mountains, to the *Lake of Lugano*. This is twenty-five miles in length, from three to six in breadth, and of immense depth. Its rocky banks are, in some places, extremely steep, and constitute a bold and magnificent scenery. Mr. Eustace next visited the *Lago Maggiore*, and embarked upon it, for the purpose of visiting the *Borromean Islands*, which are considered the principal ornaments of the lake, and are indeed ranked among the wonders of Italy. The first island

on which they landed was the *Isola Bella*, or "beautiful island," so called from the palace and gardens that cover its surface. The palace, which stands at the extremity of the island, contains, on the lower story, a suite of rooms fitted up in the style of grottos, and paved, lined, and even covered with spars, shells, and party-coloured marbles. Two magnificent saloons, in the principal story, form the state apartments. The garden occupies nearly the whole island. It is formed into a vast pyramid, ten terraces, rising above each other, and terminating, at the summit, in a square platform. These terraces have gravel walks through their whole length, are bordered with flowers, and have their walls covered with fruit-trees. They are watered by fountains which rise in different parts of the edifice, and fall in sheets from marble vases. The area of the pyramid occupies a space four hundred feet square; the platform, on its summit, is fifty feet square, and its elevation is about one hundred and fifty feet. The terraces are supported by arcades, which form so many galleries or green-houses, where the more tender plants and flowers are arranged during winter. The form and arrangement of this garden have been the subject of great admiration during the last century, and the Isola Bella has been represented by many writers as a terrestrial paradise, an enchanted island, the abode of Calypso, the garden of Armida. A high wall surrounds the whole island, and is so constructed as to form a terrace.

About half a mile westward is an island nearly covered with houses, and inhabited by about one thousand persons, whose chief occupation is fishing. The *Isola Madre*, a mile to the north, is occupied by terraces, is on one side covered with wood, and has its summit crowned with a villa.

Landing at a village on the western bank of the lake, the travellers proceeded on horseback through a delightful valley, towards *Domo d' Ossola*. They passed through that town, by an excellent road, towards *Sem-*

pione (or *Semplon*) one of the highest of the Italian Alps, covered with perpetual snow, and remarkable for the passage of Buonaparte over it, previously to the battle of Marengo. A road was at this time making, by orders of the French government, for the purpose of opening an easy communication with Milan, and of thus securing the dependance of Italy upon France. This road, when finished, is likely to become the principal means of communication between Italy, France, and Switzerland.

On the ensuing morning the travellers returned to the Lago Maggiore, and, having crossed it, to the little but active commercial town of *Arona*, they proceeded, on their journey, through a flat and fertile country. They soon arrived at *Turin*, a populous and flourishing city, once the residence of the princes of Savoy, and beautifully seated on the northern bank of the Po, and at the foot of a ridge of fine hills, that rise southward beyond the river. The streets are wide and straight. They intersect each other at right angles, and run, through large and regular squares, in a direct line from gate to gate. The royal palace is spacious, and surrounded with delightful gardens. There are, in this place, many magnificent edifices, both public and private, and at least one hundred churches. In all these, marble of every vein and colour is lavished with prodigality, and decorations of all kinds are scattered with profusion; to such a degree, indeed, as to encumber rather than to grace the edifices. The *cathedral* is an ancient gothic edifice, in no respect remarkable. The *university* of Turin, at this time, occupied a most extensive building; and contained a library of more than fifty thousand volumes, a museum furnished with a numerous collection of statues, vases, and other antiques, a fine collection of medals, a hall of anatomy, and an observatory. In *hospitals* Turin, like the other cities of Italy, was richly endowed.

The country around Turin is by no means deficient in beauty. Its first and most conspicuous feature is the river *Po*, which bathes the walls of the city. This

magnificent stream takes its rise five-and-twenty or thirty miles from Turin, in the recesses of *Monte Viso*, or *Vesulus*, celebrated by Virgil for its forests of pines, and for the size and fierceness of the boars that fed in them. It becomes navigable before it reaches Turin; and, in a course which, including its windings, extends three hundred miles, it receives thirty rivers, bathes the walls of fifty towns and cities, and gives life, fertility, and opulence, to all the plains through which it passes. Its average breadth, from Turin to Ariano, may be about twelve hundred feet: its depth is everywhere considerable; and its current is strong and equal. It may, therefore, be justly styled the king of Italian rivers, and may be ranked among the principal streams of southern Europe.

At the time that Mr. Eustace was here, Turin had been degraded by the French, from the capital of a large and populous territory, into the chief town of a French department. It had been stripped of its university, of its academy, and of all its noble and well endowed establishments. Its gates and ramparts had been levelled to the ground; and it had been reduced to one half of its population.

On the 6th of October Mr. Eustace and his friends took a final leave of this, the last great city of Italy, and, at eight in the morning, they set out for *Susa*, a small town, seated amid rocky eminences, on the banks of the *Dura*. Thence they proceeded to Novalese, where they arrived about ten o'clock at night: and, as the moon shone in full brightness, they could easily distinguish the broken masses of *Mount Cenis*, hanging over the town. Early in the ensuing morning, the carriages were dismounted: the body of each was suspended between two mules; the wheels were placed on a third, and the axle-tree on the fourth: the trunks and baggage of all kinds were divided into several loads, and each bound up in a close and compact manner, and laid on mules. The party, under this arrangement, set out about six o'clock, to cross the mountain.

The ascent of Mount Cenis commences from the gate of Susa. At first it is gradual; but the steepness of the road increases rapidly as the traveller ascends. About half way stands a village, amid rocks and precipices, and in a situation peculiarly bleak and wintry. Some distance above this village, he comes to a plain, at the entrance of which a mountain torrent tumbles from the rocks in a lofty cascade. On the bank of this torrent is a stone column with an inscription, informing the traveller that he stands on the verge of Piedmont and Italy, and is about to enter Savoy. Still higher up the mountain than this, and on an extensive plain, amid the horrors of the Alps, and all the rigours of eternal winter, is a convent of monks, the superior of which received Mr. Eustace and his friends with great politeness and cordiality, showed them the different apartments of the convent, and offered them such refreshment as the place afforded.

The day had been extremely fine, and it still continued so. The air was just cold enough to render walking extremely pleasant; and, as the travellers proceeded leisurely to an inn, at a little distance beyond the convent, they had an opportunity to observe the scenery around them. The plain they were traversing was about six miles long and four miles in its greatest width. In the broadest part was a lake, nearly circular, of immense depth, and about a mile and half in diameter. This plain is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and, notwithstanding its elevation, when free from snow, that is, from June till October, it is covered with flowers and verdure. It is bordered, on all sides, by the different eminences and ridges that form the summit of Mount Cenis. On the highest of the ridges, which rises three thousand feet above the convent, there is a chapel, to which the neighbouring inhabitants make a procession once a year, on the 5th of August.

In their descent the travellers encountered nothing that particularly excited their attention; and Mr. Eu-

stace abruptly terminates his account of Italy, by stating that his anxiety to reach England, induced him to hurry over, with indifference, the remaining part of his journey.

Fifteenth Day's Instruction.

TURKEY IN EUROPE.

THE Turkish empire is very extensive. It comprehends several countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa; many parts of which are extremely fertile, and produce, abundantly, and almost spontaneously, the various articles of subsistence; but the despotism of the emperor, the arbitrary conduct of the pashas or governors of provinces, and the natural indolence of the people, deprive them of half the blessings with which Providence has enriched their country.

European Turkey extends from the Black Sea to the Adriatic; and from the Mediterranean to the confines of Hungary and Russia. It was once the seat of civilization and refinement; and included many kingdoms, republics, and islands, the history and ancient importance of which can never be forgotten; but it now affords only a melancholy remembrance of classical names, places, and events. The northern provinces, namely, those of Moldavia, Walachia, and Bulgaria, formed part of the ancient kingdom of Dacia. Illyria and Albania were comprehended in Illyricum and a portion of Macedon. The vast territory of Romelia corresponds with Thrace, part of Macedon, and the southern districts of Greece; and what is now called the Morea, represents the ancient Peloponnesus.

The *climate* of Turkey is, for the most part, delightful, but in summer it is hot and debilitating on the plains and among the valleys; and, in winter, it is cold and piercing among the mountains. The *face* of the

country is, in general, mountainous, but interspersed with plains and vales; and, in different parts, is watered by considerable *rivers*. Of these the Danube, anciently called the Ister, is the principal. After running through Germany, this river divides Hungary from Turkey, and Wallachia from Bulgaria, and falls into the Black Sea, having passed through a tract of country more than sixteen hundred miles in extent. The Dneister, or Borysthenes, flows along the north-eastern side of Moldavia. Many other streams, of classical note, are found in these regions, but most of them derive their importance only from their historical or poetical reputation. The *mountains* are numerous and extensive, and many of them are celebrated in ancient history.

The *natural productions* of this country are extremely abundant, particularly grain of various kinds, maize, rice, and fruit. The wine and oil, though deprived of half their excellence by unskilfulness and negligence in the preparation of them, are sufficient, not only for the demands of an extensive consumption, but for the supply of several foreign markets. The silk, cotton, wool, flax, drugs, coffee, and fruit of Turkey, are distributed both over the old and new continent. Few countries of Europe excel this in many kinds of *manufactures*. The satins and silk stuffs, the velvets of Aleppo, the serges and camelots of Angora, the crapes and gauzes of Salonica, the printed muslins of Constantinople, and the carpets of Smyrna, establish a favourable, and not an unfair, criterion of the general skill of Turkish manufacturers. In the mountainous parts of Turkey there are many valuable *mines*; and the marbles of this country are esteemed among the most beautiful in the world.

The *Turks* are a grave and saturnine people. They are, in general, well formed and robust, patient of hunger and privations; capable of enduring hardships, but not much inclined to industry. Their mode of living is simple and domestic, their hours are regular, and their habits temperate. They receive their early education

under the care of their mothers and other females, who are secluded from the promiscuous society of men; and, during their whole youth, they are removed from the contagion of vicious example.

The *religion* of the Turks is Mahometan; a fundamental article of which is, that there is no God but God, and that Mahomet is his prophet. The Mahometan Scripture is called the Koran; and the popular part of this religion consists in belief, prayers, ablutions, and fastings at stated periods. Among various other superstitions, these people consider a pilgrimage to Mecca, the birth-place of Mahomet, an act of devotion so meritorious as to cancel, and obtain a remission of, even the greatest sins. A black stone, the chief object of the pilgrimage to Mecca, and which they believe to have fallen from heaven, is called, by Mahomet the ruby of Paradise: "Verily (says he) it shall be called upon at the last day; it shall then see; it shall speak, and bear witness of those who have touched it in truth and sincerity of heart." Every Mahometan is believed to bear on his forehead, in characters not legible by man, but inscribed by the finger of God, the accidents of his life, and the appointed time of his death; and these people assert that nothing, either good or evil, can happen contrary to the divine decree. They consider mourning, or any external expression of grief, as a murmuring against the dispensations of Providence. On the death of relatives or friends, they divert their melancholy by prayers and other acts of devotion; and they hasten to relieve, as they imagine, the sufferings of the soul on its quitting the body, by almost immediate burial. The body is carried to the place of interment by the friends of the deceased; and at the head of the coffin is placed a turban, denoting the rank or sex of the person. The burial grounds in Turkey are extensive, and generally situated near the highways: the tomb stones are erect, and those of the men are distinguished by a turban carved in stone, whilst those of the women terminate in a pyramid.

The Turks are invincibly attached to their own peculiar customs. They never uncover their heads as an expression of respect; and they ridicule that practice among us, as an act of folly, or as a contempt of decency. Their usual mode of salutation is natural and graceful. In greeting an equal, they put their hand on their heart; in addressing a superior, they apply the right hand, first to the mouth and then to the forehead. Children and inferior persons express submission to their parents and chiefs by kissing their robe. If the superior withdraw his robe and present his hand, particularly the palm of the hand, it is considered a mark of distinguished favour.

These people delight in conversation, and their colloquial intercourse is ornamented with all the graces of a manly and polished style. Large companies, in private assemblies or in coffee-houses, are often amused by story-tellers, who relate marvellous histories, in many instances similar to those of the Arabian Nights Entertainments; even the common people listen to such stories with delight. Among other amusements they are partial to the exhibition of dancing and wrestling; and chess and draughts are their favourite games. To ride on horseback, and to throw a sort of light javelin, are considered the necessary accomplishments of a Turkish gentleman. The Turks are excellent horsemen; and, in general, have an insuperable objection to pedestrian exercises.

In their families, for they are permitted to have a plurality of wives, they allot certain apartments to their women. These they distinguish by the name of *harem*, a word which signifies a sacred retreat, a place of privacy and security; and to this no man except the master of the family, and, occasionally, a few of the nearest male relatives of the woman, have access. The women in Turkey are thus strictly confined to the society of their own sex, and to the very few males whom the law allows them to see with impunity.

The *houses* of the Turks are built in contempt of all

the rules of architecture; and their gardens are laid out without order and with little taste. The furniture is in general simple, and suited rather to the habits of a military or vagrant people, than to the usages of settled life. Their meals are frugal, and not enlivened by wine; for this is prohibited by the rules of their religion. Every custom invites to repose, and every object seems to inspire an indolent voluptuousness. Their delight is to recline on a carpet, or on soft verdure under the shade of trees, and to pass their time in smoking. Indeed smoking seems indispensable to their happiness; and, in their apparatus for this purpose, the Turks are extremely foppish. A small dish is put on the carpet for the bowl of their pipe to rest upon, that the tobacco may not fall out. The tube of the pipe is generally seven or eight feet long, and is formed of cherry or jasmine wood. The bowl is made of a fine kind of earth, and the mouth-piece is of amber or stone, or a composition resembling amber. Some of these pipes are splendidly adorned with precious stones.

The *dress* of the men consists of a calico shirt, and a loose robe fastened by a girdle, in which is stuck a dagger. Their robe is usually made of broad cloth, and trimmed with fur; and their shoes are a light kind of slippers. The women dress somewhat in the same manner as the men, but in clothing of a lighter kind; and, on their head, they wear a sort of bonnet, formed of pasteboard, and covered with cloth of gold, or other rich materials; a veil reaching to the eye-brows and a fine handkerchief to conceal the lower parts of the face. In their persons, both the men and women are very cleanly. Purifications are required by the Koran: hence all their cities and towns are furnished with public baths, many of which are fitted up in a most expensive manner; and, in cases where water cannot be obtained, the Koran requires that they should purify themselves by rubbing their bodies with fine sand. The females, by way of ornament, stain their nails and the tips of their fingers red.

The *Turkish language*, even its greatest purity, is formed by an union of several dialects. Its expression is soft and musical; but, in its construction, it is artificial and laboured, and its transpositions are more remote from the natural order of ideas, than those even of Latin or German. Its natural barrenness has caused it to be improved by an intermixture with the Arabic and Persian; and in many parts of the Turkish dominions the Arabic language only is spoken. The characters in which it is written are fundamentally the same as those of Arabic and Persian, but the mere knowledge of these characters will not enable an Arab or a Persian to pronounce or connect them together in a Turkish manuscript.

The *government* of Turkey is vested in the Sultan, whose imperial residence is at Constantinople, and who rules without any other control than the restrictions which are laid upon him by the Koran. The Turkish *laws* are contained in the Koran, and in the comments of approved and renowned doctors, which have acquired the authority of laws. The delegates of the sultan are the *mufti* (or chief doctor and interpreter of the Koran and canonical laws) and the *grand vizir*, who is the prime minister, and as keeper of the seal of the empire, exercises all the temporal authority, and presides over the political administration. The palace of the grand vizir, by a metaphor familiar to most of the eastern languages, is called *the Porte* or king's gate; hence, in all public transactions, the Turkish court assumes the name of the *Sublime Porte*. The government of the most important provinces is committed to viceroys or lieutenants, who have the title of *beylerbeg*, or "prince of princes," and, that of the lesser provinces, to governors, who, according to their rank, are respectively denominated *pashas*, *beys*, and *agas*. In the *Divan*, or great council of state, which, on solemn occasions, is called upon to direct the sovereign by advice, there are eight members, of which the grand vizir is the ostensible president. The sultan himself,

though present or supposed to be present, behind a curtain or latticed window, takes no active part in the deliberations.

GREECE.

The *Greeks*, though subjects of the Turkish government, are permitted to profess the Christian religion, and to retain many customs and practices which are peculiar to themselves. They have patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, and priests; but their church is in the lowest state of degradation. Constant observers of fasts and public worship, they are kept in great awe by their priests. They go to church before sunrise; and, on peculiar days, they assemble in great numbers to drink the water of certain consecrated fountains. The Greeks are not subject to the pope, and they abhor the worship of images. In their churches they neither sit nor kneel, but, when they are fatigued with standing, they support themselves by crutches.

In their *marriages* they retain many of the ceremonies which were practised by the ancients. On the evening previously to the marriage, the bride is led to the bath by her female acquaintance, accompanied by a train of musicians; and, in the marriage procession, the torch of Hymen still retains its place. Before they are presented at the altar, the bride and bridegroom are adorned with chaplets, which, during the ceremony, are changed by the priest. Immediately after the benediction, a cup of wine is first given to the married couple; then to the sponsors, and finally to the witnesses of the marriage. In the rite of *baptism* the Greeks plunge the child three times into water: they then give it confirmation and the communion; and, seven days aftewards, they repeat the ceremony of immersion. The Grecian *funerals* are attended by the nearest relations and friends of the deceased. As soon as a death takes place, the women weep without ceasing; and even refuse food and sleep, until they can no longer

exist without them. Mr. Dodwell says that the women of Greece and particularly of Athens, are carried to the tomb in rich garments, but that these are not buried with them. He particularly speaks of one young female, whom he saw interred with the funeral pomp of ancient times. Her body was decorated in the richest attire, with ear-rings and other ornaments, as if she had been decked out for a wedding, rather than for the tomb. She was placed upon a kind of open bier, with her face uncovered; and was accompanied to the grave by women, hired to cry and scream. These invoked the corpse, by every soft and endearing name; and a stranger to the custom would have imagined that they were really bewailing the loss of some near and beloved relative.

In their *persons* many of the Greeks are handsome. The women have black hair of great length. This is sometimes allowed to hang down their back, and sometimes is collected in a fanciful manner on the head. The wealthiest of them are usually dressed in a pelisse of silk or satin; and have on their head a kind of small cap. The dress of the men somewhat resembles that of the Turks; but, not being permitted to wear a turban of white muslin, they often substitute a blue one: and none of the Greeks, except such as are in the service of foreign ministers, are permitted to wear yellow boots or slippers. The Grecian women generally marry about the age of fifteen. They are short lived, and early exhibit the indications of old age. In general they are closely confined at home; they do not even appear at church until they are married. In many of the houses of Greece, large rooms are appropriated to the mistress, for the convenience of carrying on embroidery, spinning, and other works, with her attendants. On each side are galleries which lead to the dining rooms and bedchambers. The men have their apartments separate.

Easter is observed, by the Greeks, as a time of peculiar festivity; and, at this season, immense crowds of people assemble on the outside of the cities and towns,

where wrestling matches are exhibited, and games of various kinds are played. These people are excessively fond of *music;* and a Greek can seldom sing without at the same time dancing. As soon as any one of a company begins, the others cannot resist the temptation of joining both in song and dance; and, when they all sing together, the din is truly horrible.

The ancient Greeks had many different styles of *dancing*, suited to various purposes of a religious, warlike, tragic, comic, and satirical kind. Many of these dances are still retained in Greece, and, probably, with little variation from the original models. That called the *Romaika**, is the common national dance; it is employed, both in the religious festivals of the passover, and at the carnivals. It is danced sometimes by men, and sometimes by women; but, on great occasions, by both sexes together, holding each other with a handkerchief. This dance is generally executed by a great number of performers, who dance round a large circle, jumping first on one foot and then on the other, without any pretensions to grace, elegance, or activity.

A Description of the Island of Zante, and of some adjacent places†. *From a Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece. By* EDWARD DODWELL, ESQ. F.S.A.

THIS gentleman visited Greece, for the purpose of exploring its antiquities, comparing its past with its present state, and leaving nothing unnoticed, which, to the classical reader, could be an object of interest, or a source of delight. No country in Europe abounds with so

* For an account of this dance see p. 216.

† In the following abstracts of Mr. Dodwell's Travels, it has been found requisite to alter, in a few places, the current of his narratives, for the purpose of better adapting it to a general description of the country.

many spots which teem with the most captivating associations as this. A deep interest seems as it were to breathe from the very ground. And there is hardly a locality which is not consecrated by some attractive circumstance; or which some trait of heroism of greatness and of genius has not signalized and adorned.

Mr. Dodwell sailed from Messina, in Sicily, on the 1st of February, 1805, and, two days afterwards, entered the port of *Zakunthos* or *Zante*. This island, produces, in abundance, the Corinth grapes, called by us currants; and, of these, it annually exports to Great Britain about eight millions of pounds weight. The only antiquity of any note in Zante, is a large block of marble, which contains an inscription, and serves as an altar, in a church about six miles from the principal town of the island. Twelve or thirteen miles from the same town, and in a small plain, which is open to the sea, and closed towards the island by a semicircular ridge of hills, are some springs of bitumen or mineral pitch, which are mentioned by Herodotus, the Greek historian. The well, which is at present the principal source of the bitumen, is about five feet in diameter, and three or four feet deep.

This island anciently belonged to Ulysses. Its capital is a long and narrow town, built close to the sea. The houses are neat and white, and the glittering appearance which they exhibit, forms a pleasing contrast with the dark green hills which rise behind them. The soil and the rocks are calcareous, like those of the other Ionian islands, and generally of a light colour. The industry of the people is abundantly manifested in the cultivation of the land. Every gentleman has his country house, and his vineyard which produces good wine. This island is subject to slight earthquakes.

On the 11th Mr. Dodwell, and the friends by whom he was accompanied, proceeded on their voyage, and, two days afterwards, cast anchor about five miles from the town of *Mesaloggion*, in Ætolia. Westward of this place is the winding river *Acheloos*; a stream which

is described by the ancients as often changing its course. Such is still the case; for, after heavy rains, and the melting of snow on *Mount Pindus*, from which it rises, it sometimes changes its bed, to the great detriment of the neighbouring plains and villages. Ancient history is full of accounts of the disputes and wars of the adjacent inhabitants, the Acharnaneans and Ætolians, in consequence of their frequent loss or acquisition of territory, occasioned by this river changing its course. And the apparently fabulous history of Hercules and Acheloos, seems to have originated from real facts; to which the fertile imagination of the early historians or poets has given the appearance of fiction. The Acheloos, overflowing its natural limits, inundated and destroyed the adjacent plains, and was checked by the powerful influence of some wealthy person, who restored fertility to the surrounding country, by turning the stream into its original channel; or, in poetical language, by breaking off the horn of the bull, and presenting it to the Goddess of Plenty.

Eastward of Messaloggion is the river *Evenos* [on the banks of which, according to the fabulous accounts of the heathens, Hercules slew the centaur Nessus].

In a north-westerly direction lies *Santa Maura*, anciently called *Leucadia*, now an island, but formerly joined, by a neck of land, to the continent. The southern side of this island presents a bold and precipitous face of white marble, broken into perpendicular masses of great height and beauty, the glittering whiteness of which forms a singular contrast with the dark evergreens which grow in the crevices of the rock. On the edge of one of the precipices are the foundations of a building, apparently those of a temple. The rock, on which this ruin stands, was famous among the ancients, as the place whence despairing lovers threw themselves into the sea. On looking, from the edge of the cliff, down on the sea which roars below, it is almost impossible to imagine that any one could have had sufficient courage to take this dreadful leap, for the purpose

of curing an unhappy or a hopeless passion. Some persons assert that the inventor of this desperate remedy was Venus, who herself tried it after the death of Adonis. We are told that Maces, an inhabitant of Buthrōtum, a sea-port of Epirus, performed this leap four times, and that, by so doing, he, at last, conquered his passion. Most of the females who made the leap died by the rapidity of their fall; but the men, owing to their stronger frame, often survived. They were generally fastened to feathers or to birds, which broke the rapidity of their fall; and they were taken up from the sea by boats stationed there for the purpose. On a lower precipice than this are some ruins, those, probably, of a temple dedicated to Apollo.

The island of Leucadia produces grain of different kinds, but its chief productions are wine, oil, and various species of fruit. It contains eight or ten villages, and about eighteen thousand inhabitants, most of whom are Greeks. Its principal town, called *Santa Maura*, is an ill built place, defended by a fort.

South of Leucadia is the island of *Theaki* or *Ithaca*, famous for having constituted part of the kingdom of Ulysses. It is about seventeen miles in length, and not quite four in its greatest breadth. It contains one town called *Bathy*, three villages, eight ports, and about eight thousand inhabitants. Ithaca produces only corn sufficient to maintain its inhabitants half the year. Its exports are wine, currants, and oil. The first objects that attracted the curiosity of Mr. Dodwell were the remains of a castle and city of the highest antiquity, situated upon the ridge of a steep and rocky hill, which rises at the western extremity of the bay of Aitos or Bathy. This, in all probability, was the ancient capital of the island, the residence of Ulysses and his queen. Indeed the country people sometimes call it the castle of St. Penelope. It is, however, certain that the three hundred suitors, with the attendants we must suppose them to have had, could not, in addition to the household of Penelope, have, with any convenience, been

lodged within the walls of the Acropolis, or citadel of this place, unless the building had been several stories high. The guide who conducted Mr. Dodwell, pointed out to him a hole of the rock, about six inches square, in which he said Ulysses used to fix his flag-staff.

There were no fragments of marble among the ruins; only a few pieces of coarse tiles. But, sometime after Mr. Dodwell had returned from Greece, several ancient sepulchres belonging to this city were opened, and antiquities of great beauty were discovered. Among these was a silver cup, about five inches high, embossed with a wreath of grapes and vine-leaves gilt. Several other ornaments of silver, and some of gold and bronze were also found, all of which appear to have been the workmanship of the best times.

Mr. Dodwell visited the celebrated *Fountain of Arethusa*, situated in the southern part of the island. The water of this spring, which is clear and good, trickles gently from a small rocky cave, covered with a smooth and downy moss. It has formed a pool four feet deep, against which a modern wall is built to check its overflowing. After oozing through an orifice in the wall, it falls into a wooden trough, placed there for cattle to drink from.

During their residence at Ithaca, Mr. Dodwell and his friends were comfortably accommodated in the house of an inhabitant, to whom they had been introduced. And, one day, they were not a little surprised, by the servant of the house announcing to them that the "captain of the theives," and his men, were desirous of making acquaintance with them. The door was opened, and about a dozen Albanians, of the wildest and fiercest aspect imaginable, marched in, dressed in velvet and gold, and armed as if they were going to battle. They saluted the strangers with the usual compliments of "your servant," and "long life to you." They then took their seats, and, without further ceremony, began to smoke their pipes. After a

few minutes silence, the captain of the thieves opened the discourse, by telling the strangers that he came to offer to them the services of himself and of several hundred brave fellows, whom he had under his command; for, he said, they were at that moment unemployed. Mr. Dodwell expressed all due acknowledgments for the offer, but begged to decline accepting it.

These thieves were Albanians, who had taken refuge in the different islands, and who professed to pillage only Mahometans, against whom they waged an eternal and religious warfare. They even condescended to rob on the seas; and Ithaca was, at this time, the deposit of their plunder. It is necessary to explain that, in Greece, no shame nor disgrace is attached either to the appellation of a thief or to the profession of robbing, when it is done in a grand style, and with plenty of desperate fellows. These plunder openly on the highways, take prisoners for the purpose of their being ransomed, lay villages under contribution, and even set the government at defiance.

On the continent of Greece, and not far from Ithaca, are the ruins of *Nicopolis*, near which Mr. Dodwell observed the remains of a small theatre; many of the seats, and part of the wall of which were still left. He also found the mutilated remains of another theatre much larger, and several fragments of Greek inscriptions on white marble. The ruins of the city cover a space of several miles; and are overgrown with gigantic thistles, generally from six to eight feet high, which it was almost impossible to penetrate.

From Mesaloggion Mr. Dodwell and his friends sailed for *Patra*, a town *of the Morea*.*

* This place will be afterwards described.

Sixteenth Day's Instruction.

GREECE.

Narrative of Mr. Dodwell's *Journey from Galaxidi on the Coast of Ætolia to Athens.*

After leaving Patra, the travellers were landed at a village of Ætolia, called *Galaxidi*. They arrived at this place during a season of festivity. Every bosom seemed to beat with one sentiment of joy. It may be supposed that, in a country like this, the masquerade was not brilliant, and that there was little variety in the characters. Some of the inhabitants, however, wore masks, and others had their faces painted. They jumped about, shouting and singing; and, at last, having formed into two large circles, one consisting of women the other of men, they danced the *Romaiki*, or national Greek dance, holding each other by a handkerchief at full length. The chief beauty of this dance seems to consist in jumping heavily, first with one leg, then with the other, and striking the ground violently with the feet. They at first danced slowly, and moved round, in a walking pace; but the music, becoming by degrees more animated, the dancers acquired a proportionate spirit, and they finished with a kind of convulsive motion. When they were quite exhausted, a new party succeeded, and, in this manner, the entertainment was continued until the close of the day. The music was of the most discordant and inharmonious kind; consisting only of a large drum, and two loud and shrill pipes.

The novelty of the dresses was, to the strangers, not only lively and curious, but extremely interesting. The fashions, in Greece, seldom or never vary; and it is probable that the ancient costume is, in a great degree,

retained at the present day. Most of the common Greeks shave the fore part of their head, and consider it irreligious to neglect doing so. This custom prevailed in Greece earlier than the times of Plutarch and Homer. The inhabitants of the maritime parts of the country, and particularly of the islands, wear red or blue caps, of a conical form. When these caps are new they stand upright, but they soon bend, and then they serve as a pocket for a handkerchief, and sometimes for a purse. Some persons wear a small red skull-cap, and others a turban; the latter is considered indispensable for Greek gentlemen arrived at manhood.

The Albanians, both Greeks and Turks, are extremely fond of gold and silver ornaments in their dress; but the richer classes attend solely to the fineness of their clothes, and do not use any ornament of this kind. They wear pelisses covered with ermine. But the most curious part of their dress is the boots which they wear in travelling. These are of silver, sometimes gilt, and curiously worked. They are, in general, made to cover the back and inside of the leg, about half way up the instep; and, being formed of different pieces joined together, they yield to the motion of the leg.

The females have a long robe of light colour, the sides and bottom generally ornamented with a broad black border. The outer garment is loose, but the under one is girt round the middle by a broad zone or girdle, ornamented with brass, or silver, and having two large clasps which unite in front. Their head-dress consists of a white handkerchief, which hangs carelessly down the shoulders, and is turned round the neck. Their hair is plaited behind, and divided into three long tails, which reach nearly to the ground, and have the ends variously ornamented. The young girls and the unmarried women have red skull-caps, which are ornamented with different kinds of coins, perforated and strung around them.

From Galaxidi, the travellers proceeded, on horse-

back, to Salona. The soil of the country over which they passed exhibited a mixture of barrenness and fertility. Among the rocks were scattered small tracts of rich land, which produced an abundance of the finest corn that could be grown. At the distance of three hours journey beyond Galaxidi, they entered a village which had been built upon the ruins of an ancient city. At the approach of the travellers, the women and children abandoned their labour and rushed into their cottages, which they barricadoed as well as they could. After many entreaties, some of the boldest of them ventured out. When they had somewhat recovered from their alarm, they stated that they had considered the strangers, as people belonging to Ali Pasha, their governor, whose tyrannical conduct was the occasion of incessant alarm to them.

Not far distant from this village is *Salona*, a town, situated at the extremity of a plain, and in a position, which, though unhealthy, is extremely picturesque. Its castle stands upon a rock, which rises abruptly in the middle of the place. Salona anciently contained a temple of Minerva, but of this there are not, at present, any remains. In the rock on which the castle stands is a large, natural cavern, of very picturesque appearance, where the inhabitants of the town make saltpetre.

The travellers were introduced to the voivode or magistrate. On arriving at his residence, they passed through an antichamber, where there were Tartars smoking, and persons employed in preparing pipes and tobacco for their master. When Mr. Dodwell and his friends approached the voivode's apartment, a large and ponderous curtain of leather, which was fixed to the top of the door to exclude the air, was held aside by one of the guards, as they entered the room. This kind of curtain is of great antiquity, and was in use both by the ancient Grecians and Romans. The apartment was nearly surrounded by large red velvet cushions, placed upon a seat about six inches high, with others for the back. The floor was covered with a carpet, and

the wall was ornamented with swords and pistols, and with passages from the Koran, and moral sentences, hung in frames.

The travellers quitted Salona for the village of *Krissa*, having a letter of introduction to the bishop of Salona, who resided there. This obtained for them an invitation to pass the night in his house; and nothing could be more miserable than it was. He lived in all the simplicity of the primitive Christians. There was nothing to eat, except rice and bad cheese: the wine was execrable, and so impregnated with rosin that it almost took the skin from the lips. An opportunity, however, was thus afforded them of seeing the interior of a Greek house, and of observing some of the customs of the country. Before they sat down to dinner, as well as afterward, they had to perform the ceremony of washing their hands. A tin bason, was brought round to all the company, the servant holding it on his left arm, while, with the other hand, he poured water from a tin vessel, on the hands of the washer, having a towel thrown over his shoulder, to dry them with. This ceremony is performed not only before and after meals, but is practised by the Greeks and the Turks, before they commence their orations, as it was by the ancients, before they sacrificed to the gods, and on the arrival of a stranger at a house.

In the house of the bishop of Salona, the guests dined round a table of tinned copper, supported on a leg or column in the centre. They sat on cushions placed upon the floor, and the dress of Mr. Dodwell and his friends not being so conveniently large as that of the Greeks, they experienced great difficulty in tucking their legs under them for this purpose. Several times Mr. Dodwell was nearly falling back, and overturning the episcopal table. The bishop insisted that a Greek servant, which the strangers had brought with them, should sit at table; and it was with great difficulty that Mr. Dodwell could obtain the privilege of drinking out of his own glass, instead of a large goblet, which serv-

ed the whole company, for both Greeks and Turks use only one glass at their meals. The Greeks seldom drink until they have dined; this is a custom mentioned by Xenophon, as existing among the ancients. After dinner, strong thick coffee, without sugar, was handed round: the cup was not placed in a saucer, but in another cup, formed of metal, which prevents the fingers from being burned.

Mr. Dodwell observed at this place, a custom, which, he says, is prevalent throughout Greece, and which seems to be of ancient date; as the houses have no bells, the servants are called by the master clapping his hands.

The bishop was highly respected by the villagers, and he received their homage with becoming dignity. After dinner, he sat smoking his pipe upon a sofa, and several of the country people came in, to pay their respects; they knelt to him, touched the ground with their forehead, and then kissed his hand.

The travellers next went to *Kastri* or *Castri*, the site of the ancient Delphi. During their journey, they had the mountains of Parnassus on the left; and, about half way, a vast precipice rendered the approach to Delphi awfully grand and picturesque. They passed a rock, into the solid mass of which several sepulchral chambers had been cut.

No scenery, says Mr. Dodwell, can well surpass that of the approach to *Delphi:* its grand and theatrical appearance, combined with its ancient celebrity, its mouldering ruins, and its fallen state, form such extreme contrasts, that it is difficult to decide whether more regret is excited by its departed splendour, or more satisfaction felt in beholding some remains of its former magnificence.

The first objects which attract the attention of a stranger, on his arrival at this spot, are the vast precipices of Parnassus, which rise nearly in perpendicular majesty, behind the humble cottages of Kastri, and which form the two noble points celebrated in antiquity.

The vale is circular and deep, and surrounded by the rough and barren rocks of Parnassus and Kirphes, which seem to exclude it from the rest of the world. Part of the vale is planted with olives and mulberry trees, and corn grows on the terraces which were raised by the Delphians for the security of their temples and habitations.

The inhabitants of this valley were in a state of more inartificial and simple existence than any Mr. Dodwell had before seen. Indeed they appeared to have little to do out of their own valley; and their poverty, whilst it kept them at home, afforded no inducement for the intrusion of their tyrannical masters the Turks.

The arrival of the travellers excited the eager curiosity of the Kastriotes. They crowded into a cottage which was occupied by the strangers, and every thing they had was a subject of astonishment to them. They were so much pleased with the sugar they saw, that every one begged a little bit; and it would be difficult, says Mr. Dodwell, to describe the surprise which they manifested, when he used the Indian rubber to efface some pencil lines which he had made. Although the inhabitants of Greece are, in general, in a state of extreme ignorance, those of Kastri are able to read and write, and also to speak both the Greek and Albanian languages. This village consists of about ninety cottages, most of which consist of only one long room each. But the wealthiest of the inhabitants have houses with two rooms on a second floor, the lower part of the house being divided into a stable, cow-house, and cellar. Although the winter is sometimes extremely piercing here, the houses have, in general, neither chimneys, nor glass in the windows.

The cottage in which the travellers were lodged was of the larger kind. The inhabitants consisted of the proprietor, his wife, three sons, and a daughter. And, as there was no chimney, the smoke was so painful to the eyes of the strangers, that, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, they were obliged to keep the

shutters open. The people of the house, however, were so inured to this inconvenience, that they beheld the fastidiousness of their guests with a contemptuous smile. The mode in which the whole party passed the night, was not a little curious. As the second room was full of olives and sacks of corn, they were all obliged to sleep in the same chamber. The master of the house and his family occupied one end of the room, and the strangers occupied the other end. The former slept on mats in their clothes, and expressed great surprise at seeing the strangers undress to go to bed.

The oracle and city of Delphi have been celebrated from a very early period of history. The first object which attracted the attention of the travellers was the *Castalian Spring*. This inspired and inspiring stream is a few hundred yards east of the village, and at the base of the tremendous precipices of *Parnassus;* the celebrated *double topped* rocks of which rise almost perpendicularly above the fountain. The chasm or fissure between these tops is not more than five or six yards in width. Mr. Dodwell climbed up by some ancient steps cut into the rock. From the summits of these rocks it was customary for the ancients to throw down persons convicted of crimes. Æsop, the celebrated fabulist, was, in this manner, punished, for having spoken satirically respecting the Delphians.

The Castalian spring is clear. In ancient times the water, as it issued from the rock, was introduced into a hollow square, where it was retained for the use of the Pythia or oracular priestess. Some steps that are cut in the rock, formed a descent to this bath. A niche, which was probably designed for a statue, appears in the face of the rock. On the opposite side is a diminutive chapel, dedicated to St. John; this chapel seems to have been contrived for the purpose of exhibiting the triumph of the cross over the adoration of Apollo and the Muses. The fountain is ornamented with pendent ivy, and overshadowed by a large fig-tree.

The spot that Mr. Dodwell was next desirous of visit-

ing was the site of the *Temple of Apollo.* It stood in the upper part of the town, and near a magnificent theatre, which, like most of the Grecian theatres, had been hewn out of the solid rock; but no traces whatever of this celebrated edifice were remaining.

The wealth of Delphi was proverbial even in the time of Homer. The Phocians plundered the temple, of money to the amount of nearly a million sterling. Sylla made himself master of its treasures; and, notwithstanding numerous other depredations to which it had been exposed, Pliny states, that in his time, there were three thousand statues at Delphi, many of which were considered to be of solid gold, though, probably, they were only of bronze gilt. This place was plundered eleven times; and Sylla is said to have taken five hundred bronze statues from the temple. This temple, and the god who was worshipped in it, the rites of sacrifice, and the predominance of superstition, enriched the barren rocks of Parnassus with a greater variety of sumptuous products, than were to be found in the most fertile fields and the most cultivated plains of other countries.

The travellers searched in vain for the prophetic cavern at Delphi, over the entrance of which the tripod, for the Pythia to sit upon, whilst she received the prophetic influence, is said to have been placed. At a little distance, near a small church dedicated to St. Elias, Mr. Dodwell saw two sepulchral chambers that had been cut out of the solid rock; one of which contained a sarcophagus, and its cover still entire; and he saw some other sepulchres, of similar kind, in different parts of the rock. There are still existing some remains of the city wall; and many fine blocks of marble, several of which have the fragments of inscriptions upon them. In one place Mr. Dodwell observed several large masses of rock, which had evidently been detached from Parnassus; and were no doubt the same which fell upon the army of Xerxes. The travellers searched in vain

for the *Hippodrome* [or place where horse and chariot races were anciently exhibited].

The town of Delphi was small, but it was anciently a concentration of great opulence and splendour. What, then, asks Mr. Dodwell, can have become of the materials which once adorned its public edifices? Many curiosities may, no doubt, be buried below the village; but the soil is, in general, so thin and rocky that great masses cannot there be concealed.

On the 5th of March Mr. Dodwell and his friends quitted Delphi; and, shortly after they had passed the Castalian spring, they came to some sepulchres, hewn out of a rock near the side of the road. Many of the sarcophagi contained in these sepulchres were still covered, and, no doubt, enclosed vases of great antiquity and interest. Beyond this place the travellers proceeded along rough and narrow ways, formed in the rocky side of Parnassus. On the right the mountain rose, in abrupt projections, and shattered masses; and, on the left, the eye overlooked the deep valley through which the little river *Pleistos* flowed, and which was cultivated with corn and vines.

In the course of the day they passed through the village of *Daulis*, consisting of only sixty cottages, and yet having no fewer than eighteen churches. A similar disproportionate number of churches is seen throughout Greece. These, however, are in general composed of only four loose walls, without a roof. The altar is frequently nothing more than a slab of marble, supported by the block of an ancient column, or the pedestal of a statue. The priests, as an expiation for great misdeeds, sometimes impose upon their penitents the construction of a church. This circumstance will account for the unusual number of these edifices in Greece. The doors, even of the better kind of Greek churches, are usually so narrow as to admit only one person at a time. The intention of this is to prevent the Turks from converting them into stables, by turning in their horses, which they

frequently do, when the door is sufficiently capacious for that purpose.

Daulis is a place of great antiquity, and contains the remains of several ancient edifices. It was burned by Xerxes. Two of the churches are composed almost entirely of ancient blocks and architectural fragments, among which Mr. Dodwell found a fine inscription on a slab of marble. [This was the place where, one thousand four hundred and forty years before the Christian era, Philomela and Progne, daughters of Pandion, king of Athens, are said to have made Tereus, the husband of Progne, feast upon the flesh of his son. The inhabitants of the place erected a monument to his memory, where they offered yearly sacrifice]. Parnassus is seen to great advantage from the plain below Daulis. Its bleak and rugged sides are, in some places, covered with trees: the summits are crowned with pines, and glitter with snow.

On the 11th the travellers quitted this village, and, passing through *Agios-Blasios*, the *Panopeus* of the ancients, they arrived, on the ensuing day, at *Lebadea*, or *Livadia*, a town situated on the northern side of a mountain, which joins the mountains of Helicon. It is crowned by a modern castle, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants, half of whom are Turks. There are in Lebadea six mosques, and as many principal churches. The adjacent plains produce silk, rice, tobacco, and corn. Wine is here plentiful, but unpalatable, for, into each barrel, containing about twenty-four English gallons, they put about two pounds and three quarters of turpentine. The practice of infusing rosin or turpentine in wine was adopted by the ancients, and has probably never been discontinued.

During the hot months of the year, Lebadea is unhealthy, as the waters of an adjacent lake are then dried up, and stagnate in pools and putrid swamps. The winters are here intensely cold, and the summers violently hot.

Lebadea was anciently one of the most ornamented

towns in Greece. In its vicinity was the sacred forest, and oracular *cavern of Trophonius;* and the fountains of *Lethe* and *Mnemosyne.* In the sacred forest were temples of Trophonius and Ceres; and temples of Proserpine, of Jupiter, and Apollo, decorated the way which led to the oracle; but of these not a trace now remains.

In the eastern face of a precipitous rock, on which the castle stands, a chamber, nearly of square form, has been cut, and is three or four feet above the present level of the ground. The rock, contiguous to this cave, is full of niches, of various sizes, for statues, and votive offerings; and, in one part, are a few large letters, the remains of a Greek inscription. Near the cave, the sacred fountain issues from the rock by ten small modern spouts: the water is cold and clear. The two springs, of Memory and Oblivion, blending their waters, pass under a modern bridge, and form a rapid stream.

The oracular cavern was near this spot. The entrances to it were small, and, when the oracles ceased, and the place was neglected, it might have been closed by an earthquake, or by the overflowing of the river. But, more probably, it was blocked up by design, at the introduction of Christianity. The cavern had two mouths, one sacred, and the other profane. Near the square chamber already mentioned there is a small orifice in the rock, not three feet in height, and about six in depth. Some travellers have supposed this to be one of the entrances to the cavern; but Mr. Dodwell is of opinion, that the entrances were concealed beneath the present surface of the ground, which appears to have been considerably elevated. Indeed it is almost certain that the Trophonian cavern, with its subterraneous wonders and oracular curiosities, might be brought to light at a little expense and perseverance.

The travellers made an excursion to the ruins of *Orchomenos,* a city celebrated, in the time of Homer, for its riches; and, subsequently, for having contained a temple sacred to the Graces. This town was built near the river Cephissos, a stream to which the Graces are

related to have had a peculiar attachment. The travellers went thence to the lake *Copais*, for the purpose of examining its banks, and the subterranean outlets by which its waters are discharged into the lake of Hyla and the Eubœan sea. They subsequently returned to Lebadea, and finally quitted that city on the 20th of March. Having passed the ruins of *Haliartus*, where, according to Plutarch, there was a monument to the memory of Lysander, the Lacedemonian general; they, not long afterwards, arrived at Eremo-Castro, the site of an ancient city, which Mr. Dodwell considers to have probably been that of *Thespeia*. The walls of this city are in a ruinous state, and enclose a small circular space, somewhat elevated above the plain in which they stand. There are the remains of some temples, the sites of which are marked by churches that are composed of ancient fragments. Not far from one of the churches, Mr. Dodwell saw the statue of a horse, in white marble, nearly buried in sand. The remains of numerous other antiquities were seen scattered about, or half buried, in different parts of the plain.

From Eremo-Castro, the travellers descended into the plain, and directed their course towards the northern foot of *Mount Helicon*. This they crossed, and, soon afterwards, arrived at the village of *Crakosia*, which Mr. Dodwell supposes was the ancient *Thisbé*. The walls were on the edge of a steep rock, and eight feet in thickness. *Mount Helicon* rises nobly from this place. Great part of it is covered with forests. Mr. Dodwell regrets that he had not opportunity to visit a spring, at the distance of two hours journey from the village, and to search for the *Hippocrené Fountain*, and the temple of the Muses. Some productions of the most renowned sculptors of ancient times might, probably, be discovered, says this gentleman, in the hidden recesses of this interesting mountain, but the depth of the snow prevented him and his friends from satisfying their curiosity.

Leaving this village, they proceeded on their way to

Thebes, and, shortly afterwards, entered the fertile plain in which that famous city stood.

This ancient capital of Bœotia, is described by Pausanias (who visited it about the year of our Lord 170) to have then had seven gates, six temples, two gymnasia or places for public exercises, an hippodrome or race-course, a theatre, and several statues and sacred fountains; he says, however, that, with the exception of the temples, the lower town had been totally destroyed. But, though once so famous, Thebes now retains scarcely any traces of its former magnificence; and the sacred and public edifices mentioned by Pausanias, and other writers, have disappeared. A few fragments of the walls remain, and some imperfect inscriptions may be seen in different parts of the town.

At a little distance east of Thebes is a church dedicated to St. Luke of Stiris, a town in Phocis. This church contains a sarcophagus, having an inscription in Greek verse, which shows that it enclosed the remains of a person whose name was Nediemos. Within the sarcophagus Mr. Dodwell observed two lighted wax tapers, which were kept there by the Greeks, under a notion that it was the tomb of the evangelist.

No place in Greece is better supplied with water than Thebes, and its numerous fountains are celebrated in early classical history; but it is now difficult to identify their situations. The modern town contains about four thousand Greeks and one thousand Turks. There are four mosques; and the Greeks have several churches, most of which are in a dilapidated state. The bazaar is agreeably shaded with the luxuriant foliage of a spreading plane tree of large dimensions. The Turks enjoy this cool retreat during the summer, and smoke their pipes, in picturesque groups, under its verdant boughs, during the greatest part of the day.

The chief products of the Theban territory are cotton, wine, corn, cheese, tobacco, rice, and oil. The soil is deep and rich, the air and water are excellent. The summers are distinguished by intensity of heat, and the

winters by severity of cold. About thirty years ago this ancient city suffered much by the plague, and it is frequently alarmed by slight earthquakes.

The early or heroic history of Thebes is particularly splendid; and neither Athens, Lacedæmon, Argos, nor Mycenæ, were so much celebrated for great events, for heroes and demigods, as this capital of Bœotia. The names of Cadmus, Semele, Bacchus, Antiope, Zethos, Amphion, Amphitrion, Alcmena, and Hercules, as well as those of numerous other kings and heroes, furnish strong presumptive evidence of the early power and original lustre of this country, even after large deductions have been made for the exaggerations of poetical fiction. No part of Greece has produced characters of more exalted fame than Hesiod, Pindar, Pelopidas, Epaminondas, and Plutarch.

The travellers quitted Thebes on the twenty-third, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of *Platæa*, and in about three hours they arrived there. These ruins are upon a low oblong rock. The walls, which environed the town, were built in the time of Alexander the Great.—Platæa, though now only a small place, anciently contained temples dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Diana, and Ceres. Mr. Dodwell, however, could find no traces of any of them. The view from the ruins of Platæa is extremely beautiful and interesting.

It was near this place that the great battle was fought in which the Grecians, about four hundred and twenty-seven years before Christ, defeated three hundred thousand Persians, under the command of Xerxes, and, for ever afterwards, freed their country from the alarms to which they had been exposed by the invasions of that people.

From Platæa the travellers proceeded to Athens. South of this town they passed *Mount Citheron*, which the ancients believed to have been favoured by the presence of Jupiter, Juno, Bacchus, Diana, and the Nymphs. This mount, though it has a considerable elevation, presents nothing grand nor picturesque. It

has been celebrated by fabulists and poets, but it is now shrouded by gloom and desolation. Its form is extremely smooth and even: and it is barren and incapable of cultivation except towards the base.

The travellers proceeded, in a south-easterly direction, along the foot of Citheron; and, in the evening of the 26th of March, arrived at Athens.

Seventeenth Day's Instruction.

ATHENS.

A Description of Athens and its Vicinity. From Mr. Dodwell's *Tour through Greece.*

After his arrival in Athens, Mr. Dodwell and his friends resided, for a little while, in the house of a widow. Her daughter, though she dressed with elegance, and could converse with propriety, was not able either to read or write. Indeed many of the Greek and Turkish females in the inferior and middle classes, and some even in the higher ranks, are brought up without any species of intellectual cultivation. As they are too ignorant to write, and as love is fertile in expedients, those who are under the influence of that passion, contrive to carry on a correspondence by hieroglyphics composed of fruit and flowers. Each flower and each kind of fruit has some particular associated signification, and they form a combination of words and sentences, according to their relative positions, in little baskets, in which they are conveyed to those for whom they are designed.

The travellers subsequently removed to apartments at the convent of Capuchin Missionaries, near the south-eastern extremity of the city. In one angle of this convent is the famous *Choragic Monument of Lysicrates,*

usually called the *Lantern of Demosthenes*. Round the upper part of this elegant little structure is a range of figures sculptured in half relief, and illustrative of an incident in the fabulous history of Bacchus. The upper part of the monument is hollow, and contains a space about six feet in diameter, which, when Mr. Dodwell saw it, formed the library of the superior of the convent. The roof, which is in the form of a low cupola, consists of a single stone.

Mr. Dodwell commences his general description of Athens, with the *Acropolis*, or citadel, (which stands on the brink of a precipice, and is now a fortress) garrisoned by a few Turkish soldiers. He describes first, the remains of antiquity, which are on the exterior of the walls; and then speaks of the interior: he afterwards describes those that are within the lower town, and lastly, the remains of antiquity, which are scattered in the adjacent plain.

He begins with the theatre, or *Odeion*, at the southwest angle of the Acropolis. This structure joined the rock, into which the seats were cut. It is supposed to have been constructed by Herodes Atticus, [an Athenian celebrated for his munificence] and was built partly of stone, and partly of brick. There are some blocks of marble in its vicinity, and a small sepulchral column.

Most of the towns in Greece had theatres: these seem to have been necessary to the recreation of the inhabitants; and many of them were extremely magnificent, being composed of white marble, and enriched with exquisite decorations.

Adjoining upon the Odeion, to the east, are the ruins of a portico, which extend towards the remains of another theatre. Above the latter is *a cave*, now dedicated to the Holy Virgin of the grotto, and enclosed by a modern wall, built between the pillars of the *Choragic Monument of Thrasyllus*. The latter is a little edifice, which was erected three hundred and eighteen years before the time of Christ. It is constructed of Pentelic marble, is simple, elegant, and highly finished.

The cave penetrates thirty-four feet into the rock, and is about twenty feet in width. It contains a few blocks of marble, a small columnar pedestal, a fluted columnar altar, and some appropriate paintings of the Virgin.

Two columns, which are above the monument, did not form part of any building, but were no doubt the supporters of tripods. They differ in height and diameter, as well as in the form of their bases. The face of the rock on which the monument of Thrasyllus has been erected, forms a concave segment of a circle, and has been a theatre, dedicated, as it is supposed, to Bacchus.

On the northern side of the rock of the Acropolis is a cave, which is said to have anciently contained temples of Apollo and Pan.

Between the south-west and north-west angles of the Acropolis, is a large Turkish burying ground, in which are several fragments of columns, architectural decorations, and mutilated inscriptions; with some fine ancient sarcophagi of white marble.

The *walls of the Acropolis* are built at the extreme edge of the precipice; and the height of the rock, from the plain, is about one hundred and fifty feet. Their upper parts are the work either of the Venetians or the Turks, but the lower parts are, in general, ancient. Within the Acropolis are the remains of a small doric building, which has been denominated the *Temple of Victory without wings*. It now contains two fluted doric columns and a pilaster.

The *Propylæa* is another building within the Acropolis. This edifice has been considerably defaced in modern times. Of the six columns which form its front, two only have preserved their capitals. In the parts of the columns which have been thrown down, Mr. Dodwell observed, that blocks of wood had been let into them for the purpose of morticing or fastening the stones together: indeed wood was occasionally used for the purpose of uniting stones, even in the earliest ages of the world. The eleventh verse of the second chapter of Habakkuk affords an illustration of this: "For the

stone shall cry out of the wall; and the timber that is between the joints shall answer it."

A gentle ascent leads, from the Propylœa, to the *Parthenon*, or temple of Minerva. This magnificent edifice, at first sight, rather disappointed Mr. Dodwell's expectation: it appeared smaller than fame had reported it to be. The eye, however, (he says) soon becomes satisfied respecting the great magnitude of its dimensions, the beauty of its materials, the exquisite perfection of its symmetry, and the harmonious analogy of its proportions. It is the most unrivaled triumph of sculpture and architecture that the world ever saw. Every part of it has been finished with such exquisite purity, that not the slightest instance of negligence can be discovered in the execution even of those particulars, which are least exposed to observation.

In a previous tour into Greece, Mr. Dodwell says that he had the mortification of being present when the Parthenon was despoiled of its finest sculpture, for the purpose of being sent to England. And, instead of the picturesque beauty and high preservation in which he first saw it, this once splendid edifice was now, comparatively, reduced to a state of shattered desolation.

Some writers have imagined that the Parthenon was anciently covered with a roof; and had a double interior range of columns one over another, but it is probable that the place where the statue of the goddess stood was the only part which was originally covered. The Greeks converted the Parthenon into a Christian church, and dedicated it to St. George. The Turks, however, call it "the Mosque." There are still extant some traces of Christian subjects which were painted on its walls; and small squares of coloured glass, some of which have been thickly gilt, are occasionally found among the ruins. A considerable part of the pavement is yet left, and consists of large blocks of marble, nearly a foot in thickness.

This edifice was anciently enriched with sculpture of the most exquisite kind, besides a magnificent display

of statues and other ornaments. The contemplation of this fact, says Mr. Dodwell, cannot but impress us with a grand idea of the taste and influence of Pericles, as well as of the wealth of the Athenians, and the flourishing state of the fine arts, when the temple was founded. It is probable that all the Athenian sculptors were employed in this grand national work.

North of the Parthenon are the united temples of Neptune, Erechtheus, Minerva Polias, (or guardian of the citadel) and Pandrosus, the daughter of Cecrops. The Athenians united the temples of Erechtheus and Minerva under the same roof, in order to commemorate the reconciliation between their favourite divinities, and they called this united temple the *Erechtheion*, or *Erechtheum*. When Mr. Dodwell was first at Athens, the eastern front of the Erechtheum was adorned with a colonnade of beautiful proportions and exquisite workmanship; but, afterwards, one of the six columns of which it had been composed, was taken away, and the building, in other respects, suffered much injury. Part of this column, with its capital, and many of the ornamental parts, are now in the British Museum. It is conjectured that the windows of the Erechtheion, were formerly closed with a transparent kind of marble, with alabaster, or with Mica. Glass might have been employed; but this is not probable, for though, in many parts of Greece, Mr. Dodwell discovered fragments of glass vases, and, in the Athenian sepulchres, several glass bottles, yet he never found any fragments that were perfectly flat, as the glass used in windows must be. The interior of the portico of this temple is now a powder magazine.

The principal modern buildings within the Acropolis are a high Venetian tower, the Mosque within the Parthenon, and a Turkish chapel near the entrance of the fortress. The only houses which may rank above cottages, are those of the Desdar, or Turkish governor, and his lieutenant. The others are miserable huts for the few soldiers of the garrison.

A few hundred feet west of the Acropolis, is the *Areopagus*, an insulated rock, precipitous and broken towards the south: on the north side, it slopes gently downward towards the temple of Theseus, and is somewhat lower than the Acropolis. There are not upon it any remains of ancient buildings. [It was on this rock that the Athenian senate anciently held its sittings in the open air.]

At a little distance north of the Areopagus is the *Temple of Theseus*, an elegant building, which, in many particulars, resembles the Parthenon, but is much smaller. This temple was erected about four hundred and sixty-seven years before the birth of Christ. It has of late been converted into a Christian church, a circumstance which has tended to preserve it from entire ruin. [In the British Museum there are casts of many of its ornamental parts].

East of the temple of Theseus is the octagonal *Tower of the eight Winds*. This tower is more attractive by its singularity than its beauty. Its interior is covered with a wooden floor; and its white marble walls have been white-washed, and ornamented with tablets of wood, painted in different colours, and containing passages from the Koran. It is at present a chapel for the dance called *Sema*, which is performed in it every Friday, by a particular order of Dervishes.

The dance which Mr. Dodwell saw here, was, at the same time, one of the most horrid and most ridiculous ceremonies that can be imagined. It was performed by the Dervishes, and as many Turks of all ranks and ages as chose to be of the party. They sat down on the floor, in a circle, and began by singing the praises of God and of Mahomet in a slow and solemn manner; at the same time moving their heads and bodies backward and forward, and thus keeping time with the song. The only instrumental accompaniment consisted of two small drums, shaped somewhat like our kettle-drums. The song and the motion of the dancers, by degrees, became more animated, and, on a sudden, the whole

company started up, and sang and danced, in a circle, with great violence and velocity. When they were tired they made way for the two principal performers, who, holding each other by the sash, turned round with a rapidity far surpassing any thing that Mr. Dodwell could have supposed the human frame capable of. The Dervishes continued turning, screaming and groaning, for a great length of time, moving their heads violently backward and forward, with their long hair floating in the wind. At length, as if exhausted by fatigue, and overcome with giddiness, they sank into the arms of the bystanders, when, for a few minutes, they seemed as if deprived of reason. This extraordinary ceremony bears a strong resemblance to the festivals of the Corybantes, who, in honour of Cybele, danced to the sound of their cymbals till they became delirious.

The *modern walls* of Athens are not more than ten feet high, and not two feet in thickness. They were constructed about the year 1780, as a defence against the pirates and hordes of the Arnauts, who had sometimes entered the town at night, and threatened to pillage it. They have seven gates; one of which, the *Arch of Hadrian*, is ancient, but was formerly within the town, and was not used as a gate. The ancient walls, according to some writers had ten, and according to others, thirteen gates. Some remains of these walls are yet to be traced.

Near the south-eastern angle of the wall stood the once famous *Temple of Jupiter Olympius;* and, though not one-tenth part of the original edifice remains, that part which is left constitutes one of the most magnificent ruins in the world. Some notion may be formed of its ancient splendour, when we consider that, in the long interval of seven hundred years, from its foundation by Pisistratus, to its dedication by Hadrian, several kings and princes vied with each other to bring it to perfection. When entire it is said to have had one hundred and twenty-four large columns, and twenty-six smaller ones. The larger columns are upwards of fifty

feet in height; and, in consequence of their magnitude, are each composed of two blocks. There is a brick building upon the two western columns of the middle range. This is supposed to have been the residence of a hermit. It is three stories high, about twenty feet long, and seven broad; and must have been erected when the temple was much more perfect than it is at present. This brick building is believed, by some of the superstitious inhabitants of the place, to be the repository of a great treasure, and the habitation of a supernatural black personage, who watches it all day, and at night amuses himself by jumping from one column to another. Of the temple of Jupiter, little more than detached columns are now remaining.

On an eminence, south-west of the town, is the *Monument of Philopappos*, an elegant and imposing object, the sculpture of which is in the Roman style. Near it is a tumulus, which was opened a few years ago, and was found to contain some burned bones, some broken pottery, and a heap of burned nails.

The *Musean Hill*, as it is called, from a tradition that the poet Museus was buried upon it, is cultivated at the base, but its upper parts are barren and rocky, producing only stunted shrubs, a scanty pasture for goats and sheep, and a great quantity of bulbous-rooted plants, called squills. The best panoramic view of Athens, its plain, and its port, is from this hill. It comprehends the Acropolis, the town, the whole of the plain, with its surrounding mountains, the ports, and the Saronic gulf, bounded by the Peloponnesian mountains. Among the islands, visible from this point, are those of Ægina and Salamis.

At the foot of the hill are some excavations, which were anciently the sepulchres of illustrious persons. In the perpendicular side of the *Pynx Hill* are several niches, which have been formed for the reception of votive offerings; and, on clearing away the earth beneath, many of the offerings were found. They had

been cut in relief on white marble, and were well sculptured. Many of them are now in the British Museum. [These represent various parts of the human body, and have been offered up either as vows, or in gratitude for cures received].

The *Pynx* was one of the most celebrated Athenian tribunals, and there was formerly upon this hill a stone, by which the Athenians swore. *Votive rocks* seem to have been common in Greece: they are also found in Italy and Sicily.

On the south-east side of Athens runs the little *river Ilissus*. The *bridge of Hadrian*, over this river, consisted of three arches; but it was destroyed in the year 1780, for the sake of the stones, which were employed in forming the modern walls of Athens. Near the bridge are the remains of the *Stadium*. This was originally constructed by the Athenian orator Lycurgus, who lived in the age of Demosthenes; but it was enlarged, covered with Pentelic marble, and perfected by Herodes Atticus. Its form is preserved, but the marble seats have long been destroyed. On the summits of two hills, which bound the Stadium, are the traces of ancient edifices; and at the south-eastern extremity of the Stadium is a winding subterraneous passage in the rock, which penetrates about forty yards into the body of the hill. This may probably have served as a retreat for those persons who were vanquished in the games, and who wished to escape the observation of the surrounding multitude. It may also have served for the introduction of wild beasts upon the Stadium, when Hadrian treated the Athenians with those bloody spectacles which formed the savage delight of the Roman capital.

Athens is situated about four miles east from the sea. Its port of *Piræus* is one of the finest harbours of Greece. This celebrated emporium, which was once crowded with vessels, bearing the produce of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and which once rivaled even

Athens in dignity, is now almost wholly forsaken.—There are numerous remains of antiquity in its neighbourhood.

The soil, in Attica, is extremely arid, and water is peculiarly scarce. The *Ilissus* is the most celebrated of the Attic rivers, and was sacred to the Muses and to several divinities, yet it has, in general, so little water that some parts of it may be crossed without even wetting the feet. It rises on Mount Hymettus, eastward of Athens; and, perhaps, the banks of no river were ever so much adorned with curious and stately edifices as those of the streamless Ilissus.

On the northern side of this river are a few remains of *Fount Callirhoe*, or *Enneacraunos*. Pausanias asserts, that, although Athens contained many wells, it possessed only one spring, that of Enneacraunus. The fountain was highly ornamented by Pisistratus. When Mr. Dodwell was at Athens, the spring had long been obstructed by mud; and the water only oozed and trickled from some fissures in the rock. Such, however, is the astonishing apathy of the Turks, that, although a fountain so near the town would be a most important treasure to them, yet, when he advised them to open this, they answered, "You may do it, if you please, but we are content with what God has given us."

Eighteenth Day's Instruction.

ENVIRONS OF ATHENS.

Excursions in the Environs of Athens. From Mr. Dodwell's *Tour through Greece.*

A few miles south-east of Athens is the celebrated *Mount Hymettus*. This mountain, except towards its base, has scarcely any soil; and its rocks are, in general,

composed of a calcareous yellow stone. On its western side, is an ancient quarry of gray marble, that is visible from Athens. Many ancient authors celebrate the honey and the flowers of Hymettus; the former of these is not less renowned at present than it was in former times. Its superior excellence is owing to the variety and quantity of sweet-scented herbs, particularly thyme, which grow amongst the rocks.

Mr. Dodwell, in company with an artist, ascended to the summit of Hymettus. In a secluded glen, at the foot of the mountain, is a small monastery, at which this gentleman and his friend slept, for several nights, during the time they were occupied in making drawings and observations. The view from the summit, is perhaps unequaled. The spectator is sufficiently elevated to command the whole surrounding country, and, at the same time, not too much so for the full impression of picturesque variety. There are few spots in the world which combine so much interest of a classic kind, with so much harmony of outline as this. The spacious prospect comprehends six of the most celebrated territories of ancient Greece; besides the Saronic and Opuntian gulfs, and the open Ægean sea, with their islands, bays, and promontories. Athens, which is about six miles distant, forms the principal object in the view. The hills, in the adjacent plain, lose their form and appearance from this superior elevation. An olive grove is seen to extend, for several miles, north of the city; and separate and insulated patches of olive grounds are observable in different parts of the plain, in which about twenty villages may also be distinguished.

Mount Pentelicon is separated from the northern foot of Hymettus by a plain, which, in the narrowest part, is about three miles broad. This mountain is somewhat higher than Hymettus. It shoots up into a pointed summit; its outline is beautifully varied; and the greater part of it is either mantled with wood or variegated with shrubs. Near its base are several vil-

lages and some monasteries and churches. Below the summit is a monastery, called *Pentelè*. Mr. Dodwell passed a night here, and found only a few of the monks at home, the majority of them being employed in cultivating their land, or overlooking their farms. This monastery, the principal wealth of which consists in olives and honey, exhibits an air of plenty, that is to be seen in few of the religious houses in Greece. The church is rich, and in good order, and the chambers are numerous and clean. Mount Pentelicon annually furnishes the seraglio, at Constantinople, with nine thousand pounds weight of honey, which are sent by the monastery as a gift.

From this monastery Mr. Dodwell went, on horseback, to the great marble quarry which is above it, the journey to which occupied him about forty minutes. The road, extremely rugged and steep, led him through groves of olives, pines, ilex, poplars, cypresses, laurels, myrtles, and other trees; and the cistus, and numerous other plants, common among the Attic mountains, perfumed the air with their aromatic exhalations. In several places the tracks of ancient wheels are still visible. This famous quarry of *Pentelic marble*, from which the materials for many of the Athenian temples were obtained, is very grand. It is cut into perpendicular precipices; and the marks of the workmen's tools are still visible upon its surface. The remains of columns have, in large masses, been left scattered about. At the foot of the precipice Mr. Dodwell observed some natural caverns: one of these contained the ruins of a church, in which there was a singular mixture of broken arches and subterraneous passages, cut through the marble rock, and receiving, from without, a dim and mysterious light. This gentleman examined the rocks of the quarries in search of inscriptions. He found two, and some rough designs of temples, in the style of those painted on the walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii. These had probably been made, by the stone-cutters, as an amusement in their idle hours. The marble of this

quarry is white, and coarse grained, but there are, in the blocks, many veins of green mica.

A little distance, north-west of Pentelicon, is *Mount Parnes*, the summit of which commands a view over a vast extent of country. This mountain has a multiplicity of glens, crags, subordinate hills, and well-wooded rocks and precipices, richly diversified with scenery, which is at once grand and picturesque. On one side of it, and on the road leading to Thebes, is the ancient castle of Phylæ. This castle was anciently regarded as a place of considerable strength and importance. When Thrasybulus had taken it by surprise, he was enabled, with a very small force, to resist the attacks of the Athenian army, commanded by the thirty tyrants. Some traces of the *town of Phylæ* yet remain, near the foot of the castle hill. This castle is at present called *Argiro-castro*.

The rocky hill *Anchesmos* is at a little distance east of Athens. It rises in a conical form, and has a rock-crowned summit, where a flat surface formerly displayed the statue of Anchesmian Jove; but for which a later age has substituted the small church of St. George. In the walls of this church are some ancient Greek inscriptions.

Mr. Dodwell remarks, that travelling in Attica is perfectly secure. The inhabitants are kind and hospitable to strangers: and he never experienced from them either incivility or extortion. In most parts of Greece there are persons whose duty it is to attend to the wants of travellers, and to procure them lodging and provisions on the most reasonable terms. The houses of the consuls and agents of foreign nations in Turkey are also a security against crimes and outrages of every description.

On the second of September, 1805, this gentleman, in company with Sir Charles Monk and Mr. Gell, quitted Athens, on a tour round the Attic Peninsula; and particularly to the ruins of Thoricos and Sunium.

They took the road to *Cephissia*, and, in about two hours, arrived there. Most part of the plain between Athens and this place is badly cultivated; but some detached spots are productive of olive groves, vineyards, and arable land. The road is perfectly good.

After having, for many months, been accustomed to the arid hue of the Athenian plain, the travellers were agreeably surprised by the beauty, verdure and freshness of the country around Cephissia. It contains a rich variety of gardens, luxuriantly supplied with figs, pomegranates, mulberries, service-trees, and vines. This fertility is owing to the river Cephissus, by which it is watered, and which has its source not far distant.

On quitting Cephissia, the travellers passed the Cephissus, the current of which was clear and rapid, and only a few feet in width. In their progress towards Thoricos they crossed an uncultivated tract of country, intersected by many small torrent beds. In several places they saw the scattered ruins of ancient edifices, and many imperfect remains of antiquity. Mount Hymettus was on their right; and the whole country was covered with bushes, and small pine trees.

Thoricos is situated in an undulating plain; and its port, with four adjacent islands, were visible from a considerable distance. The travellers arrived at this place towards the close of day, and passed the night in a church, among the ruins, about a mile from the sea. In the time of Cecrops, Thoricos was one of the twelve Attic cities: it was also the birth-place of the lover of Procris. The present remains are interesting and extensive. It has been surrounded by a wall with square projecting towers, and apparently about two miles and a half in circuit. All the ruins are of marble. Mr. Dodwell observed here the remains of a Doric columnar edifice, which were nearly covered with bushes. At the foot of the acropolis were the remains of a magnificent theatre, the seats and part of the exterior wall of which were still preserved.

On the ensuing morning the travellers proceeded, by

some salt marshes in the plain, to *Sunium*, about three hours distant from Thoricos. This celebrated promontory, which was sacred in the time of Homer, and where Menelaus, on returning from Troy, is described to have buried his pilot Phrontis, is one of the finest situations in Greece. It towers in impressive majesty from the sea, and is precipitous on all sides except one. The promontory of Sunium was anciently decorated with two temples, one of Minerva, and another of Neptune. Some ruins, probably of the former, are still to be seen. The town of Sunium was once a place of great strength.

The travellers quitted Sunium, on the eighth, to return to Athens. For some distance they proceeded along the sea coast; and, in several parts of their journey, the traces of antiquity were visible; for the whole coast, from Sunium to Athens, is said to have once been thickly inhabited, and to have had numerous towns, villages, and temples. On the ensuing day, near the village of *Bari*, they were conducted to a cavern called the *Cave of Pan:* it is in a hill, the side of which is covered with a forest of small pine trees.

The mouth of this cave is on the horizontal surface of the rock, and its approach is neither grand nor picturesque. But the singularities of the interior fully repay all the disadvantages of its external appearance. A wild fig-tree, which grows out of the entrance, facilitates the descent into the interior. The ancient descent was by steps cut in the rock; but these have long been worn away. On reaching the bottom, Mr. Dodwell observed a Greek inscription, which intimated that this cave was a *nymphæum*, [or place sacred to the nymphs] made, or rather finished, by Archedemos of Pherai. A little further in the cave he saw a colossal head, sculptured upon the rock, in high relief, and apparently representing a lion; but it was much defaced. A few paces from this spot, the passage divided into two branches, both of which led to a cavern where they have a communication; and which was lighted only from the perpen-

dicular aperture of the first entrance. This once sacred cavern was not remarkable for the magnificence of its dimensions; but its singularity surpassed every thing that Mr. Dodwell had hitherto seen. It was adorned with stalagmic concretions of the most varied forms; and, in one part of it, there was a complete column of stalagmitic deposition, which reached from the roof to the bottom. Other columns of similar kind, had been injudiciously broken off and carried away. Within the great cave was a curious and uncouth bas-relief of Archidemos, holding in his right hand a hammer, and in his left a chisel. On the opposite side was the headless statue of a female, cut in the rock, and sitting on a throne. The head had probably been of bronze or of marble, and had evidently been fixed on, as the groove which was made to receive it was still visible. This is conjectured to have been a statue of Isis. Near the statue some indefinite object had been sculptured upon the rock, not far from which was a niche, which, no doubt, had once contained a statue of Pan. Above this were some steps which led to another niche.

There were several Greek inscriptions in different parts of this cave; and Mr. Dodwell relates many interesting particulars concerning it. He continued within it seven hours, and made a great number of drawings of its mysterious singularities.

In the afternoon Mr. Dodwell and his friends quitted the cave, and returned to Athens. They next resolved to visit Ægina and Salamis, the two principal islands of the Saronic Gulf. Accordingly, on the 21st of September, they sailed, in a small boat, for Ægina. During their short voyage, when they contemplated the scene around them, and beheld the sites of ruined states and kingdoms and cities, which were once elevated to a high pitch of prosperity and renown, but which have now vanished like a dream; when they saw the once busy shores left without an inhabitant, and the once crowded ports without a ship, they could not but strongly feel that nations perish as well as individuals.

They were landed at the northern extremity of Ægina, and among the ruins of its ancient capital, which cover an extensive plain. Their attention was first attracted by a large tumulus of oblong form; and, at a little distance, by the foundation of a large edifice, apparently a temple. The ruins of the city consist chiefly of heaps of blocks and foundations. There were anciently at this place, four temples, sacred to Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, and Æsculapius, and a magnificent theatre, with a contiguous stadium; but, of all these, no certain remains now exist.

Ægina is about twenty miles in circuit. In the period of its glory it probably commanded some of the neighbouring islands, and, like Ithaca, had ports upon the continent. This island, owing to its central situation, and its local advantages, was, at an early period, inhabited by a rich, powerful, and industrious people. It was also celebrated for its widely extended commerce, and its being the general emporium of Greece. At one period its naval power was superior to that of Athens; but at present it is inhabited by only a few Greeks. The principal town is between the Great Port, and a temple dedicated to Jupiter Panhellenios; but a new town is gradually making its appearance near the Old Port. A little commerce is carried on with the neighbouring coast, and the inhabitants have the character of being industrious and honest.

The soil of Ægina is rocky, and of light colour; but it is rich, and produces excellent corn. It is also fertile in wine, olives, cotton, and fruit. The face of the country is pleasantly diversified with hills and dales; and the uncultivated parts are covered with pines, small cypresses, juniper, lentiscus, and other shrubs and bushes common on the mountains of Attica. This island swarms with red-legged partridges.

Having passed the night at the house of a merchant who resided near the Great Port, the travellers set out on horseback the next morning, to visit the *Temple of Jupiter Panhellenios*. The approach to this venerable

relic, one of the most ancient in Greece, is exquisitely attractive. Its columns are seen on the summit of Mount Panhellenion; and, at every turning of the road, it delights the traveller by some fresh point of view, which is diversified by intervening trees. It is far distant from any human habitation, and is surrounded with shrubs and small trees. This temple originally consisted of thirty-six Doric columns, exclusive of those in the interior; and was constructed of a soft and porous stone, coated with stucco. Its interior was, at this time, overgrown with bushes. Some time after Mr. Dodwell was here, the place was cleared, and the floor, covered with a fine stucco, and painted of vermilion colour, was exposed to view. Among the ruins were found seventeen statues, of Parian marble, and executed in a style of singular elegance. They were somewhat smaller than life, and had all been painted. These statues were afterwards purchased by the Prince Royal of Bavaria, to be deposited in the royal cabinet at Munich.

The travellers quitted this delightful and tranquil spot in the evening of the 26th. On the ensuing day they sailed for *Salamis*, and, in about six hours, reached a small deserted port at the southern extremity of that island. They passed the night in a cave near the sea. This part of the island was uncultivated, but diversified with round rocky hills, covered with small fir-trees, cypresses, wild olives, and myrtles, besides numerous small shrubs and aromatic plants.

On quitting this secluded spot, they steered along the western side of the island, and entered a small port, where some bold precipices rose from the sea. At a little distance from the shore they found the traces of ancient foundations, but so much overgrown with shrubs and bushes, that it was impossible to examine them with any degree of accuracy. The ancient capital of Salamis was situated towards the south, opposite to Ægina; but this had been deserted as early as even the time of Strabo, and another city had been built on a peninsula which stretches out towards Attica. The present capi-

tal is situated at the north-eastern extremity of one of the most magnificent harbours in the world.

Salamis, which, in one of the Delphic oracles, is called "the Divine," and which, in the time of Euripides, boasted of its honey and olives, is now in an uncultivated state, and covered with bushes: but this is probably to be attributed to its scanty population rather than to the natural barrenness of its soil. It is about twenty-five miles in circumference, and inhabited only by Greeks, who enjoy a considerable portion of liberty.

From Salamis Mr. Dodwell and his friends set sail, intending to return to Athens, but a violent gale of wind springing up from the south-east, they were obliged to change their course, and put into the *port of Eleusis.* They passed the night at the neighbouring village of *Leusina,* or *Lepsina,* about three hundred paces from the sea. The city of *Eleusis,* which had great celebrity among the ancients, was included within the Attic territory, but was considered rather to belong to the priests of Ceres than to the Athenians.

The time of the foundation of the Eleusinian temple of Ceres, or temple of the Universe, as it has been called, and to which the inhabitants of the most remote parts of the earth resorted, is enveloped in uncertainty. It was plundered by the Spartan king Cleomenes, about five hundred and eight years before the birth of Christ; and was burned by the Persians, in their flight, after the battle of Platæa. It was subsequently rebuilt, but was finally destroyed by Alaric, in A. D. 396.

Many valuable fragments have probably been removed from this place, owing to its propinquity to the sea, and the consequent facility of exportation. The present inhabitants lament the loss of the colossal bust of Ceres, which was removed, in 1802, by Dr. Clarke, and was subsequently presented to the University of Cambridge. In Mr. Dodwell's first journey to Greece this protecting deity was in her full glory, situated in the centre of a threshing-floor, among the ruins of her temple.

The superstition of Greece constituted one of the

principal sources of the wealth, civilization, and foreign commerce of Eleusis, as well as of its superiority in the fine arts. The oracles of Apollo, and the mysteries of Eleusis, attracted the wealthy, the devout, and the inquisitive of all nations. Sovereigns and states of the most distant regions, vied with each other in the perfection and magnificence of their offerings.

The travellers returned to *Athens* on the 1st of October.

Nineteenth Day's Instruction.

THE MOREA, OR PELOPONNESUS.

Narrative of MR. DODWELL'S *Excursion from Athens to the Promontory of Methana, in Argolis.*

PROCEEDING along the sacred way, which, for a considerable distance from *Athens*, must anciently have been one continued line of sumptuous and highly embellished edifices, Mr. Dodwell and his friends once more reached the ruins of *Eleusis*. Thence they proceeded westward, to Megara, through a country, for the most part uncultivated and overgrown with bushes.

Megara, though now a miserable town, with small flat-roofed houses, boasts the highest antiquity. It once contained nineteen temples, but the traces of no one of these can at present be identified. Indeed there are few places in Greece where the remains of antiquity are so totally obliterated as in this. Its ancient inhabitants excelled those of nearly all other towns in naval affairs, and they were considered the most fraudulent and perfidious people in Greece.

From Megara the travellers proceeded to Corinth. In their journey they passed *Mount Gerania*, the steep and rocky sides of which were adorned with forests of pine trees, and shrubberies of myrtles and lentiscus.

At the end of an hour and three-quarters from the foot of this mountain, they arrived at Corinth, where they were lodged in a khan, which was full of rats and mice and all kinds of filth. Great part of the *Isthmus of Corinth* is uncultivated, and consists of undulating elevations covered with short stunted shrubs and a few small fir-trees. Near the town of Corinth, however, some fine arable land is seen, and the soil is black and rich.

The acropolis or citadel of *Corinth* is one of the finest objects in Greece; and, if properly fortified, would be a place of great strength and importance. The rock on which it stands rises perpendicularly from the plain to a considerable height. Desirous of having an extensive view of the circumjacent country, Mr. Dodwell ascended to the summit of a pointed rock, which rises at a little distance from the acropolis; and his trouble was amply rewarded, by the magnificence of the prospect that was, on every side, presented to his sight. The finest regions of classic interest, where the arts had chiefly flourished and poetic inspiration had most prevailed, were expanded before him.

Pausanias says that, in or near Corinth, there were, during his time, a theatre, an odeion, a stadium, sixteen temples, and several sepulchral monuments. In the narrowest part of the isthmus, about three miles east of Corinth, and probably in the place where the famous Isthmian games were celebrated, are seen the ruins of a spacious theatre and a stadium; and within a mile of Corinth, in the same direction, the circuit and arena of a Roman amphitheatre are still visible. The only Grecian ruin which at present remains in Corinth is a Doric temple, and of this only seven columns are now standing.

The present town of Corinth, though thinly peopled, is of considerable extent. The houses are wide apart, and much space is occupied by gardens. It is governed by a bey, who resides in a large house at the north-eastern extremity of the town, and whose command ex-

tends over one hundred and sixty-three villages. The chief produce of the adjacent territory is corn, cotton, tobacco, and oil, and a better kind of wine than that of Athens. A thick dew falls here during the night; and early in the morning every thing is as wet as if it had been drenched with rain. The climate is bad, and, in summer, the air is almost pestilential.

At the *Port of Kenchreiai*, or Cenchreæ, on the opposite side of the isthmus, Mr. Dodwell visited some ancient baths; and, in his return, was shown some sepulchres, in a little eminence above the other undulations of the plains. In these were found bones, and several fragments of ancient vases.

Being desirous of visiting the ancient territory of Argolis, the most interesting part of the Peloponnesus, the travellers set out from Corinth on the 3d of December; and were quite overpowered by the intense heat of the sun. It was not long before they reached the village of *Kourtese*, built on the ruins of the ancient city of Cleonæ, the place near which Hercules is fabled to have slain the Nemean lion; and where the Nemean games were sometimes celebrated.

At *Nemea* they found remaining three columns of an ancient Doric temple. This town, situated in the midst of an extensive plain, and surrounded by distant barren hills, is more characterised by gloom than most of the places Mr. Dodwell had seen. In a spot which was once exhilarated by the gaiety of thousands, the only living creatures now observed were ploughmen and oxen.

The forest which was believed to have supplied Hercules with his club, could not, at present, furnish a common walking-stick.

On the 5th of December the travellers proceeded towards the south, to *Argos*. In approaching this ancient city, the view was peculiarly grand. The rock of the acropolis formed a conspicuous feature in the prospect; the city was before them, and the distance was closed by the plain of Argos and the Argolic gulf.

Argos, though once a large and populous town, does not now contain more than five thousand inhabitants, most of whom are Greeks. It occupies a perfect flat at the south-east foot of the ancient acropolis. The houses are small and low, and intermingled with numerous gardens: they are dispersed over a considerable space, and exhibit the semblance of a large straggling village. It contains two mosques and many churches, and is governed by a bey. Most of the ancient edifices, with which Argos was adorned, have so entirely disappeared, that even the traces of them are scarcely to be seen. In the rock at the south-eastern foot of the acropolis Mr. Dodwell was shown the remains of seats of a magnificent theatre within the acropolis, or on the way up to it. Pausanias mentions that there were a stadium and five temples. There are still, upon the acropolis, some remains of walls, of polygonal construction, which are probably the Cyclopian walls alluded to by Euripides.

The *river Inachos*, which passes at a little distance north-east of Argos, is frequently streamless, being supplied with casual and transitory floods only after hard rains, and the melting of snow on the surrounding mountains. Its present name is *Zeria*, a word which is applicable to its deserted bed.

Mr. Dodwell and his friends quitted Argos, and proceeded, in a southerly direction, to the *Lake of Lerna*, which they reached in about an hour and three quarters. This lake (the spot near which Hercules is fabled to have destroyed the famous hydra) is at present, a marshy pool, so diminutive, and so much overgrown by aquatic plants, that it might easily be passed without notice. Yet the millers who live near it assert that it is unfathomable.

It is not difficult to conjecture the signification of the second labour of Hercules, in destroying the many-headed hydra, which infested the Lernæan plain. The fact is, that the lake of Lerna is the hydra, and its heads are the sources, which Hercules, or some powerful indi-

vidual, endeavoured to stop up, in order to prevent the recurrence of an inundation. But, as soon as one spring was closed, the water naturally found vent in another part; or, according to the emblematical style of antiquity, as soon as one head was removed, others appeared in its place.

The vicinity of the Lernæan pool was much celebrated in the mythological fictions of antiquity. For besides the story of the hydra, we have the stories of Pluto and Bacchus, who are both said to have descended to the infernal regions near this place. We are also informed, by ancient mythographers, that Amymone, daughter of Danaus, who was employed in supplying Argos with water, was stolen away by Neptune near this spot; that he struck, with his trident, a rock near which she stood, and that from it a fountain, since called by her name, immediately issued. The water of Lerna was of such reputed sanctity that it was used by Minerva and Mercury for the purification of the Danaides, after they had killed their husbands.

In the evening the travellers returned to Argos.

Their next excursion was in a north-easterly direction, across the plain to *Mycenæ*. Mr. Dodwell approached this, the city of Perseus, with greater veneration than any other place in Greece had inspired. Its remote antiquity, enveloped in the deepest recesses of recorded time, and its present extraordinary remains combined to fill his mind with a sentiment in which awe was mingled with admiration.

The first ruin which attracted his attention was that which has generally been denominated the Treasury of Atreus. Some hundred paces further, he observed a magnificent wall, on passing round the angle of which he beheld the Gate of the Lions, the entrance into that acropolis through which the "king of men" passed when he quitted Mycenæ for the conquest of Troy. The treasury of Atreus was constructed of a hard and compact kind of marble, the blocks of which are all parallelograms placed in regular layers, and united with

the greatest precision, without the aid of cement. The whole edifice has much the appearance of Egyptian origin. Indeed all the remains at Mycenæ, even the sculptured ornaments which are scattered about the ruins, have an Egyptian character. Mr. Dodwell found, in this place, only a single architectural fragment belonging to a Grecian order.

The subterraneous structures, at Mycenæ, of Atreus and his sons, and the tomb of Agamemnon, and of those who were slain with him by Ægisthus, as well as the fountain of Perseia, were all within this town. Ægisthus and Clytemnestra were interred beyond the walls, being considered unworthy of having their sepulchres within the city, where the remains of Agamemnon were deposited.

There is, perhaps, no place in Greece, where a regular and extensive plan of excavation might be prosecuted with more probability of success, or where remains of greater interest, and higher antiquity, might be brought to light than in this. But specimens of singular curiosity, rather than of peculiar beauty, would be found; for the town was destroyed before the arts had reached their highest degree of excellence. Vases would be discovered in great numbers: such, however, as have hitherto been found are generally of a yellow coarse earth, and have black spiral and zigzag ornaments upon them.

After having remained at Mycenæ three days, the travellers mounted their horses with the intention of visiting the rest of *Argolis*. They passed through *Tiryns* to *Nauplia*. On entering the latter place they had, on their left, the grand and lofty rock of *Palamidi*, which is crowned with a strong fortress, some houses for the garrison, and a mosque. This, one of the strongest positions in Greece, is guarded with jealous vigilance, and is inaccessible to all strangers. Nauplia is supposed to contain about four thousand inhabitants, Greeks, Jews, and Turks. Considerable quantities of corn, cotton, wool, oil, and rice, are exported from this

place; and the bazaar seems better stocked with goods than any other in Greece. The maritime situation of Nauplia is of great advantage to it, and its port is excellent. Some remains of its ancient walls are yet to be seen. There was formerly at this place a temple of Neptune. The fountain of Canathus still exhibits a copious flow of water, but it has lost its pristine virtues, and is no longer celebrated for the same wonder-working powers, for which it was frequented by the ladies of antiquity; and, particularly, by Juno, who is said to have annually recovered her infant purity by bathing in it. Mr. Dodwell observed two inscriptions in the town: but one of them was in the most frequented street, and an attempt to copy it would have exposed him to insult by the Turks, who are more morose and insolent at this place, than in any other part of the Morea.

On the 14th the travellers proceeded eastward to Epidaurus, traversing a narrow and unfruitful plain, bounded by barren eminences of dull and uniform aspect. In their progress they passed the remains of various ancient edifices,—among others the site of the small town of *Ligurio*, near which were once situated the *temple* and *sacred grove of Æsculapius*. This temple, with its surrounding edifices, is said to have occupied a space equal to that of a city. During its existence it was the resort of the sick and feeble from all parts of Greece. Here the efficacy of the medical art was put to the test of experiment, and the power of faith, in the virtues of the healing god, was invoked to accelerate the cure. The officiating ministers of the deity, who were, at once, priests and physicians, were venerated by the Greeks and revered by distant nations. The enclosure of the consecrated grove was filled with edifices for the convenience of the sick and the amusement of convalescents. Mr. Dodwell observed the ruins of two temples; but of all the ancient remains at this place, the theatre is the grandest and best preserved. Some parts of it are still nearly

perfect. Besides the temple of Æsculapius and the theatre, there were anciently a temple of Diana, another of Venus and of Themis, a stadium, baths, and other public edifices. The sacred grove is now reduced to some scattered shrubs and bushes; and the surrounding country is dull and monotonous.

The road from Liguria to Epidaurus was extremely bad and hilly; and the country, being uncultivated, was overgrown with many kinds of shrubs, small pine trees, and wild olives. Some few ancient vestiges were seen near the road. In about an hour the travellers came within sight of the Saronic gulf, the islands of Ægina and Salamis, and the opposite coast of Attica; and, in two hours and ten minutes, they reached a village called *Epidaura*, which stands on the ruins of *Epidaurus*. The ancient city occupied the plain, at the foot of a peninsular promontory. The dense mass of bushes which envelopes the ruins will not permit an elaborate investigation of the antiquities; and it was by accident that Mr. Dodwell discovered the fallen ruins of a small Doric temple. At the foot of the promontory several masses of ruins are covered by the sea. Epidaurus was once a place of great strength; and was frequently at war with the surrounding states. The Epidaurian plain is of small dimensions; but is fertile and cultivated with corn and vineyards. The wine, however, has lost its ancient reputation, and is now weak and resinous.

From Epidaurus the travellers, continuing their course in a south-easterly direction, went to *Trœzen*, the plain of which is at the eastern base of some rough and rocky hills, covered with dark evergreens and stunted trees. The fictitious contest between Bacchus and Minerva, for the possession of this plain, probably intimated that the territory was productive of wine and oil. Neptune was also a particular object of adoration among the Trœzenians, which seems to imply that this people were early versed in naval affairs and in maritime commerce. The city of Trœzen must have been

richly embellished with public edifices, sepulchres, monuments, statues, and altars. The ruins are at present overgrown with weeds and bushes; but, amongst them, Mr. Dodwell found a multiplicity of inscribed and architectural fragments. In the churches also are numerous interesting remains of antiquity. Trœzen is celebrated for having been the birth-place of Theseus; and Diodorus Siculus relates that Phædra, when enamoured of Hippolytus, consecrated a temple to Venus upon the acropolis of Athens, the spot from which she could distinguish Trœzen, the residence of this youth, the object of her passion. Demosthenes, during the period of his exile, was, for some time, resident in this city.

The travellers reassumed their journey on the 18th, desirous of visiting the island of *Calauria*, now called *Poros*, in which this prince of orators terminated his existence. Arriving at the sea-side, they crossed the channel, by a ferry-boat. They found the island inhabited entirely by Greeks, who are rich and industrious traders, almost independent, and extremely insolent and inhospitable to strangers. It was with great difficulty that Mr. Dodwell and his friends could prevail on a merchant to let them pass the night in one of his lumber-rooms; and even the permission to do this they did not obtain until they had been compelled to wait three hours at his door.

On the 20th, they proceeded, on foot, to search for the temple of Neptune, situated on the most elevated point of Calauria. In an hour they reached the place where it had stood. According to the accounts that have been given by Strabo and Pausanias, this celebrated temple must be of the highest antiquity, as it existed before Delos was sacred to Latona, or Delphi to Apollo. But not a single column of it is now standing, nor is the smallest fragment of a column to be seen among the ruins. There are some large blocks, which once formed the exterior part of a circular building, and which are, perhaps, the remains of the monument of Demosthenes. This temple was an asylum of the

greatest sanctity, and universally respected. When Archias was sent by Antipater to induce Demosthenes to quit it, he found him sitting on the outside of the building: the orator then entered the temple, and swallowed the poison, with which he had been always provided. The circuit of the island appears to be seven or eight miles.

After they had left Calauria, the travellers proceeded to the village and promontory of *Methana*, where, formerly, there was a temple of Isis. They thence proceeded, along the coast of the Saronic Gulf, on their return to Corinth.

Twentieth Day's Instruction.

MOREA, OR PELOPONNESUS.

MR. DODWELL'S *Excursion from Corinth through the Central and Western Parts of the Morea.*

ON the 3d of January, 1806, Mr. Dodwell and his friends set out from Corinth to Sicyon. Their way led through extensive olive groves, which were thickly planted. The gulf of Corinth was on their right, and some low hills, stretching out from Sicyon to Corinth, on the left. In less than three hours they arrived at the village of *Basilica*, situated on the ruins of *Sicyon*. This celebrated city is supposed to have been founded more than 2000 years before the birth of Christ. It was sufficiently strong to resist the Athenian army under Pericles; was the school of the most celebrated artists of antiquity, and was sumptuously decorated with temples and statues. Pausanias enumerates seventeen temples, a theatre, two gymnasia, and other edifices, besides many altars, monuments, and statues of ivory and gold, of marble, of bronze, and wood.

The ruins of Sicyon still retain some vestiges of ancient magnificence. Among these a fine theatre, which is situated at the north-east foot of the acropolis, has its seats still left in a perfect state. There are several dilapidated churches which have been built of ancient fragments, and which probably occupy the sites of temples.

The inhabitants of this place are Greeks. Mr. Dodwell describes them, as the most obliging people he had seen; but they were immersed in ignorance. They considered him insane for purchasing antiquities; and seemed to pity his folly. After they had sold him all their coins, they went into the fields to pick up cows' horns, horses' hoofs, and bits of bones, which they offered to him for sale as antiques.

From Sicyon the travellers proceeded westward, near the seacoast, to what are considered to be the ruins of *Ægira*, a city which, in the time of Pausanias, had five temples and several statues; but of which there now only remained the ruin of an acropolis, on the summit of an adjacent hill. Thence they continued their journey to Ægium. Part of the country through which they passed was richly cultivated and fertile; and abounded in vineyards and plantations of currant grapes. After they had proceeded to a considerable distance, the vale contracted; the mountains extended to the sea, and were covered with evergreens and shrubs; and the mild serenity of the atmosphere spread around the agreeable similitude of an English summer.

Ægium, which was one of the most noted cities of Greece, and, in the time of Pausanias, contained fifteen temples, a theatre and other buildings, is now only a village. It stands in a fertile plain, somewhat elevated above the sea; and its vicinity is enriched with gardens, olive trees, vineyards, and currant plantations; and produces grain of various kinds, cotton, tobacco, and Indian corn.

This city is mentioned by Homer, as having supplied vessels for the Trojan war; but it has preserved

scarcely any vestiges of its sacred and public edifices, the destruction of which has been probably occasioned more by the convulsions of nature than by the effects of time. Indeed the whole adjacent coast has always been subject to earthquakes of a most tremendous kind.

The travellers next arrived at *Patra*, a city on the seacoast, near the north-western extremity of the Peloponnesus. This, like other Turkish cities, consists of narrow and dirty streets. The houses are built of earth baked in the sun. Some of the best are white-washed; and those belonging to the Turks are ornamented with red paint. The eaves overhang the streets, and the upper parts of the houses project so much as to leave little space for air and light, and to keep the street in perfect shade. In some places there are arbours of vines which, with their thick bunches of pendant grapes, have a cool and pleasing appearance. The pavements are so excessively bad that carriages cannot pass over them. The air of Patra is unhealthy: a thick fog is generally seen, every morning and evening, overhanging the plain in which it is built. The greatest part of this plain is planted with vines, Corinth grape-trees, and olives; and is adorned with gardens of figs, pomegranates, almonds, oranges, lemons, and citrons.

The few ancient remains which are seen at Patra are of Roman construction, and are neither grand, interesting, nor well preserved. It is however supposed that the soil of the place may be above its original level and may conceal the foundations of many ancient buildings. Indeed the earth is seldom removed without fragments of statues and rich marbles being discovered. The ancient historians and geographers speak of numerous temples and public edifices at this place. Pausanias, among others, mentions a temple of Ceres and an oracular fountain near the sea. A church, dedicated to St. Andrew, has been built on the ruins of this temple. It is held in great veneration, being supposed to contain the bones of that apostle who suffered death, by crucifixion, at this place.

From Patra Mr. Dodwell and his friends directed their course southward to *Palaiopoli*, a village which has been erected on the ruins of the ancient city of *Elis*. This village they found at the foot of a range of hills, on the summit of one of which was the acropolis, or citadel. The only remains of antiquity which Mr. Dodwell here observed were a few large blocks of stone, some foundations, and part of a column.

Ancient authors enumerate, in the vicinity of Elis, more than forty places, which may come under the denomination of towns, villages or castles; but of these scarcely any vestiges remain. As the whole territory was defended, from the intrusion of enemies, by the superstition of the times, walls and fortifications were deemed unnecessary precautions. Consequently no part of Greece contains such a scanty portion of ancient remains as this. No part, however, is more fertile: it exhibits a rich mixture of hill and dale, of arable and pasture land, where numerous streams dispense their waters, and extensive forests spread their shade. The whole territory of Elis, anciently consecrated to Jupiter, was considered inviolable, and, when it was traversed by the troops of any neighbouring state, such troops were obliged to deposit their weapons at the confines, nor did they receive them again till they quitted the territory. All the Grecian states were bound, by the most solemn obligations, to abstain from invading it; and this engagement was preserved with scrupulous fidelity, until Agis, the Spartan king, led his army into the country, and devastated the consecrated land.

From Elis the travellers proceeded, in a southerly direction, crossed the river *Peneus*, and traversed a flat and fertile plain. The chief wealth of Augeas, one of the early kings of Elis, is said to have consisted in an immense number of cattle, which pastured in the surrounding plain; and the arduous task of cleansing the stables of these cattle, is described to have been undertaken by Hercules, who performed it, by changing the

course of the Peneus. These stables, however, were probably nothing more than the plain itself, the waters of which, from want of proper outlets may have stagnated into marshes, that were cleared and purified by drains and fosses.

In the prosecution of their route, Mr. Dodwell and his friends crossed two rivulets, and observed three villages in the plain. They also passed through some vineyards, and, in one place, approached within two miles of the sea. After a few days they arrived at the river *Alpheus*, which was muddy and not very broad. Their course now lay towards the east, partly through a grove of scattered pine trees, and afterwards along a narrow winding valley. They next reached *Olympia*, a place which has been rendered famous by the achievements of heroism, as well as by the inspirations of poetry; and to which the exhilarating festivals, as well as the imposing solemnities of religion, contributed to attract the curiosity of the opulent, and the piety of the devout.

The *Plain of Olympia* is of an oblong form, and extends about a mile and a quarter from east to west. It is bounded on the north by low hills, mantled with soft verdure, variegated by cultivation, and occasionally shaded by the mingled foliage of the ilex and the pine; and on the south its boundary is the river Alpheus. This plain is now a fertile cornfield. The earth is raised considerably above its original level; and, no doubt, contains the rich remains of ancient sculpture and magnificence. Pausanias speaks particularly of four hundred and thirty-five statues of gods, heroes, and celebrated persons, and intimates that there were at Olympia many others than these. He enumerates many statues of horses, lions, and other animals, and several cars of bronze. It was a favourite project of the late abbé Winkelman, to raise, by subscription, a sum of money, for defraying the expenses of excavating the Olympic plain. If such a project should ever be consummated,

we may confidently hope that the finest specimens of sculpture, as well as many other curious and valuable remains, will be brought to light.

The interest which is felt in contemplating the departed grandeur of Olympia, is of a different nature from that which agitates the mind at Troy, at Marathon, at Thermopylæ, and at Platæa. Religious splendour and gymnastic exercises formed the prominent features of the Olympic history. No religious ceremony in Greece was conducted with such extraordinary pomp and such general enthusiasm as the Olympic games. The Isthmean, the Delphic, the Nemean, and even the Eleusinian processions, were not comparable to the numerous and magnificent rites which were celebrated at Olympia. No pains were spared, no expense was denied, which might render them worthy of the deity, the Olympian Jove, in whose honour they were displayed.

Pausanias mentions, at this place, an amphitheatre, built by Trajan, who also constructed some baths, an agora or forum, and an hippodrome or race-course; he notices also the great temple of Jupiter Olympus, temples of Juno and Pelops, Ceres, Hercules, Venus, and several others. But, of all this architectural splendour, the temple of Jupiter alone can be ascertained with any degree of certainty; and its present remains are very few.

The soil, which has been considerably elevated, covers the greatest part of the ruin. On employing some Turks to dig into it Mr. Dodwell discovered some parts of large Doric columns. This temple, the dimensions of which were very great, was constructed of a calcareous stone, and its columns were covered with a fine white stucco which gave them the appearance of marble. The statue of the god, described to have been the finest that had ever been made, was sixty feet high, and was reckoned among the wonders of the world. It seems to have united at once all the beauty of form, with all the splendour of effect that are produced by the highest excellence of the statuary and the painter. It

was embellished with various metallic ornaments, aided by the gorgeous and dazzling magnificence of precious stones.

After having been occupied a whole day, in drawing and examining the temple and the places in its immediate vicinity, the travellers proceeded to a miserable village at the eastern extremity of the plain. The cottages of this village were composed of wicker-work, and thatched. In some of them, a single aperture served the triple purpose of door, window, and chimney. The inhabitants were Turks who subsisted by cultivating the lands of the plain. During the night that the travellers slept in this village, they were awaked by an earthquake. The master of the house, in which they lodged, came with great kindness, into their room, to assure them that there was no danger of the house falling, for, being composed of pliable materials, he said it would bend, but not break.

After leaving this village they crossed the *Alpheus*, and proceeded towards Messenè, through a country infested by banditti, for many of the inhabitants subsisted by the employment of robbing. This, however, is not the petty system of highway robbery or burglary, that is practised in England; it is spoliation on a grander scale, and is not considered either infamous or disreputable. Whole villages are sometimes plundered; and flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle are driven away.

On the 5th of February they reached the village of *Maura-Matia*, situated on the ruins of *Messenè*, at the southern foot of mount *Ithomè*, now called *Bulkano*. They ascended, by a steep and winding path, to the summit of Ithomè. On this mountain there was anciently a bronze statue of Minerva, and the travellers observed, in a small plain on the side of the hill, a few remains of a temple which had probably been dedicated to that goddess. Few places in Greece combine a more beautiful and at the same time a more classical view than Ithomè. It overlooks the whole extent of

the once rich and warlike Messenia. This beautiful and fertile region is not half cultivated; and, though watered by numerous rivulets, and blessed with a delicious climate, it, at present, exhibits only a few villages scattered through the country.

The account that Pausanias has given of *Messenè*, affords us a grand idea of what this place must once have been. The walls, he says, enclosed Mount Ithomè; and the fortifications were the best he had ever seen. It was the intention of the travellers to have remained some days at this interesting place, for the purpose of accurately investigating its stupendous ruins; but they were under such incessant alarm of the approach of thieves, that they were able to accomplish very little.

They quitted it on the 7th of February; and, proceeding along the north side of Ithomè, at the distance of about three quarters of a mile towards the left, they saw a castle, which was inhabited by banditti. Their course lay in a north-easterly direction, towards the ruins of *Megalopolis*, and, the next day, they arrived there. On these ruins stands a village called *Sinano*, consisting of the house of the agha, or magistrate, and a few cottages. Near this village, the travellers, and a party of the villagers, by whom they were accompanied, encountered a powerful band of robbers, and, had they not been rescued by the arrival of about three hundred Turkish horsemen, they might all have been cut to pieces. The robbers were about one hundred and fifty in number: one of them was killed, and five others were taken prisoners.

Megalopolis was formerly a place of great importance. It was originally built under the auspices of Epaminondas, and its population was collected from various small cities of Arcadia. Its temples and public edifices were numerous and rich, and its theatre was the largest in Greece. The circular part of it still remains, but the seats are covered with earth, and overgrown with bushes. The remains of the temples cannot be ascertained; but some masses of walls, and scattered blocks

of columns, indicate their situations. This place is watered by the small but rapid river *Helisson*, the banks of which are picturesque, and covered with trees.

In the vicinity of Megalopolis there were anciently several towns and temples; but the travellers were deterred from exploring many of them by the unsettled state of the country, and the events that had recently occurred.

Not far from the river *Alpheus* they reached the foot of a hill, on which stood the famous *Temple of Apollo Epicourios*, (or the helper) so called from Apollo (as the inhabitants imagined) having delivered their country from the plague. The road to the temple is steep and rocky, and one of the worst in Greece. This edifice is screened from view by steep rocks that rise from the side of the road; nor does it meet the eye, till, on turning the edge of a precipice, it presents its front within a few yards of the astonished traveller. It is situated in a small plain, closely environed by rocks, and has the same effect in whatever direction it is approached. This temple had originally six columns in front, and fifteen on each side. Several of the columns are left, but many of the ornamental parts of the temple have been conveyed to England, and are now deposited in the British Museum.

From this place the travellers proceeded to *Mount Lycæon*, and ascended to the summit, whence they had a beautiful and varied prospect over the adjacent country, and even to some distance across the *Messenian Gulf*. There can be little doubt that this was the spot where a mound of earth was sanctified by an altar of the Lycæan Jove, and was fronted by two columns, each of which supported an eagle of gold. The mound still remains, and there are two churches which probably stand on the sites of the columns.

Near a village called *Stala*, Mr. Dodwell was shown some ruins, supposed to have been those of *Lycosoura*. The acropolis stood upon a precipice, and within it there are now two ruined churches, and the remains of

several columns. Some other vestiges of antiquity were found here. The travellers spent the whole day among the ruins, and passed the night at Stala.

They then directed their steps towards *Laconia;* and arrived at the town of *Misithra,* situated at the eastern foot of Taygeton, and supposed, till of late, to stand upon the ruins of ancient *Sparta.* The castle of Misithra, now in ruins, exhibits its mouldering form on a grand rock, which is nearly detached from the body of the mountains. Misithra, at present, contains about seven thousand inhabitants, who are principally Greeks, and who carry on a considerable trade in silk. There are, in this place, several ancient inscriptions, and some sculptured and architectural fragments; but they have, in general, been executed in a very indifferent manner.

The travellers next visited the ruins of *Sparta,* now called *Pataie-castro.* These, which are distant about two miles from Misithra, consisted of uncertain traces, and heaps of large stones, scattered about in a sort of promiscuous wreck. Mr. Dodwell saw here a theatre, of large dimensions, that had been excavated in a hill, which rose nearly in the middle of the city, and which had served as an acropolis. There were several hills in Sparta, on the highest of which was the acropolis; but all the ancient glory of Sparta, with its numerous and splendid temples, is now indicated only by some massive foundations and scattered blocks of stone! There is a sepulchral chamber, of square form, nearly opposite to the theatre; and the monuments of the two Spartan kings, Pausanias and Leonidas, must have been at or near this spot.

The best account which the ancients have left us of the situation of Sparta, is that by Polybius. He says, that "It was of circular form, and forty-eight stadia, or upwards of four miles in circumference, situated in a plain, but containing some rough places and eminences. The river *Eurotas* flowed to the east of it. On the south-east side of the city, and on the opposite side of

the river, were the *Menelaian Hills*, rugged, difficult of ascent, and of considerable height." The scenery around Sparta is in general magnificent and beautiful. The adjacent plain, as viewed from the city, has an oblong appearance; is interrupted by small hills, and is enlivened by the lucid current of the Eurotas. It is supposed that Sparta has, at different periods, suffered much by earthquakes. We are informed that, in the reign of Archidamus, the whole city, except five houses, was destroyed by one of these dreadful convulsions of nature.

Mr. Dodwell and his friends employed two days in examining the ruins of Sparta, and in taking a panoramic view, from a hill to the north of the acropolis.

They quitted Misithra, and, proceeding in a southerly direction, went to *Amyclæ*, where they arrived in about two hours. This place, which is now called *Sclavo Chorio*, exhibits a more confused wreck of ruins than even the Spartan capital. Accumulations of stone, broken inscriptions, imperfect traces and foundations, that are almost covered with bushes, mark the site of the place which was celebrated for the birth of Castor and Pollux, and for the death of Hyacinthus. The temple of the Amyclian Apollo was magnificent, and the colossal statue and throne of the god, were reckoned among the wonders of Greece.

Above these ruins rises one of the detached hills of Taygeton, on the summit of which are the remains of a castle. *Mount Taygeton* merits the particular attention of travellers. It abounds in rich marbles; and its natural history, its magnificent scenery, and its ancient celebrity, well deserve to be explored.

Mr. Dodwell and his friends returned, in the evening, to Misithra; and, early the next day, continued their journey, in a north-easterly direction, to visit those parts of Arcadia which they had not yet seen. The first place of importance they reached was *Tripolitza*, the present capital of the Morea, and the residence of the Pasha or viceroy. This town contains about fifteen

thousand inhabitants, more than half of whom are Greeks. It stands upon a plain, at the southern foot of Mount Mœnalus; and its vicinity is characterized by intersecting glens and valleys, watered with numerous rivulets, and enlivened by silvan scenery.

At *Tegea*, situated at a little distance from Tripolitza, Mr. Dodwell observed, among several architectural and sculptured fragments, the remains of a Doric temple, and some broken inscriptions. He saw also a few remains of the great temple of Minerva Alea, one of the largest and most ornamented edifices in the Peloponnesus. There was, in this place, a magnificent marble theatre, built by Perseus, the last king of Macedon; but Mr. Dodwell could obtain no information respecting it. Tegea was founded by Tegeates, a son of Lycaon. The plain in which it stands is composed of rich arable land, and is nearly surrounded by mountains.

From this place the travellers proceeded northward to *Mantinea*, a city founded by another of the sons of Lycaon. Its ancient walls were formed of unburned bricks, which resisted, even better than stone, the impulse of warlike engines, but were not proof against the effects of water: for Agesipolis, king of Sparta, having formed a ditch round the town, and caused the river Ophis to flow into it, dissolved the whole fabric of the wall, and, without further difficulty, obtained possession of the town. Mantinea was richly decorated with public edifices. It had eight temples, besides a theatre, a stadium, an hippodrome, and several other monuments. Some imperfect remains of the theatre are still visible; but neither the sites of the temples, nor of the other structures, can be identified.

Mr. Dodwell quitted Mantinea, northward, for *Orchomenos*. On approaching this place, he observed some large tumuli, composed of rough stones. The site of Orchomenos is now occupied by a village called Calpaki. The ancient town, which was afterwards the acropolis, was situated on a steep and insulated hill; but it seems

to have been a place of little importance, even in the time of Pausanias.

The road to the famous *lake of Stymphalus*, extends over a rugged and mountainous tract of country. This lake, though not of considerable dimensions, is grand and picturesque, and surrounded by mountains of a bold outline, and magnificent appearance. The travellers descended to the plain, and proceeded, by an ancient paved way, along the south-eastern extremity of the lake, which was well stocked with wild ducks, though the Stymphalides are no longer to be found. *Stymphalus*, is mentioned by Homer, as one of the cities which supplied forces to the Trojan war; and it was anciently a considerable place, though, in the time of Pausanias, the only edifice deserving of notice was an ancient temple of Diana.

At the distance of ten minutes walk from this place, the *Fountain of Stymphalus* gushes from a rock, with turbulent vehemence, and forms a copious stream, which, after a short and rippling course enters the lake; this it traverses, and then falls into a chasm, whence, finding its way in a subterraneous channel, it reappears near Argos, and forms there the source of the river Erasinos. This physical curiosity is noticed by many ancient authors.

Almost the whole side of the lake appears to have once been covered with the buildings of the town, which was long and narrow, and adapted to the nature of the spot on which it stood. Near this spot rises part of *Mount Cyllenè*, the loftiest in Arcadia.

Passing the north-western extremity of the lake, the travellers continued their journey, in a somewhat westerly direction, over a mountainous country, to the ancient town and *Lake of Pheneus*. The latter is very small; and its waters have a subterraneous outlet. One of the ancient mythologists relates, that the rape of Proserpine was accomplished at Pheneus, and that Pluto, in that place, opened for himself a passage to the infernal

regions. A singular tradition prevails among the people of the adjacent district, that one of their kings was formerly engaged in a conflict with the devil; whose only weapons were balls of grease. With these Satan assailed his human adversary, and, one of the balls happening to strike him, he immediately caught fire, and was hurried, with impetuous velocity through the mountain. The passage of his body, they say, caused a perforation, which became the outlet of the lake.

After having quitted the lake, the travellers ascended, through a forest of scattered fir trees; and, in half an hour, they reached the summit of a ridge, which divides the territory of modern Corinth and Calabyrta. Thence they continued their course north-west, towards the monastery of *Megaspelia*. When they arrived, the gates had been closed for the night; but, after considerable difficulty, they obtained admittance. They entered by a long passage, and between a double line of monks, all of whom, as they afterwards learned, had weapons concealed beneath their robes. For such is the insecurity of their situation, and the lawless distraction of the country, that they are compelled to take every possible precaution to prevent surprise and spoliation.

Mr. Dodwell rose early the next morning, anxious to examine the situation of the monastery, which, during the moonlight of the preceding evening, had had a most extraordinary appearance. It is built upon a steep and narrow ridge, and against the mouth of a large natural cavern. Indeed most of the interior of the edifice is within the cave, or projects but little beyond it. The building is extensive and white, of picturesque and irregular form. It consists of eight stories, and has twenty-three windows in front. A magnificent precipice, four or five hundred feet in height, rises from the cave, and overhangs the monastery. The church of this monastery is encrusted with ancient marbles, is embellished with gilding and paintings; and is illuminated by silver lamps.

Megaspelia is the largest monastery in Greece. It supports about four hundred and fifty monks, and enjoys great privileges. The abbot is elected annually. It possesses an image of the Virgin, which, from a supposition that it was made by St. Luke, attracts the visits of numerous pilgrims, and occasions a great addition to the revenues of the establishment.

The country around this monastery is rich in combinations of picturesque grandeur and sublimity. The rocks are precipitously bold; and woods of aged growth are seen upon the adjacent mountains.

From this place the travellers went once again to *Patra.*

Twenty-first Day's Instruction.

GREECE CONCLUDED.

Narrative of MR. DODWELL'S *Excursion from Athens into Thessaly, and back.*

MR. DODWELL had long meditated a journey through Thessaly, the pastoral beauties of which had been deeply impressed upon his imagination by the works of the ancient writers. He chose the month of May for this excursion, in a hope that he should be able to complete it, and return to Athens, before the great heats and the season of fevers commenced. He and his friends accordingly quitted that city on the 17th of May. Passing through *Thebes,* and, proceeding towards the sea, they directed their steps along the Locrian shore.

In the evening of the 24th they approached the celebrated *Pass of Thermopylæ,* the scenery of which assumed an aspect of great beauty and simplicity. They penetrated through a forest of stately growth, beneath which a dispersion of odoriferous and flowery

shrubs scented the air; while the clustering vines hung their fantastic garlands from the widely spreading plane trees. No gratification was here wanting, which the enraptured lover of landscape could desire! the exuberant soil teemed with a captivating wilderness of plants and flowers.

The travellers had reached the spot where the best blood of Greece, and of other nations, had so often been spilt. A few paces to the left of the road is a green hillock, with a house upon its summit. The marsh begins immediately on the right of this, and extends about a mile to the sea, but the narrowest part of the pass is further on. The battle between the Spartans and the Persians raged with greatest fury in the widest part of the pass, where Leonidas so gloriously fell. It is probable that the heroes who were slain, were buried on the spot, and that this hill served as their common sepulchre.

This is a place peculiarly fitted to kindle the fire of classical enthusiasm in the breast. It takes its name from certain hot or thermal springs, the waters of which are sulphureous and remarkably clear.

Several other great events, besides the Persian invasion, add historical interest to this spot. The Greeks, when contending against Brennus and his Gauls; and the Romans against Antiochus, fought on the same ground which had been dyed with the Spartan blood. The Huns, in the time of Justinian, and the Turks under Bajazet, entered Greece by this pass.

We know, from Strabo, that all this part of the Grecian coast had, before his time, been greatly changed by violent convulsions of nature; and it is probable, that since the time of that geographer, the features of the country have been undergoing a gradual, but unremitting alteration. The marshes have gained considerably on the sea: rivers have been diverted from their courses; and towns, castles, and temples have been swept from the earth, or engulfed in the marshes,

and overgrown with reeds and bushes. Of six celebrated rivers, which anciently discharged themselves into the sea, in the vicinity of Thermopylæ, only three can, with any certainty, be at present identified.

Mount Oeta rises abruptly in broken precipices from the hot springs. On this mountain, at the distance of a few hundred yards from the spring, are the ruins of an ancient town and castle, the name of which Mr. Dodwell was not able correctly to ascertain.

On the 26th the travellers quitted the neighbourhood of Thermopylæ, and proceeded on their journey, first through an extensive morass, and afterwards, beyond the village of *Echinus;* which stands on the side of a hill upon the ruins of an ancient town. They descended to a plain, one of the most fertile and beautiful spots Mr. Dodwell had ever beheld. The country, which was fertilized by numerous rivulets, was mantled with rich verdure, and adorned with large mulberry trees, with pomegranates, figs, and other fruit trees. The chief produce of the adjacent villages was silk of excellent quality.

At the foot of a steep hill, covered with bushes, they observed the remains of an ancient city. This Mr. Dodwell imagines must have been *Larissa Cremastè,* the capital of the kingdom of Achilles. The summit of the hill appeared to have been occupied by a Doric temple.

Much of the country through which they subsequently passed was fertile and beautiful, varied with streams, and adorned with plane trees, mulberry, and fig trees, and poplars of large size. They occasionally traversed deep and rocky glens, and valleys which teemed with every beauty of nature.

On the 30th, after having penetrated through a narrow valley, and an olive grove beyond it, they were unexpectedly delighted by one of the most captivating scenes in Greece. They saw before them, in venerable majesty, *Mount Pelion,* the ancient imaginary habita-

tion of giants and centaurs; but now beautifully variegated with groves and gardens, and glittering with towns and villages. The situation of *Iolcos*, the country of Jason, was descried upon a ridge of the mountain which branched out toward the south-east. The locality of the ancient *Pegassai*, where the far-famed ship Argo was launched upon the ocean, was one of the proximate objects of attraction in the more immediate field of view. The ruins of *Demetreas* appeared beneath them, in a rich level plain, washed by the *Pegasean Gulf*, from which the Argonautic expedition sailed for the Colchian prize. The uncommon beauty of the scenery, associated with so many details of ancient fable, and so many feats of wonder and delight, of heroism and of love, operated upon the imagination with a sort of magic charm.

They descended to the plain; and, soon afterwards, reached the ruins of an ancient city, those of *Demetrias*, the place which contained the arsenal of Pherai, and was the station of the Macedonian fleet. On the ensuing day the travellers rode up the side of *Mount Pelion*, and visited there some villages, which were extremely picturesque and interesting. On the 2d of June they passed through a vale, rich in vineyards and olive trees, and afterwards through a beautiful and varied country, till they came to the ruins of the ancient city of *Iolcos*, supposed to have been founded several years before the Trojan war, by one of the sons of Æolus.

Pelion unites with *Mount Ossa*, which terminates at the vale of Tempé, being separated from Olympus by that valley and the river Peneios. Mr. Dodwell and his friends were prevented from ascending to the summit of Pelion, by a rumour that the upper regions of the mountain were occupied by a banditti. Mount Pelion is now sometimes named *Plesnid*, and sometimes the *Mountain of Saint George*.

Near a village, called *Bolo*, they visited the celebrated *Hyperian fountain*. A small lake, apparently about a hundred yards in diameter, and with water of the most

crystalline purity, bubbles up out of the ground. It is surrounded by many beautiful trees, the continuity of whose shade is broken by intervening buildings of elegant form; while the surrounding verdure is vividly contrasted with the tall white minarets of several mosques. There are a few scattered remains of an ancient town in the immediate vicinity of this fountain.

The next place of importance which they reached was *Larissa*, the capital of Thessaly. It is situated in a plain, and in the midst of a fertile country; and is the seat of an archbishop. Its extent is such, that they were twenty minutes in passing through the town. The Greeks, at this place, are treated with excessive harshness; and the Turks are, perhaps, more overbearing and oppressive here than in any other part of Greece.

Larissa is still known to the Greeks by its ancient name. In the earliest times it was the principal city of the country, and was inhabited by the Lapithai. Very few, however, of its ancient remains appear; though there may probably be some within the Turkish houses and gardens. There are, in this place, twenty-six mosques, probably the most magnificent of any in Greece. Mr. Dodwell was desirous of visiting some of them, but the insolent conduct of the populace would not permit him to gratify his curiosity.

Few towns are better supplied with provisions than Larissa; and the bazars and bezestins are richly stocked with merchandise. Its numerous gardens give to it the appearance of a large and straggling village. The houses are constructed with that picturesque irregularity which is so peculiar to Turkey; while the gardens are adorned with fountains, and many different sorts of trees, among which the cypress is particularly conspicuous. The river *Peneios* flows through the town, and is crossed by a stone bridge of eight pointed arches.

Larissa was the first town in Greece where Mr. Dodwell had seen camels. At this place, however, and at most of the towns and villages of the Great Thessalian

plain, the inhabitants use carts, each drawn by two oxen. They are nearly of the ancient form, being moved upon two solid wheels without spokes.

The travellers quitted Larissa on the 4th. Near the town they passed through a large Turkish cemetery, containing some handsome monuments of a curious and fantastic form, adorned with inscriptions from the Koran, and enriched with painted ornaments. Many of these monuments were formed of fragments of ancient marble. In the course of the day, they were entertained with some beautiful prospects of *Mount Olympus*, the grandeur of which appeared to increase at every step they took from Larissa. This mountain forms a gigantic mass, and occupies a very extensive space. Its southern side constitutes the boundary of Thessaly, and its northern base encloses the plains of Macedon. It is never entirely free from snow; and is full of breaks, glens, and forests.

Mr. Dodwell and his friends, now proceeded towards the vale of Tempé: the country exhibited a luxuriant verdure, with a beautiful intermixture of vineyards, trees, and corn. About four hours and a half after they had left Larissa, they arrived at the large and beautiful village of *Baba*, situated on a circular plain, before the narrow entrance of Tempé. This village is supposed to be the ancient *Elateia*.

On the morning of the 5th, the travellers mounted their horses, in order to pass the whole day in the *Vale of Tempé*, which extends between the approximating precipices of Ossa and Olympus. The summits of these mountains are not visible from any part of the valley; but the traveller beholds, on each side, a stupendous wall of mighty precipices, rising in prodigious grandeur, shattered into deformities, and sprinkled with a wild profusion of trees and aromatic shrubs. A road runs at the foot of Ossa, and the river Peneios, flowing to the left, separates it from Olympus. In some places this river displays a broad channel, and in others it is so narrow, that it has the appearance of being com-

pressed by the opposite rocks, the collision of which is prevented only by an intervening glen, a few hundred paces in breadth.

They proceeded along the ancient road, which had been cut, with much labour, on the steep and rugged side of Ossa. The trees scattered at the foot of Olympus suffer the eye to glance, with delight, on intervening glades of lively verdure, which are vividly contrasted with the sterile rocks and dark precipices that form the prominent features of the vale.

At a little distance from this place is the Macedonian extremity of Tempé; and through the glen of Ossa and Olympus was seen a beautiful prospect of the *Pierian Plain*, formerly thronged with numerous cities, and an animated population; but at present a solitude of fields and trees. The length of the vale of Tempé is about five miles. It was anciently fortified in four places; but only two of these can now be identified.

The travellers, after having spent two days in this vale, were desirous of proceeding through Macedon, to some celebrated places on the Thermaic Gulf, and to visit Mount Athos; but, as the heat had become extremely oppressive, and was daily increasing, they thought it prudent to return towards Athens. In so doing, they proceeded to the left of Baba, through a country rich in corn: beyond this they had the first view of *Pharsalia* and its memorable plain, which they not long afterwards entered.

The principal fury of the battle between Julius Cæsar and Pompey, took place in that part of the plain which is between the river and the town. The latter at present called by the Greeks *Pharsala*, is a populous commercial town.

On the ensuing day, from the summit of a hill, near which is the town of *Thaumakia*, now called *Thaumakos*, Mr. Dodwell had one of the most wonderful and extensive views he had ever beheld. The eye ranged, with delight, over the rich verdure of the Thessalian plain.

After this they traversed a diversified and interesting

country, in some parts of which were the remains of ancient towns; and, on the 13th, arrived at *Eleuta*. This village, which occupies the site of the ruins of the ancient *Elateia*, is a place of considerable strength and importance, and seated at the foot of some hills which unite the chain of Cnemis and Oeta. Though burned by the Persians, it again rose to power, and was enabled to resist the attacks of Cassander, and subsequently of Taxiles, the general of Mithridates. In the war between the Romans and the last Philip of Macedon, it adhered to the interests of Philip. The remains of its ancient buildings are very few.

The travellers next proceeded towards the village of *Kapourna*, the ancient *Chæroneia;* but they stopped a while for the purpose of viewing the *plain*, memorable for the defeat of the allied states of Greece by Philip of Macedon. The most conspicuous features in the view were the ruins of Chæroneia, Panopeus, and Daulis, with the noble and majestic mass of Mount Parnassus.

On the 17th they once more reached *Thebes*, whence they directed their steps towards the Euripus, which they crossed, by a bridge of two arches, to *Chalcis* in *Eubœa*. This town, which is the capital of the island, is peopled by about twelve thousand Greeks and Turks, most of whom bear a bad character. According to the historian Strabo, Chalcis was founded by the Athenians before the Trojan war. It once had gymnasia, porticos, temples, and theatres; but the only remains that are at present visible, are some unintelligible foundations and scattered blocks, some subterraneous chambers, and the *Fountain of Arethusa*, a copious spring of clear water, which is said to have once abundantly supplied the whole town.

The *Island of Eubœa* was probably separated from Bœotia by one of those tremendous convulsions of nature which have often occurred in this part of Greece. By the modern Greeks it is called *Euripo*, a name which has been corrupted into Egripo, Negripo, and, lastly, into *Negropont*. It contains three hundred vil-

lages, and the Turks constitute its chief population. It is said to have contributed forty ships to the siege of Troy. In the period of its greatest prosperity, it had many cities; and was so populous, that it sent colonies to Macedon, Italy, and Sicily. The remains of most of its ancient cities may still be seen; and those of *Eretria* merit particular attention from the perfect state of their preservation. In this island there are quarries of marble and asbestos; mines of copper and iron, and hot baths. The mountains, which stretch through its whole length, are lofty, and of fine forms; and near the Euripus, precipices of gigantic magnitude are elevated from the sea.

Mr. Dodwell and his friends quitted Eubœa on the 19th, and returned into Bœotia. On the ensuing day, having ascended a hill covered with fir trees and bushes, they came within sight of the plain, and scattered ruins of *Oropus*, now called *Ropo;* and, not long afterwards, reached the village of *Marathon* [celebrated for the victory obtained over the Persian army, by the Athenians and Platæans, under the command of Miltiades]. This village, which is about three miles from the sea, and not far distant from the foot of Mount Pentelicon, is one of the most delightful spots in Attica: it is enriched with many kinds of fruit trees, particularly walnuts, figs, pomegranates, pears, and cherries. Marathon, though only a small place at the time of the battle, was originally a city founded by an Attic king, or hero, who gave to it his own name. It is about twenty-two miles from Athens.

The *plain* in which it stands, and which is about five miles long, and two broad, is at present composed of corn and pasture land; but great part of it is in a state of desolate neglect, and overgrown with thistles and bushes. A large tumulus of earth rises in the middle of the plain; and, betwixt this and the sea, close to a marsh, are two others, composed of small stones, and much lower than the former. Pausanias mentions two sepulchres in the plain: that of the Athenians, and that

of the Bœotians and slaves, besides the monument of Miltiades. The Persians, he conjectures, were buried in a pit; for, he says, that he saw no tumulus, nor any monument whatever that had been erected over their remains. The great tumulus has been opened, but without success, because it was not excavated to a sufficient depth. In it Mr. Dodwell found some fragments of coarse pottery, and a great number of small arrow heads of black flint, which are supposed to have belonged to the Persian army. The two smaller tumuli are surrounded by a marsh, that probably in which a great number of the Persians perished.

At the distance of about three miles from the village of Marathon, the travellers visited the *Cave of Pan*, a place of which Pausanias gives a very exaggerated account. It is on the side of a steep and rocky hill, and has an orifice so low, that persons who enter are obliged to crawl on their hands and knees. The interior contains some chambers covered only with coarse stalactite, and affording nothing to recompense the trouble of visiting it.

On the 21st of June, quitting the village of Marathon, they proceeded towards *Mount Pentelicon;* and, on the ensuing morning, returned to Athens.

An Account of some important Places betwixt Thessaly and Constantinople. From DR. CLARKE'S *Travels.*

AT the northern extremity of the Gulf of Salonica, and in ancient Macedonia, stands the once celebrated city of *Salonica* or *Thessalonica.* Its walls, being white-washed and painted, give it a very remarkable appearance, and cause it to be seen from a great distance. These extend, in a semicircular form, from the sea, and enclose a space five or six miles in circuit. This is one of the few remaining cities which have preserved the form of their ancient fortifications. Its wretched aspect

within is strongly contrasted with the beauty of its external appearance. Salonica stands on the side of a hill, and is nearly surrounded by plantations of Cyprus, and other evergreen trees and shrubs. But the houses are, for the most part, built of unburned bricks, and are little better than so many hovels.

Salonica is governed by a pasha. Its population is estimated at about sixty thousand persons; and, in this number, are comprehended thirty thousand Turks, sixteen thousand Greeks, and twelve thousand Jews. Its situation is favourable to commerce, and its inhabitants export corn, cotton, wool, tobacco, bees' wax, and silk. The imports of Salonica are principally from England. Provisions are here plentiful, and remarkably cheap.

This city was the residence of Cicero, during part of the time that he remained in exile. In the days of its prosperity it boasted an amphitheatre for gladiators, and also a hippodrome for the solemnization of public games. In the citadel there are some columns of Verde antique marble, which are supposed to be the remains of a temple of Hercules. There are also a triumphal arch, which was erected during the time of Marcus Aurelius, and two others, erected in the time of Augustus and Constantine. The porch of the hippodrome, is a magnificent Corinthian colonnade, consisting of five pillars, supporting an entablature, and having four spaces between the columns, probably for entrance. There is in this city a rotunda, an edifice built after the model of the Pantheon at Rome. The hippodrome is a magnificent area, in an oval form, and about five hundred and twenty yards in length.

Tradition points out the place from which St. Paul preached when he was in Thessalonica. In some respects this city is the same now that it was then. A set of turbulent Jews then constituted a principal part of its population: for, when St. Paul came hither from Philippi, to communicate the "glad tidings," to the Thessalonians, the Jews were in sufficient number to "set all the city on an uproar." He wrote two Epis-

tles to the Thessalonians; and in the latter of these he says, "We behaved not ourselves disorderly among you, *neither did we eat any man's bread for nought;* but wrought, with labour and travel, night and day, *that we might not be chargeable to any of you.*" The major part of the Thessalonians of the present day, that is to say, the Jews of this place, are precisely the sort of men to be influenced by such a style of persuasion; and there is not one of them whose way of life does not afford a reasonable comment upon this passage of St. Paul. It was in the Jewish synagogues at Thessalonica, and at *Beræa* (a town a few miles west of it), that the first promulgation of the Christian tenets was delivered to the inhabitants of those cities.

Mount Athos, situated on a promontory south-east of Thessalonica, is celebrated for about twenty monasteries situated upon it, and in its vicinity. In the libraries of these monasteries there are many important Greek manuscripts.

Half way betwixt Thessalonica and Philippi is *Amphipolis*. The ancient city is in ruins, and consists principally of walls, which exhibit more of Roman than of Grecian masonry; the materials being round stones and tiles put together with cement. The present remains are very few. This place was visited by St. Paul in his journey from Neapolis to Thessalonica.

The ruins of *Philippi* still exist. There are yet, at this place, the remains of a magnificent amphitheatre; a great number of marble sarcophagi, or coffins, of great magnitude; the ruins of a temple of Claudius, and some enormous marble columns, beautifully sculptured. But, independently of the high estimation in which Philippi is held on account of its classical antiquities, it has obtained peculiar celebrity, from having been the scene of St. Paul's imprisonment with Silas; and from the circumstance of that apostle having addressed one of his epistles to its inhabitants. It was in this city that the magistrates "laid many stripes on Paul and Silas, and cast them into prison; commanding

the jailer to keep them safely; who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. And, at midnight, Paul and Silas prayed, and sung praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them; and, suddenly, there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed."

A little distance, south-east of Philippi, stands *Neapolis*, a place which was visited by this great apostle when he landed in Macedonia, after his voyage from Troas. It has now the name of *Cavallo*, and is situated on a promontory which stretches into the sea. Neapolis is advantageously situated for commerce, and has a port capable of admitting vessels of considerable burthen. It contains about five hundred houses; and has a mixed population, of Turks and Greeks.

Eastward of Neapolis lies the ancient kingdom of *Thrace*, traversed by the mountains of *Rhodopè*. The *river Hebrus* is crossed by a ferry-boat, conducted from shore to shore, by means of a rope stretched from one bank to the other; and beyond this river the country is flat, uniform, and uninteresting.

[The Strait of the *Dardanelles*, anciently called the *Hellespont*, separates Europe from Asia. Its banks are, in general, low and uninteresting. The only picturesque appearance is preserved by the European and Asiatic castles, in the narrowest parts of the Strait. There are some mortars of immense calibre, near which are piles of marble balls, each about two feet in diameter. The story of Hero and Leander is well known: Leander swam over this strait, from *Abydus* to *Sestus*; and the same feat has since been performed by several persons. The distance is about a mile; but the current is very strong. The shores of the Hellespont, and the shore of the neighbouring Ægean sea, were illustrated by numerous achievements of ancient heroes.

Towards the north-east, the Strait of the Dardanelles terminates in the *Sea of Marmora*, the *Propontis* of the

ancients. This sea is about one hundred and seventy miles in length, and sixty in width, and has a communication with the *Black* or *Euxine Sea*, by the *Thracian Bosphorus*, now called the *Strait of Constantinople*, and with the *Ægean Sea* by the *Dardanelles*.]

Twenty-second Day's Instruction.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

A Description of Constantinople, abstracted chiefly from an Account of that City, by MR. DALLAWAY; *and from the Travels of* DR. CLARKE.

CONSTANTINOPLE was anciently called *Byzantium*. The adjacent country is rugged and mountainous, and almost wholly destitute of wood. This city, the capital of the Ottoman or Turkish empire, and the residence of the grand signor, stands on a point of land, which projects towards the Thracian Bosphorus, and is near its junction with the Sea of Marmora. Its site forms an unequal triangle, resembling a harp. Like Rome it stands upon seven hills, and its whole circuit is somewhat more than twelve miles. The number of inhabitants is estimated at about four hundred thousand, of whom two hundred thousand are Turks, and one hundred thousand Greeks. This city is indebted, for its present name, to the Roman emperor Constantine, who completed its walls; and, from the number of its churches, theatres, palaces, baths, columns, and statues, it once obtained the appellation of "new Rome." Its streets are narrow, and dirty; and, with the most favourable situation that can be imagined, if the accommodation and embellishment of European capitals were adopted,

Constantinople, under the Turkish government, has fewer conveniences than the worst of them: all that it can claim is a sort of gloomy magnificence in the vicinity of the great mosques.

There are, in this city, two principal objects which excite curiosity; the *seraglio*, or palace of the grand signor, and the church of Santa Sophia. Dr. Clarke, who visited Turkey in the year 1801, had not been long here before he sought an opportunity to examine the interior of the seraglio. The undertaking was a difficult one, but, after some trouble, he was enabled to accomplish it.

He entered the walls of this palace under the conduct of a guide; and one of the first places to which his observations were directed was the armoury, where he beheld suspended, as trophies by the Turks, the weapons, shields, and military engines of the Greek emperors. Transient as this view was, for the appearance of a bostanghy (or body guard), obliged him precipitately to retire, he was persuaded that the seraglio would, on investigation, be found to contain many interesting remains of antiquity. In a second visit, which he made, during the season of *Ramadan*, or Turkish Lent, when the guards, being up all night, are usually stupified with sleep and intoxication during the day, he was enabled to penetrate much farther.

The part to which Dr. Clarke now had access, was the summer residence of the sultanas, at that time uninhabited, the females being still in their winter chambers. On entering the seraglio, the spectator observes a confused assemblage of large objects, such as enormous cypresses, massive masonry, broken sarcophagi, and a long gloomy avenue. On the right hand are the large wooden folding doors of the grand signor's gardens, with fragments of ancient marbles lying neglected around. At the entrance of the gardens, the view extends down the principal gravel walk; and all the walks meet at a central point. The spot bearing the name of the Grand Signor's Gardens is not exten-

sive, and the straightness of the walks, and the disposition of the borders, in parallelograms, remind the spectator of gardens in Holland. The most remarkable objects in them are a long greenhouse, filled with orange trees, and the *kiosk*, or magnificent summer residence of the sultan. Its front, looking towards the sea, commands all the beauties of the marine prospect of Constantinople. The coast of Asia, the mouth of the Bosphorus, and a moving picture of ships, are all extended before the eye of the spectator. In the centre of the building is a spacious chamber, covered by a dome, from which is advanced, towards the sea, a raised platform surrounded by windows. On the right and left are the apartments of the sultan and his ladies, and here, on the sofas, Dr. Clarke observed a few things carelessly left by the females; among others, a writing box of English manufacture, containing, in the drawers, coloured writing paper, reed pens, and perfumed wax. Having satisfied his curiosity at the kiosk, he next hazarded a visit to the summer harem. This building is not unlike one of the small colleges of Cambridge, and the inner court may be said exactly to resemble that of Queen's College. It is divided into two parts, one raised above the other. Forcing open a small window near the ground, Dr. Clarke, a French artist who accompanied him, and the guide, climbed into the inside, and there stepped upon a long range of wooden beds, or couches covered with mats, and adapted for the use of the slaves. They next passed into a higher dormitory, and afterwards into a third, consisting of small apartments for slaves of superior rank. They then entered a room of different description, the large audience chamber, in which the sultan mother receives visits of ceremony from the sultanas and other great ladies. Nothing, says Dr. Clarke, can be better suited to theatrical representation than this chamber, which affords a striking idea of the pomp, the seclusion, and the magnificence of the Ottoman court. It is surrounded with enormous mirrors, the

costly donations of Christian potentates. At the upper end is an elevated spot, the seat of the sultan mother, encompassed by latticed blinds, for even here her person is held too sacred to be exposed to the observation of servants. A flight of broad steps, covered with crimson cloth, leads to this conspicuous seat, and, in front of it are two burnished chairs of state. Beyond this apartment is the sultan's assembly-room, which he occasionally visits, to hear music, and to unbend with his favourites. Like the other, it is full of mirrors, but the remaining ornaments display a strange mixture of magnificence and vulgarity common in the state chambers of the Turkish grandees. Proceeding further, Dr. Clarke entered the baths of the sultan mother, and the four principal sultanas: these are small, but very elegant, being constructed of white marble, and lighted by ground glass above.

Quitting the lower garden of the seraglio, this gentleman and his friend went on to the chamber in which the sultan generally passed his private hours. This building is situated in a small garden, in which no plant is suffered to grow except the hyacinth. They examined the apartment, by looking through a window, and found it highly magnificent. Three sides of it were surrounded with seats of embroidered satin, and two glass cases contained the sultan's private library, which consisted entirely of manuscripts. Groups of arms, such as pistols, sabres, and poignards, were disposed with great taste, on the different compartments of the walls; their handles and scabbards were covered with diamonds.

Such were the observations which Dr. Clarke was enabled to make on the interior of the seraglio. A person attached to the Swedish embassy in Constantinople, had, shortly before, reported his success in obtaining a most unusual sight,—a view of the four principal sultanas of the sultan mother. This gentleman was acquainted with a German gardener, who was employed within the walls of the seraglio, and who had

apartments near the gate of the sultan's garden. They were sitting together one morning, when the cries of the black eunuchs, opening the door of the harem, which communicated with the seraglio gardens, announced that these ladies were going to take the air. On these occasions the black eunuchs examine every part of the garden, and run before the women, calling out to all persons to avoid approaching or beholding them, under pain of death. The gardener, and his friend the Swede, instantly closed all the shutters and locked the doors. The black eunuchs, arriving soon afterwards, and finding the lodge shut, supposed the gardener to be absent. Presently followed the sultana mother, with four principal sultanas, who were in high glee, romping and laughing with each other. A small scullery window of the gardener's lodge, looked directly towards the gate, through which these ladies were to pass, and was distant from it only a few yards. Here, through two small gimlet holes, bored for the purpose, they beheld, very distinctly, the features of the women, whom they described as possessing extraordinary beauty. Three of the four were Georgians, having dark complexions, and very long dark hair; but the fourth was remarkably fair, and her hair, also of singular length and thickness, was of a flaxen colour. Their dresses were excessively rich. Long spangled robes, open in front, with pantaloons embroidered in gold and silver, and covered by a profusion of pearls and precious stones, displayed their persons to great advantage; but were so heavy, as actually to encumber their motion, and almost to impede their walking. Their hair hung in loose and thick tresses on each side of their cheeks; falling quite down to the waist, and covering their shoulders behind. These tresses appeared as if powdered with diamonds, not displayed according to any studied arrangement, but as if carelessly scattered by handsful among their flowing locks. On the top of their heads, and rather leaning to one

side, they wore, each of them, a small circular patch or diadem. Their faces and necks were quite exposed, not one of them having any veil.

The principal mosque in Constantinople is that of *Santa Sophia.* This edifice, which is advantageously situated on an eminence, in one of the finest parts of the city, was originally a Christian Church, having been erected, in the sixth century, by the emperor Justin, and enlarged and beautified by his nephew and successor Justinian. Most of the existing accounts of this edifice have been much exaggerated. Its general appearance is gloomy, and it is entered by a descent down a long flight of steps. It is surmounted by one large dome, and eight smaller ones, but there is a littleness and a Gothic barbarism in the disposition of the parts, which are very displeasing to the eye. The whole concave of the principal dome is encrusted with Mosaic work, formed of small pieces, each not exceeding a square of the eighth of an inch, and composed of a vitrified substance resembling glass. In the angles of the building, beneath the cupola, are four figures of colossal size, resembling seraphim; and, from the centre of the dome are suspended innumerable lamps of coloured glass, intermixed with globes of crystal, ostrich eggs, and ornaments of silver. Beyond the portico in front, which is supported by marble columns, there are nine stately folding doors, the leaves of which are of brass, adorned with bas-reliefs. In the interior, and at the foot of the dome, runs a gallery ten yards broad, over which are two smaller galleries, supported by columns and arches of exquisite workmanship. The exterior of this building exhibits a pile of unsightly masses, which have scarcely any discriminating feature. There are four detached minarets, or slender towers, from which the people, at stated times, are summoned to prayers.

Most of the other mosques in Constantinople have been built after the plan of Santa Sophia. This is par-

ticularly the case with the *mosque of the sultan Solyma*, which is a superb edifice, and may be said to offer a miniature representation of the model from which it was derived. The *mosque of Sultan Bajazet* is rich, in columns of granite, porphyry, and verde antique marble.

Among the public buildings may be mentioned the castle of *Seven Towers*, which was repaired and enlarged by the sultan Mahomet the Second, and appropriated as a place of safety for his treasure, and as a state prison. Three of the towers were thrown down by an earthquake in 1768, and have not been restored. The external appearance of this fortress is extremely ugly, for the towers, which are vast octagons with conical roofs, resemble windmills.

The trade of Constantinople is principally carried on in the khans, bazars, and bezesten. Of these the *khans* are spacious structures, with quadrangles, erected for the public benefit by the munificence of the sultans, or some of the royal family. They are each surrounded by a cloister and colonnade, into which numerous cells open. Their height is generally three stories; and, being constructed of stone, they are fire-proof. Here merchants, from every part of the empire, are accommodated with lodgings for themselves and their goods.

The *bazars* are extensive cloisters, or covered buildings, lofty, and lighted by domes. Almost every article of trade has a separate bazar appropriated to the sale of it. In that occupied by the jewellers, Dr. Clarke saw a vast number of diamonds and other precious stones; but, as these articles are too valuable to be publicly exposed, they are carried in the girdles and pockets of the dealers.

The bazar, where drugs are sold, is a long covered building like Exeter Change, in London, but much larger. The powerful smell exhaled from the spices and simples here exposed, but particularly from the rhubarb, is perceived, in the approach to this bazar. Almost every vegetable production of the east, used in

medicine, or as a perfume, and many mineral substances, may be purchased here.

In the bazar of the booksellers, there is scarcely any oriental author whose writings, if demanded, may not be procured, although every volume offered for sale is manuscript. The number of shops is about a hundred. Each of these contains, on an average, five hundred volumes; so that the whole number of manuscripts, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, exposed for sale, is seldom less than fifty thousand.

At Constantinople the common trades are disposed, all of one kind, in single streets. Shoemakers, furriers, and pipe-makers, with many others, occupy each their separate district, and are seldom found dispersed as in other European cities.

The *bezestèn*, or public exchange, is a room of considerable dimensions. Into this room are collected second-hand goods, which are hawked about by auctioneers. These tramp about, and carry the goods with them, vociferating the price last offered. In another part are the sarraffs, or money changers, Armenians and Jews.

The necessaries of life are well managed in Constantinople, and the shops of cooks, confectioners, and fruiterers, are excellently stored, and served with much neatness. During the greater part of the year, sherbets, with ice, are cried about the streets at a very cheap rate. *Coffee-houses* abound in this city: they are fitted up in an airy Chinese taste, and are curiously painted. Within they are divided into partitions, or stages, without seats; for the Turks sit as tailors do in England. All ranks of people resort to them; and some persons pass, in them, the greatest part of the day, smoking thirty or forty pipes of tobacco, and drinking as many cups of coffee, boiling hot, thick, and without sugar.

This city contains thirteen *public libraries*, which have been established by sultans or visiers; but none of these contain more than two thousand volumes, all in manuscript. The value of the books, however, is

necessarily great, in consequence of the high price of transcription; from fifteen to twenty pounds sterling being paid for a folio volume well written.

There is, in Constantinople, an extensive open space, called the *atmeydan*, or horse course; and anciently the *hippodrome*. This, which was adapted to public spectacles, and athletic exhibitions, preserves nearly the same state in which it was left by the Greeks. On one side is the mosque of the Sultan Achmet, and on another is part of a large building, now appropriated to the reception of insane persons. There was formerly an obelisk at each end of the hippodrome, but one of these has long been destroyed. In the centre are the remains of a brazen column, formed of the bodies of three serpents spirally twisted together. This is about twelve feet in height, and hollow: it once supported the golden tripod at Delphi; and the Greeks, after the battle of Platæa, found it in the camp of Mardonius. It was originally terminated, at the top, by the necks and heads of the serpents, forming a beautiful triangle; but these are said to have been wantonly broken off by some attendants of a Polish ambassador, who had lodgings in the vicinity.

The *houses* of opulent Turks are large, having a court with a fountain in the midst, and the most convenient part is appropriated as the harem, for the females. Some of the apartments are remarkable for neatness, and for all the accommodation that architecture and the climate will admit. The greatest number of houses, however, are mere comfortless wooden boxes, cool in summer, but ill adapted to wet or cold weather, being full of unglazed windows, and without fire places. In winter heat is supplied by earthen pans of charcoal, which suffocate whilst they warm. The ground floor is a continuation of the street, and the staircase is a dirty ladder, frequently in the midst of darkness.

Much of the romantic air which pervades the domestic habits of the persons described in the Arabian Night's Entertainments, particularly in inferior life, may

be observed in passing through the streets of Constantinople; and the traveller will here recur with additional pleasure, to the delight with which he at first perused these authentic portraits of every oriental nation.

Fires are so frequent in Constantinople, that few months pass without their occurring, and they are sometimes so furious, that whole districts are laid in ashes. Houses, however, are so soon re-erected, that the former appearance of the streets is speedily restored. Notice of a fire is given by beating a great drum from two high towers; and by the night-watch patroling the streets, striking the pavement with their staves shod with iron, crying out "there is fire," and naming the place. The sultan is summoned three times, and, when the conflagration has lasted one hour, he is obliged to attend in person, and to bring with him mules laden with small money, which he distributes to the firemen, who are generally very inactive before his arrival.

Constantinople would suffer greatly from a deficiency of water, if the munificence of the sultans had not provided numerous *fountains*, which the *aqueducts* constantly supply. Fountains, or reservoirs, have been formed in almost every street. The former, however, are, in general, only low, square buildings, roofed with lead, and having spouts on each side: the whole are profusely gilded, painted with an infinity of colours, and inscribed with verses.

The *baths* are extremely numerous. These, in general, consist of two apartments, of competent size, and covered with domes, thickly studded with hemispherical glasses, which admit a dim light. The first apartment serves as a vestibule and dressing room, and that beyond it is heated by concealed stoves, as a sudatory. In the middle is a marble slab, upon which the bather is seated, whilst two men, with perfumed soap, and a rubber of camel's hair cloth fixed to their hands, perform a complete ablution. They knead the muscles, and give pliancy to the joints, by snapping them with the force of an electrical shock. After bathing it is

customary to go into an adjoining room, which resembles a coffee-house, except that beds are prepared in rows: here an hour is spent, coffee and pipes of tobacco are given, and then it is judged safe to encounter the open air. For all this accommodation not more than twenty-pence of English money is required from each visiter.

The *women's baths* are so capacious as to admit of several harems at the same time; and they are an extremely fashionable resort of females in the higher ranks of life. No married woman, whatever be her rank, is exempted from attending the bath every Thursday, nor is poverty an excuse, for certain baths are gratuitously served. Many persons, however, adopt the custom with such frequency and excess, that much injury to health and beauty are the consequence.

Traversing the streets of Constantinople, the attention of the stranger is attracted by several *columns*, the proud remains of Grecian triumphs. One of these, called the *burnt column*, is ninety feet high, and thirty-three feet in circumference, and is composed of blocks of porphyry, with circles of embossed brass, to conceal the joints; but it has been much discoloured and cracked, by different conflagrations in its vicinity.

About the centre of the city, and on a considerable eminence, stands the old palace of the sultans, surrounded by an octangular wall, extremely lofty, and nearly a mile in circumference. It is applied to the reception of the wives and harems of deceased sultans.

The *city of Galata*, which now constitutes part of the suburb of Constantinople, arose under the auspices of the Genoese republic. Somewhat more than seven hundred years ago, certain Genoese merchants obtained a right of settlement there, and the privilege of being governed by their own chief magistrate, subject to the empire. It is at present the residence of merchants of all nations, and the narrow streets have shops and magazines for articles of European commerce. The circuit of this city encloses about four miles.

The great suburb called *Pera* stretches, for nearly two miles, along the summit of a lofty hill. The streets intersect each other, are ill paved, and irregularly built. This quarter has long been assigned as a winter residence of the ambassadors of several foreign nations; but it is said that there can scarcely be found a spot more detestable than Pera, particularly in the crowded parts of it. Its inhabitants may be said to live in cemeteries: the only water used for drinking, passes through sepulchres, and is filled with all sorts of revolting impurities. It swarms with rats, not only in the buildings, but in the streets, where they resort, at night, in such numbers, that a person, in passing along, often finds them running against his legs.

The best rooms, in the houses at Pera, are those nearest the roof. These are spacious and lofty, but are unaccommodated with fire-places; most of them have sofas. During cold weather a table is placed in the middle, and under this is a pan of burning charcoal. The whole is then covered, with a large counterpane and a blanket, and the mixed company of ladies and gentlemen repose around it, completely enveloped to the chin, and often exhibiting a most grotesque appearance.

A Description of some important Provinces and Places in European Turkey, North of Constantinople.

FROM the capital of the Turkish empire to Adrianople, the road, for a considerable distance, lies near the *Sea of Marmora*, the ancient *Propontis*. At the village of *Tchiorlù*, through which the road passes, there is a small seraglio, that has been built for the use of the Grand Signor, when traveling in the country. The apartments are in the midst of a thick grove of trees, freshened and ornamented by numerous fountains.

Adrianople is considered the second city in Turkey. Its situation on the river *Mantra* is fine, and the sur-

rounding country is extremely beautiful; but, owing to stagnant pools, formed by the drying of the river in summer, the air is bad, and the climate unhealthy. This city received its name from the emperor Adrian, by whom it was either founded or restored: and it has been the favourite residence of many of the sultans. It is about seven miles in circuit; but within the walls are a great number of gardens. Most of the houses are built of wood; and every house, great or small, is divided into two distinct parts, joined together by a narrow passage. The principal houses have large courts before them, with open galleries all round, which lead to the chambers. This is the part which belongs to the master: the other apartments are inhabited by the females. These have a gallery towards the garden, into which all the windows open. All the principal houses have baths and fountains. Adrianople has a street, nearly a mile in length, full of shops, and covered at the top with boards, to keep out the rain. The Exchange is a building half a mile in length, having an arched roof, and containing three hundred and sixty-five shops, in which goods are exposed for sale, in the same manner, as at Exeter Change in London. This place is kept very neat; and the shops at all times appear as clean as if they had been just painted. The Bezisten is another kind of exchange, supported by pillars: here, among other things, all kinds of horse furniture, embroidery, and jewels, are sold. In Adrianople is a celebrated mosque of the sultan, Selim I. This is advantageously situated on an elevated spot, in the midst of the city, and has a noble appearance. Its courts are surrounded with cloisters, supported by highly polished marble columns of the Ionic order. The body of the mosque is one prodigious dome.

About one hundred miles, west of Adrianople, is *Philipolis*, a considerable open town, situated on three eminences, and bathed by the *Maritza*. It received its name, in consequence of having been founded by Philip,

the father of Alexander the Great. There is, in this town, a sect of Christians, who call themselves Paulines; and who show an old church, in which they say St. Paul preached. The adjacent lands abound in rice fields; and nearly the whole country, from Adrianople, is fertile and agreeable: the climate is propitious, and vines grow wild on all the hills.

North of Philipolis is *Mount Hæmus*, which divides Romelia from the district of Bulgaria. The roads are here extremely bad; but the scenery is adorned with all those beauties in landscape which the ancient poets have described as peculiar to this part of the country. Nearly the whole of *Bulgaria* is diversified by mountains, valleys, and fertile plains; and is watered by many streams, which originate in the southern boundary of the province, and run northward to the Danube.

The capital of Bulgaria is *Sophia*, an irregular, indifferently built, but populous trading town, and a great thoroughfare between Constantinople and Hungary. It stands on an extensive plain, watered by the river *Bojana*, and is almost surrounded by mountains. The streets are narrow, uneven, and dirty; yet almost every house has a garden, planted with shrubs and fruit trees. The numerous adjacent marshes render the place unwholesome, particularly during summer.

Walachia, which constitutes a portion of ancient Dacia, is situated between Bulgaria and Hungary. The whole of this province may be described as an inclined plain, which slopes towards the Danube, and is traversed by numerous rivers that flow in almost parallel courses. It produces grain, wine, and fruit of various kinds.

At some distance, north of the Danube, is the town of *Bukorest*, a meanly built but populous place, and the see of an archbishop. In the streets, the trunks of trees and other large logs of timber, are placed transversely instead of pavement; forming a kind of raft, upon liquid mud, which, as the timber sinks, by the

weight of carriages passing over, springs up through the interstices. The number of carriages kept here amounts to four thousand: for the streets are often almost impassable in any other way than upon wheels; and, even in this manner, it is not always easy to pass through them. In Bukorest the khans, for the reception of merchandise, are large and good; and the shops are so large and so well supplied, that it is probable a greater variety of commodities are to be found on sale here than even in Constantinople. Bukorest has a monastery, containing fifty monks, of whom twelve are superiors. In this monastery are a good library, and a printing-press for religious books in the Walachian language. In the year 1802, Bukorest was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, but such calamities are rarely experienced in this part of the Turkish empire.

Moldavia, is the most northern province of Turkey. It is intersected by numberless torrents, which descend from the mountains, and augment the stream of the Danube; and it abounds in rich and extensive forests. The atmosphere is, in general, pure and wholesome, and the soil is adapted to the production of every species of grain and pulse. Vines are cultivated on the slopes of the hills; and the wine of this province is pleasant and wholesome.

The inhabitants, both of Moldavia and Walachia, continue the same style of dress as people of the same provinces wore in the time of the ancients. The men wear a shirt of coarse linen, girt round the waist, and a pair of long drawers; they have a hatchet hanging at their girdle, a sheep skin thrown over the left shoulder and fastened on the breast, and sandals of undressed leather on the feet. Their hardy exterior is strikingly contrasted with their real imbecility; for they are humbled, by slavery, even into a belief that they are weak. The language of Walachia is, in many particulars, pure Latin, the difference between our way of speaking and that of the Walachians, consisting only in

pronunciation. In their customs these people retain many Roman superstitions. The predominant religion of both principalities is that of the Greek church.

Jassy or *Yassy*, the capital of Moldavia, is a considerable town, near the centre of the country, and situated on an eminence, in a plain surrounded by hills. Like Bukorest it has its streets flored with thick beams of oak; and, from the vapours that rise from the filth and stagnant water, which collect beneath this flooring, the streets are rendered extremely unwholesome. In this place none but the common people stir out on foot; a carriage is here an article of necessity as much as of luxury. But, the motion experienced in a carriage, is extremely unpleasant; and, where the streets are out of repair, the horses occasionally plunge, as deep as their chests, into mire. The hills around Jassy afford fine situations for country seats, but these are occupied chiefly by monasteries. Roman Catholics here are numerous, but all other sects and religions are tolerated.

On the western side of Walachia and Bulgaria is *Illyricum*, an extensive province, which contains the two districts of Servia and Bosnia. This is, for the most part, a mountainous territory, but many of the valleys and some of the plains are fertile, and produce an abundance of grain, wine, oil, and pasture. It is divided, on the north, from the Austrian territories, by the Danube; on the bank of which river is situated *Belgrade*, the capital of Servia. This is a large and populous city, surrounded by a wall containing several towers, and defended by a castle. It was formerly a place of great strength, was accounted the barrier betwixt Turkey and Hungary, and has been the scene of many important military operations between the Turks and Austrians. Its situation, on the bank of the Danube, renders it convenient for commerce. Those streets in which the chief trade is carried on, are covered with boards, as a shelter from the sun and rain. The shops

are small, and the commodities that are sold are conveyed out of the windows, for the purchasers never enter the shops. The most valuable merchandise is sold in two bazars which cross each other; and there are two exchanges, constructed of stone, and supported by columns. There are, likewise, at Belgrade, a caravansera, or public inn, and a college for the education of youth. The land in the vicinity of this town presents some degree of culture, and, in several places, is occupied by gardens, and cultivated for the growth of vines.

Albania is a Turkish province, on the coast of the Adriatic, and south of Servia. Its capital is *Durazzo*, a strong and populous town, with a good harbour, which has considerable trade. This province is fertile, but in a bad state of cultivation, and thinly inhabited. Its inhabitants are a brave but ignorant people, who have often signalized themselves in war. They chiefly excel as cavalry, and, in the Turkish army, they are distinguished by the name of *Arnauts*. The religion of Albania is that of the Greek Church. This country has obtained great celebrity from the famous prince George Castriot, generally called *Scanderbeg*, who, with a small army, opposed, for many years, all the power of the Turks, and obtained over them twenty-two victories. At his death he bequeathed his country to the Venetians, but they were unable to defend the inland parts. These were consequently reduced by the sultan Mahomet the Second, in 1467, and since that period the whole province has been possessed by the Turks.

Twenty-third Day's Instruction.

SPAIN.

THIS is a vast country, situated between two seas, which spread its commerce into every quarter of the world. The only part that unites it with the other countries of the continent, at the same time protects it; for the *Pyrenees*, which stretch, on the north, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, constitute a formidable barrier against an invading enemy from that quarter. Spain is traversed by mountains, in various other directions, so as to afford, through the whole country, a pleasing diversity of hills, valleys and plains. The *Mountains of Castile*, the *Sierra de Toledo*, and the *Sierra Morena*, cross its central parts, and ramify along its eastern and southern shores.

The *climate* is, in general, healthy, and the air pure and serene. The sultry heat of summer is mitigated, in the inland parts, by gales from the mountains; and, in the southern provinces, by breezes from the sea. The *soil*, where it is capable of cultivation, is, in general, light and fertile; but there are many extensive tracts dry, rocky, and barren. It is, however, considered derogatory from the Spanish character, for any except the lowest classes, to engage in agriculture, and consequently the country does not yield a sufficient quantity of grain for the support of its own inhabitants. Its most important *commercial productions* are wine, fruit, oil, honey, and wax. Several of the mountains and valleys are pastured by flocks of sheep, the wool of which is extremely fine and valuable. A small portion of gold and silver is obtained in some parts of the country; there are also extensive mines of iron, copper, salt, and quicksilver; and many important quarries of marble.

The *population* of this country is estimated at about nine millions; and the inhabitants of almost every province have some distinguishing peculiarity in their dress, manners, and pursuits. The common people wrap themselves up to the eyes in a kind of brown cloak, called a capa, which reaches to the ground; and they conceal their hair beneath a cotton cap and a broad hat. When a lady walks abroad, her head, and the upper part of her body, are covered with a mantilla, or thick veil of white or black colour.

The basis of the Spanish character is pride, generosity, and valour. In the higher classes, the people are reserved and grave; and fond of pomp and the parade of ceremony. The lower ranks are as mean, base, and rapacious, as those of any country. They are, however, remarkable both for temperance and sobriety. Both sexes sleep after dinner. The passion of jealousy, which was formerly productive of the most fatal consequences in Spain, is considerably abated, and females now mix in society without reserve. With the Spaniards, dancing and cards are favourite amusements. Their theatrical exhibitions are generally insipid or ridiculous bombast, low wit, absurdity, and buffoonery. Bull fights constituted a diversion which was almost peculiar to this people. The chief defect in the Spanish character is a decided aversion to industry. The nobility reside, for the most part, at court and in the metropolis, considering it beneath their dignity to live on their estates in the country, among their tenants. The common people have no encouragement to industry, and feel little concern for the welfare of a country, where a few overgrown families engross all that is valuable, and pay no attention to ameliorate the condition of their vassals.

Under the Romans this country, including Portugal, was at first divided into two regions, known by the names of Spain citerior and ulterior; but it was subsequently divided by them into three provinces, which

they denominated Lusitania, Bœtica, and Terraconensis. After the fall of the Roman empire, Spain was subjected by the Vandals; and, in the eight century, the greatest part of it was overrun by the Arabs or Moors, who continued masters of it more than five hundred years. Such districts as escaped their subjection were distributed into kingdoms; hence arose the kingdoms of Leon, Castile, Arragon, and Navarre. By the expulsion of the Moors, and the gradual union of these, the Spanish monarchy was established on its present basis; and the whole country became divided into fourteen *provinces*. Of these the province of Navarre has preserved its ancient constitution, and is governed by a viceroy. Its courts, in their form, powers, and legal proceedings, differ from those in other parts of Spain. This province also has the privilege of receiving the greatest part of its foreign merchandise, without search or duty.

Narrative of a Journey from Corunna to Madrid. From Letters written during a Journey in Spain, by ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ*.

IN the beginning of December, 1795, Mr. Southey arrived at *Corunna*. After the vessel in which he had sailed had undergone the usual examination by the custom-house officers, the passengers were suffered to land. Other places, says this gentleman, attract the eye of a traveller, but Corunna takes his attention by the nose. His head, still giddy from the motion of the ship, was confused by the multiplicity of novel objects, the dress of the people, the projecting roofs and balconies of the houses, and the filth of the streets, all of which were both strange and disgusting to an Englishman.

[The town of Corunna is situated in a peninsula, at

* The passages inserted between brackets are additions to the account of Mr. Southey.

the entrance of a bay, and has a famous *harbour*, in the form of a crescent, and defended, at the points, by castles. The town is divided into two parts, one of which is ancient and the other modern. The latter is enclosed by walls, stands on the declivity of a mountain, and is defended by a citadel. Its *streets* are narrow. The *quay* is handsome and convenient, and extends the whole length of the anchorage.]

Mr. Southey and his fellow passengers were conducted to the navio (the ship) a *posada*, or kind of inn, but worse than an English pothouse. Their dinner consisted of a fowl fried in oil, and served up in an attiude not unlike that of a frog taken suddenly with a fit of the cramp. With this they had an omelet of eggs and garlic, fried in execrable oil. Their only drink was wine, not like that with which Spain supplies us in England, but a meagre beverage, which the labourers in the vineyard reserve for themselves. At night Mr. Southey was almost devoured by fleas.

The monuments of Spanish jealousy still remain in the old houses of this town; the balconies of these being fronted with latticework, thickly barred. But jealousy is out of fashion at present; and an almost universal depravity of manners has succeeded. The men, he says, have somewhat the appearance of Jews; the little boys wore tails, and infants sometimes had more feathers than a fantastic fine lady would wear at a ball in England. The Spanish women soon look old, and then every feature settles into symmetry of ugliness.

The carts at Corunna reminded Mr. Southey of the ancient war-chariots. They are each drawn by two oxen, and the wheels make a most melancholy and detestable discord. The governor of the town once ordered that they should be kept well oiled, to prevent this; but the drivers presented a petition against it, stating that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without it; therefore the order was revoked. These carts are small, and two oxen may often be seen

drawing what might be conveyed in an English wheel-barrow.

This town is admirably paved; but its filth is astonishing, when, with so little trouble, it might be kept clean. In order to keep the balconies of the houses dry, the waterspouts project very far; and as there are no vents for the water, this and the filth lie in the middle of the streets, till the sun dries, and the wind sweeps them. The market-place is very good, and is ornamented by a fountain. Near Corunna there is an ancient tower, which excites admiration from its great height, and its strong and solid walls. The Galicians ascribe its construction to Hercules, but its origin is not known.

Mr. Southey waited on the general of Galicia, to produce his passport, and obtain permission to travel with arms; for, without permission, no man, in this country, is allowed to carry even the means of self-defence. He expected, in a Spanish grandee, dignity and hauteur, but he found neither the one nor the other. The general's palace was a paltry place; and the portraits of the king and queen in the state room, would have been thought indifferent ornaments for a sign-post in England.

[About twenty miles north-east of Corunna are the harbour and dockyard of *Ferrol*, appropriated to the royal navy of Spain. The town is regularly built, but it does not contain any edifices that are particularly deserving of attention, except the naval barracks, which are large and commodious.

On an eminence, at some distance south of Corunna, is *Saint Jago*, the capital of Galicia. This place, so called from Saint James of Compostella, is the see of an archbishop. Its streets are handsome, but ill-paved. The cathedral is a noble Gothic edifice, which contains twenty-three chapels; among these is the chapel of St. James, lighted by the cupola of the dome, and containing a statue of the Saint in massive gold. In another,

called the chapel of the Relics, not only the front of the altar, and the frame-work above it, are of massive silver, but all the shrines for the relics are of silver gilt, ornamented with a profusion of diamonds, and placed upon small slabs, the supporters of which are silver. About a thousand wax candles are lighted in this chapel every night. Pilgrimages are made to this place; and day and night great multitudes of people, from all the catholic countries in Europe, are to be seen paying their devotions here. The other religious edifices of Saint Jago are spacious, and several of them have an antique and venerable air. The country around this city is damp, but it produces corn, vegetables, fruit, tolerable wine, and fish of various kinds.]

Mr. Southey set out from Corunna, in a public conveyance, for Madrid. The windows of this vehicle were so low, that, as the passengers sat in the carriage, they could only look upon the road. The six mules which drew it were harnessed only with ropes; and the leaders and middle pair were without reins. The two muleteers or drivers, sometimes rode on a low kind of box, and sometimes walked. The heads of the mules were gaily bedizened with tufts and hanging strings of blue, yellow, and purple worsted; and each mule had sixteen bells; so that Mr. Southey traveled more musically and almost as fast as in a flying waggon. The road was excellent, but the villages, through which they passed, were mean and dirty. Near the road were many crucifixes for adoration; and, in the course of the day's journey, Mr. Southey counted six monumental crosses, or crosses erected on places where people had been murdered.

The travellers slept at *Betanzos*, and, about five o'clock on the ensuing morning, again set out. The country, this day, was peculiarly wild and beautiful. In about three hours they began to ascend a mountain, whose summit had closed their morning prospect. Beyond this they proceeded two leagues to *Griteru*, over a country of rocks, mountains and swamps. Here the

venta, or house of reception for travellers, exceeded all Mr. Southey's conceptions of possible wretchedness. The kitchen had no light but what it received through the apertures of the roof, or through an adjoining stable. A wood fire was in the middle, and the smoke found its way out how it could; of course the rafters and walls were covered with soot. The furniture consisted of two filthy benches and a bed. The inhabitants of the stable were a mule, and a cow; those of the kitchen were a miserable meagre cat, a woman and two pigs. Mr. Southey says he had never seen a human being disfigured by so much filth and squalidness as the woman; but she was anxious to accommodate the company, and they were pleased by her attempt to please. Having brought with them, from Corunna, an undressed rump of beef, they fried some steaks; and, as they had traveled twenty miles, at the rate of three miles an hour, almost breakfastless, they found the dinner excellent. Mr. Southey even began to like the wine; so soon does habit reconcile us to any thing.

After dinner Mr. Southey and his companions went to look at an arch which had caught their notice as they entered the village. The lane that leads to it, appeared to have been paved with stones from the ruins. They were told that the place belonged to the Conde Amiranti, and that the arch had led into the court-yard in the time of the Moors. Evidently, however, it was not of Moorish architecture.

The distance from Griteru to *Bamonde* is two leagues. Near the latter place was some of the most beautiful scenery Mr. Southey had ever beheld. He remarked an old bridge of four arches, almost covered with ivy, over a broad but shallow stream, that, within a few yards, made a little fall, and circled a number of islets clad with heath and broom. Near it was a coppice of birch, and a fine single birch tree hung over the bridge. The hill on the opposite shore rose abruptly, a mass of rock and heath. About two hundred yards behind, on a gentler ascent, stood a church. The

churches, in this part of Spain, are simple and striking: they have no tower, but in its place they have a single wall, ending in a point with a crucifix.

Mr. Southey says he should have thought Griteru the worst place in Europe, had he not seen Bamonde. At none of the posadas are there any glass in the windows; and, if a person would exclude the air, he must also exclude the light. The master of the posada here was a crazy old priest, very inquisitive, and equally communicative. The woman was anxious to know if the Spaniards and English were at war; she said she should be sorry indeed, if a war should take place, because so many good things came from England, and particularly such beautiful muslin. And yet this woman, so interested lest muslin should be scarce, had scarcely rags enough to cover her body.

The travellers warmed themselves by dressing their own supper. The kitchen received its light through the stable, and was without a chimney. The whole party, assembled round an immense fire, consisted of Mr. Southey and his friends, some of the men in the village in wooden shoes, three or four children, the drivers of the carriage, the crazy priest, the hostess, and the pigs, who, in this country, are always admitted to the fire side. Mr. Southey and his friends again supped on beef steaks, and manufactured the remainder of their beef into soup, to carry with them on the journey.

About noon of Monday, December the 11th, they reached the city of *Lugo*, the *Lucus Augusti* of the Romans. Here they were detained some time, for the coach already wanted repairing. This place is surrounded by a wall, with circular towers projecting at equal distances. On the top of the walls there is a walk ten feet in width, without any fence on either side. The ruins are, in many parts, covered with ivy. Mr. Southey saw doors leading from the city into the walls, and many wretched hovels were built under them; these were mere shells of habitations, made of stones from

the ruins, and to which the wall itself served as a back. The height of the walls is not in all parts alike, but, in some places, it is more than five and thirty feet. The moat is choaked up. Notwithstanding the want of a parapet, this is a favourite promenade of the inhabitants; and the circuit is half an hour's walk, at a good pace.

The baths which the Romans made here, are used at this day as medicinal baths; and the works, which this people formed to protect them against the Minho, in its floods, may still be traced.

Lugo is a wretched place. The streets are narrow, dirty, and dark; the houses high and gloomy; and the inhabitants have lessened the little light, which the narrowness of the streets allows, by the wooden lattices of their balconies. The prison is a very singular building. The cathedral presents little that is remarkable. The two towers in front seem to have been intended to be carried higher; and they are now roofed with slates in an execrable taste. The chapel of the Virgin displays much elegance. Some of the pillars are of Saxon architecture. The front has been modernized in a bad and inappropriate taste.

The city of *Mondonedo*, which is a day's journey north-east of Lugo, was nearly destroyed, in 1761, by a storm of rain. On the evening of the 9th of September, in that year, heavy clouds gathered in the north, and collected upon the mountains, which bend round the city from east to west. In the night the thunder and lightening began; the rain, falling in torrents, carried away every thing before it, and rolled the wreck of the mountains down upon the town. The streets were choked, in many places, up to the first floors of the houses, and some of the houses were thrown down.

The road from Lugo is very bad. This part of the country, however, is better peopled and better wooded than that which the travellers had passed: they frequently saw the *Minho* winding beautifully below them.

At St. Juan de Corbo they stopped to eat. The churchyard wall was covered with crosses, and there were some considerable ruins adjoining. They reached *Marillas* to dinner. This was a wretched venta, where the inhabitants would light no fire to dress the fowls. The room into which the travellers were put, was, at the same time, a place of reception for guests, a hayloft, a carpenter's shop, a tailor's shop, and a sawpit. At *Lugares*, three leagues from Marillas, they observed a monumental cross by the door of the posada; and the women of the place begged the travellers to take all the things out of the coach, lest they should be stolen.

The women of Lugares were great admirers of muslin; and expressed an earnest desire that one of Mr. Southey's companions would sell them his neckcloth. Buy, however, they could not, to beg they were ashamed, and so the next morning they stole one.

The inhabitants of Spain, says Mr. Southey, are far advanced towards that period when all created beings shall fraternize. The muleteer sleeps by the side of his mule, the brotherly love of Sancho and Dapple may be seen in every hovel; and the horses and the cows, and the cats, and the dogs, and the poultry, and the people, and the pigs, all inhabit the same apartment.

The houses, in this part of the country, were exactly like the representations Mr. Southey had seen of the huts in Kamtschatka. The thatch reached to the ground, and there was a hole left in each which served for the inhabitants to go in, and the smoke to go out at. In their progress this day Mr. Southey saw a calf walk into one of the houses, pushing by a woman at the door, with a coolness that marked him for one of the family. The bee-hives here are made of part of the trunk of a tree hollowed; they are about three feet high, and each covered with a slate.

The travellers next arrived at *Villa Franca*. The history of this place is indistinctly known: it is on the high road to Compostella, once so much frequented by pilgrims from France, as to be called *el Camino-Frances*,

the "French road," and the place to be called *Villa Franca*, or the "French Village." It is now inhabited by some good families; gives title to a marquis, and has three nunneries, a convent of Franciscan friars, and formerly had one of Jesuits.

Never did the travellers see a town so beautiful as they approached; but, when they entered, it was filthy in an extreme. Opposite to the posada was a palace of the Duke of Alva, old and ruinous, and mean and melancholy as a parish workhouse in England.

About a league beyond Villa Franca, the travellers entered a sandy and stony plain; a little herbage grew on it, but it is bare in summer, and swarms with immense grasshoppers. It is about three leagues in extent, and is surrounded by high mountains, at the foot of which, over a grove of evergreen oaks, they saw the town of *Ponferrada*.

This town, like Villa Franca, owes its origin to the great resort of pilgrims to Compostella. At Ponferrada the inhabitants make the most beautiful counterpanes Mr. Southey ever saw; the threads are so disposed that the whole seems covered with fringe, or rather resembles the fleece of a Spanish sheep.

There are many specimens of Moorish architecture on the houses here. Several of the spouts that project below the roofs, to throw off the water, are shaped like cannon. The castle is a fine object; it is great and grotesque, and affords a good idea of the Giants' Castles of Romance. A very remarkable pillar stands on the outside of the town; it is the place of execution.

On leaving Ponferrada the descent was steep, and the road bad. At the entrance of a village, which the travellers next passed, stood a tree, two of whose branches had grown somewhat in the shape of a cross. The top and the limbs had been lopped off, and a face had been carved on it, for the purpose of its being rendered an object of adoration. Beyond the village of *Torre* they ascended a mountain to *Manzanar*, and it is almost impossible to imagine a scene more wild; here

they observed descents sloping to the mountain, glens covered with shrubs and furze, little streams crossing the road, and rocks on which grey lizards were basking in great numbers: sometimes they looked over the hills they had ascended, but more frequently the windings of the mountains bounded their view.

The travellers next passed over a bleak and desolate track of barrenness, near the *cavern of Gil Blas*. Never was there a more convenient place to be murdered in, and eleven monumental crosses were counted within three leagues.

A range of mountains, in Asturias, lay on the left, a dreary ridge spotted with snow. When the travellers began to descend, they saw the walls and the cathedral towers of Astorga in the plain below, and the plains of Castile spreading beyond, like the ocean seen from an eminence.

They stopped two hours at *Astorga*, once the capital of Asturias, but now a city in the province of Leon. [It stands upon a gentle eminence, from which it commands a prospect over a fertile and beautiful country. It was anciently walled round, and a considerable part of the walls still remains. The streets are paved in ridges and are dirty. The castle and the cathedral are each worthy of observation, the one for its antiquity and the other for its beauty.

Seventy miles north of Astorga is *Oviedo*, an ancient town, and one of the most important in the history of Spain. It is situated on a plain somewhat elevated, and at the junction of two small rivers. There are in this city an episcopal palace, a cathedral, three convents of monks, three of nuns, and an university. The *streets* are tolerably straight, regular, and well paved. The principal *square* is large and handsome: nearly all the streets terminate in it, and the market is held there. The cathedral is a handsome Gothic edifice, built of free-stone: in one of the chapels the bones of fourteen kings and queens are preserved; and the treasury is rich in vases, relics, and ornaments. The church of

San Salvador is said to possess numerous relics; among others the bodies of several saints; and a beautiful gold cross, which the persons belonging to the church state to have been the work of angels. There is an aqueduct, supported by forty arches, which conveys water to the town.]

From Astorga the travellers proceeded four leagues, over a plain, to *Baneza*, and, for the first time, saw the stork's broad nest upon the churches. This is an old and an ugly town, with piazzas under its houses. The alameyda, or public walk, is the finest Mr. Southey had yet seen. A cross, like an English sign, was suspended from the front of the posada; and near it a sun in the same manner, underwritten, "The house of the sun." The road from this place was very bad; it extended, for three leagues, over a fertile and populous plain. On each side of them lay towns thickly scattered, all of which had once been fortified. Lapwings, storks, and wild ducks were in abundance.

They arrived at *Benevente* too late in the evening to see the inside of the castle, the most important object in the place; but a gentleman of the party had formerly visited it, and gave the following account of it: "We entered (he says) by a gradual ascent, which led to a cloister or colonnade of four sides, that looked down into a court, where once had been a fountain. We were thence conducted through a Moorish gateway of three semicircular arches, to a large room, decorated with armorial bearings. This opened into a gallery about fifty paces long, and twelve wide, ornamented in the most elegant Moorish taste. The front is supported by jasper pillars; the pavement consists of tiles coloured and painted with the scallop shell of St. Jago. In the recesses of the wall are Arabic decorations and inscriptions. From hence is an extensive prospect, over the fertile valleys of Leon, watered by the Marez and the Ezla. From the wall of the staircase an arm in armour supports a lamp. The roof of the chapel represents stalactydes. In the armory are old mus-

quets, in which the trigger is so formed as to bring the match round to the pan."

In the corner of the room which the travellers occupied at the posada of this place, were placed two trestles: four planks laid across these, supported a straw stuffed mattress of immense thickness, over which was another as disproportionately thin; and this was Mr. Southey's bed. The seat of his chair was as high as the table he wrote upon. A lamp hung upon the door. Above were bare timbers; for, as yet, he had seen, in Spain, no ceilings. The floor was tiled. Such were the comfortable accommodations they had met with, after having travelled from the rising to the setting sun. They, however, had here a brazier, the first they had seen since their departure from Corunna. Of the people, extreme filth and deplorable ignorance were the most prominent characteristics. At Benevente Mr. Southey saw people dancing in the streets with castanets. Some of the churches of this place exhibit fine specimens of early Saxon architecture. In the wall of one of them are two crosses, composed of human skulls, with thigh bones for the pedestal, fixed on a black ground.

After an execrable stage of five leagues beyond Benevente, the travellers reached *Valladpando*. The mud walls of this place, magnified through a mist, appeared like the respectable remains of a large fortification.

At *Tordesillas* they crossed the *Duero* by a noble bridge. In the streets of this town there are several bridges, over the mire, for foot passengers, formed of large stones, about eighteen inches high, and two feet asunder, which are left unconnected, that carriages may pass. This is a great wine country.

In *Medina del Campo* there are no fewer than eighteen convents. This town is free from all imposts, and the inhabitants have the right of nominating to all offices, civil and ecclesiastic, without the interference either of the king or the pope. It is, however, if possible, more offensively filthy than any the travellers

had yet seen. The mire in the streets was green with age.

On the road the travellers saw a horse's tail tied up with red ribbons; indeed the tails of the mules and asses are often whimsically decorated. They are sometimes seen sheared close, through the greater part of their length, with a tuft at the end, and the hair on the rump cut into stars, flowers, or other fanciful shapes.

After passing *Arebalo* and *Espinosa*, and traveling four leagues in the midst of a fog, Mr. Southey and his companions once more beheld the sun. But the mists could not have hidden from them a more uninteresting country than the plains of Castile, which they had passed. The prospect, however, was now comparatively beautiful: evergreen oaks, thickly scattered over the rising ground, bounded by the Guadarama mountains.

[On their left was *Segovia*, an ancient town, situated between two deep valleys, and surrounded by walls, in which towers have been constructed at regular distances. Nearly all the streets are narrow, crooked, and irregularly paved. This place was once eminent for its cloth and woollen manufactures, but these have long been on the decline. The cathedral, and several of the churches and convents, are deserving of notice by the traveller. The Alcazar, formerly the residence of the Castilian kings, is an edifice of great antiquity. But the noblest monument of this town is an aqueduct, the origin of which is ascribed to the Romans. It terminates at the Alcazar, and comprehends, in its whole length, a range of one hundred and fifty-nine arches].

In their descent from the mountains, the travellers saw two caravans, the people belonging to which had pitched their waggons for the night on the side of the mountain, and were, like Scythians, seated round their fire. Beyond the village of *Guadarama* the country was well wooded with the prickly oak; and was stony like Galicia.

[In the descent from the mountains of Guadarama are the palace and monastery of the *Escurial*. These

are edifices which the Spaniards consider so magnificent, that they denominate them the eighth wonder of the world. Indeed the great extent of the Escurial, its wealth, and the regular plan and masterly execution of the buildings, excite astonishment and admiration.

This palace, which was commenced in the year 1557, is constructed of gray stone, obtained from quarries in the adjacent mountains, and is disposed in the form of a gridiron, in allusion to the martyrdom of St. Lawrence. Eight towers, corresponding with each other, invest the dome of the church, and impart to the whole fabric a grand and solemn aspect. The edifice has four fronts, all of which are more or less embellished. The principal front is near six hundred and forty feet in length, and each angle is flanked with a tower. There are two hundred windows and three entrances. Of equal extent is the front on the opposite side, towards the east. It is approached by a large square, raised on arches like a terrace, and encircled by a lofty balustrade. The west and south fronts are of the same dimensions.

This edifice comprehends a monastery, and a mansion for the sovereign. In the conventual part are various objects worthy of observation. The refectory, or dining room, contains many valuable paintings. The walls of the cloisters are covered with paintings by different masters; and in the libraries are contained many valuable manuscripts. The church is in the Doric style of architecture, and its dimensions are immense. It contains forty-eight altars, enriched with paintings by the first masters. It would be impossible to describe intelligibly all the parts and ornaments of this vast fabric. Great splendour is observable throughout. Beneath the church is the burial place of the kings of Spain.

To the village of the Escurial, which is scarcely a quarter of a league distant, is made a beautiful road, or rather a broad avenue, planted on each side, with lofty trees.

The Escurial is sheltered by mountains, which, in

general, are dreary and uncultivated. They are not, however, wholly destitute of pasture; and noble reservoirs have been constructed in them, whence water is conveyed by an aqueduct, to replenish ninety-two fountains, distributed in various quarters of the palace, the convent, and the gardens.

The distance from the Escurial to Madrid is seven leagues. The road is excellent; but it runs through a country barren and desolate.

Twenty-fourth Day's Instruction.

SPAIN CONTINUED.

A Description of Madrid, and of some of the most important Towns in Spain. Chiefly from "L' Itineraire Descriptif de l' Espagne," by ALEXANDER DE LABORDE.

THE entrance into *Madrid* displays, on all sides, a town enlivened by the presence of the sovereign. The approaches to the gates are by fine streets and elegant avenues, planted with trees. But the entrance through the gate of Alcala is infinitely the finest. The traveller has scarcely passed a magnificent barrier, constructed in the form of a triumphal arch, than he sees, on all sides, objects to attract attention. An elegant avenue immediately presents itself: on the right is a range of low, but uniform, and agreeable houses, and on the left railings, through which he perceives gardens of immense extent. The beautiful promenade of the prado crosses the end of it.

Madrid stands on several low hills near each other and in a plain, of immense extent, which is dry, naked

and destitute of trees, uneven, and disagreeable. This city has fifteen gates, five hundred and six streets, and forty-two squares. Among the public edifices may be reckoned one hundred and thirty-three churches, convents, colleges, and seminaries. The number of inhabitants is about one hundred and fifty-six thousand, including six hundred priests, two thousand monks, and eight hundred nuns.

The place or square in which the royal palace stands, is large and handsome. It is decorated, on one side, by the front of the palace: on another by the arsenal, a large but plain building; on the third by the barracks; and the fourth is open. A few of the other *squares* are handsome. Most of them are embellished with fountains. Madrid is, in general, well laid out, though, in the more ancient parts of the city, there are many narrow and crooked *streets*. These are paved with sharp stones, which are painful and unpleasant to the feet of persons who are not accustomed to them. There is, indeed, a pavement on each side, but it is too narrow to admit more than one person at a time. The streets are extremely clean; and are lighted by lamps on each side. Most of the *houses* are well built; and, without displaying much architectural magnificence, have an agreeable appearance, especially in the large streets. There are, in Madrid, very few superb mansions; for, even most of the grandees live in common looking houses, distinguished from private dwellings only by their extent. A few of them, however, have a noble and imposing aspect. The interior of the houses of the nobility are magnificently furnished; and some of them are adorned with paintings and sculptures of singular elegance and beauty.

Madrid contains upwards of twenty *monasteries*. There are also numerous *hospitals* and other establishments of public beneficence. *The royal library* was formed in 1712, and originally contained only such books, medals, and antiquities, as had been preserved in the king's palace. The books gradually increased,

so that, at length, they amounted to one hundred thousand printed volumes, exclusive of a large collection of manuscripts; and a magnificent accession was subsequently made to it in the library of cardinal Arquinto, which was purchased by the king of Spain. The apartments are constantly open to the public, except on holidays. There is also an extensive cabinet of natural history, which is accessible to the public twice a week. The *churches* of Madrid do not, in general, exhibit any object peculiarly interesting, either as to paintings or architecture. Some of the chapels, however, have fine paintings. The church of St. Isidore presents a noble front; that of the Mendicant Friars is one of the largest, and that of the Incarnation, one of the handsomest in Madrid.

Among other public buildings that are deserving of notice are some of the city *gates*, the *town house*, the *council house*, and the *royal magazine*, or armory. In the latter are contained many weapons of singular appearance and construction; and ancient armour of various kinds.

The *royal palace* commands a distant view of the beautiful surrounding country. It has been built since 1734, in which year the late palace was totally consumed by fire. It is of square form, and has four equal sides, each four hundred and four feet in length. At each of the angles are four projecting pavilions, and, in the centre of the building, there is another where the chapel stands. In the centre of the palace is a large court, surrounded by a noble piazza, over which is a gallery, embellished by Ionic columns. The ascent to the palace is by a magnificent staircase, which leads to the entrance hall. In this edifice every part is vaulted; and no wood has been employed: hence its safety, from accidental conflagration, has been ensured. The interior contains many admirable specimens of the arts: the walls and ceilings are covered with allegorical paintings, and the apartments are hung with pictures by the most eminent artists. One of the most magnificent

apartments of the palace is the hall, where the king gives public audience to foreign ambassadors. It is embellished with mirrors of extraordinary size, and with several antique busts. The doors are richly carved, and the ceiling is painted with a variety of allegorical figures. In one of the apartments of the palace are kept the crown jewels and regalia. Among these is a superb throne, of red colour, wrought in gold, richly embroidered in the centre, and having, at each angle, a cross of rock crystal nearly four feet high.

At one extremity of Madrid, nearly opposite to the palace, is another royal mansion, called the *Buen Retiro*. It opens on the promenade of the prado; and is also of a square form, flanked at each angle by a tower, but it contains nothing deserving of notice, except some admirable paintings with which its apartments are adorned. This palace is environed by beautiful gardens, which occupy an immense area; and which, in fine weather, are the resort of the best company of Madrid.

Near Madrid are several *promenades;* but these are, in general, so situated either beyond the walls, or on their confines, that a considerable distance must be traversed before they can be approached. The most frequented promenade is the *Prado*. This is a place celebrated in Spanish novels and romances, as the busy scene of amorous plots and political intrigues. Originally the ground was uneven, without trees, ornaments, or decorations; but the prominences on its surface afforded facilities to the forming of rendezvous; and its extent secured the parties from observation. On this account its surface was leveled, by Charles the Third, who also caused it to be planted with trees, watered, and embellished; and it now forms one of the finest promenades in Europe. But, though the concourse of people in the Prado is often immense, the scene is dull and uninteresting. Ladies constantly roll through the grand avenue, without alighting from their carriages. The exercise of walking is confined to women

of the lower ranks, whose only garb is black, and who always envelope their head in a white or black veil, which entirely conceals the face, and flows over the shoulders. In consequence of this scrupulous regard to national costume, there is no variety, no gaiety, no animation: there are none of the attractions which create so many sources of pleasure in the places of public resort in other countries.

Madrid scarcely possesses a single *manufactory* from which it can derive advantage. It is even dependent on remote provinces, or foreign countries, for every article of use or ornament; for clothes and corn; for all the luxuries and all the necessaries of life.

There are, in this city, many *amusements*. The coffee houses attract the idle multitude. In the afternoon the *theatres* are open. [Mr. Southey went to the Spanish comedy. He says that no money was paid on going in, but that a man between the acts, went round and collected it. Where the door is on the English stage, a table was stationed. Between every act a kind of operatical farce was performed, a piece of low and gross buffoonery. The theatre was large and inelegant, presenting, to the eye, only a mass of tarnished gilding. So badly was it lighted that to see the company was impossible. The representation began at half past four, and was over at eight].

Formerly the most attractive amusement in Madrid was the *bull-fight*, but of late years this has been suppressed. At the times appointed for the bull-fight, all Madrid was in commotion. An aspect of gaiety was imprinted on every countenance. The spectacle was usually exhibited in a spacious rotunda, formed for the occasion, and erected on the outside of one of the gates. The boxes were filled with females, displaying all the elegant and fanciful varieties of dress; and the effect of the assembled company is described, by M. de Laborde, to have been grand and impressive. [Previously to the suppression of this amusement, Mr. Southey was present at a bull-fight, where about fifteen

thousand persons were assembled. On this occasion the bullocks were only teased, and, as their horns were tipped, the men who fought with them were only bruised. A bullock was led into the area, and the men amused themselves by provoking him, and then running away, and leaping over the boundary. But the two principal heroes were each of them in a basket, which came up to his shoulders. This he could lift up from the ground, and move along in it, towards the bull. He stuck a dart into the bull, and then popped down into the basket, which the beast knocked down, to the infinite delight of fifteen thousand spectators! Once he tossed the man in the basket, and once he put his horns in at one end and drove him out at the other. When one bull was done with, some tame cattle were driven in, and he followed them out. Four were thus successively teased; but a more barbarous sport followed. A boar was turned in to be baited by dogs, but they were afraid to attack so formidable an enemy; and the few who had courage to do so, were dreadfully mangled by his tusks. His boarship remained unhurt, and, after maiming every dog who attacked him, was suffered to go to his den. The rest of the entertainment consisted in turning in bullocks, one at a time, among the mob. They provoked the beast, and the beast bruised them; and Mr. Southey says he was glad to see that the advantage lay on the side of the most respectable brute].

Among other amusements it may be mentioned that, on *Corpus Christi day*, in every year, there is, in Madrid, a grand procession, composed of the secular and regular clergy, followed by the king, his ministers, and court, each bearing in his hand a wax taper. Magnificent awnings of tapestry are formed in the streets, through which the procession passes. The balconies are decorated with splendid hangings: the seats are covered with cushions; and, in some of the streets, the face of day is darkened by canopies, which are stretched from side to side. Altars are placed at regular intervals. The balconies are thronged with ladies su-

perbly dressed, who sprinkle scented water, or scatter flowers on the passing multitudes.

[Madrid is four hundred miles from the sea, and has no navigable river. Indeed the *Manzanares*, the river which flows past the city, is so shallow, that, if a cockle should attempt to navigate it, he must inevitably run aground. When it is stated, that this city is in the centre of the Peninsula, all its advantages are enumerated. In summer the heat is intolerable, and in winter the cold is very severe; for the soil round the city produces nitre in great abundance, and the Gaudarama mountains are covered with snow; so that the inhabitants have the agreeable alternative of being starved from want of a fire, or suffocated by the fumes of charcoal.

In Madrid the necessaries of life are extravagantly dear, and the comforts not to be obtained; and Mr. Southey was informed, by a person well acquainted with the character of the people, that "there is neither friendship, affection, nor virtue among them."

All our early impressions, however, tend to prejudice us in favour of Spain. The first novels that we read, fill us with high notions of the grandeur and dignity of the national character; and, in perusing the actions of the Spaniards, in the new world, we almost fancy them a race different from the rest of mankind. But a little observation soon destroys this favourable prepossession; and a total alteration in their existing establishments must take place, before the dignity of the Spanish character can be restored].

About fifty miles south-west of Madrid, in a narrow valley, surrounded by lofty mountains, and on the northern bank of the Tagus, stands the ancient and once celebrated city of *Toledo*. This place has been defended by walls, some remains of which still exist. The houses are crowded together, and built in the form of an amphitheatre: the streets are so narrow that two

carriages cannot pass at once, and so uneven, that there is not one in which the passengers are not obliged to ascend or descend. They are also crooked, and ill paved; yet Toledo is the see of an archbishop; and the cathedral is a majestic pile of Gothic architecture. There are, in this city, many beautiful edifices, particularly an ancient palace called the Alcazar, the area of which presents a front of one hundred and sixty feet. Toledo was once famous for the fabrication of articles in steel; and swords manufactured in this place were considered to possess unrivaled excellence.

Truxillo, one hundred and twenty miles south-west of Toledo, is an ancient town, on the summit and south side of a mountain, surmounted by a castle, which was once a fortress of great strength. The walls are flanked with high towers, and have a parade along the top. The streets are crooked and narrow. On the declivity of the hill, and beyond the walls, is an extensive addition to the town. This is of modern construction, and has well built houses and wide streets. Truxillo has five parish churches, four convents of monks, and four of nuns.

A mountainous and irregular country intervenes betwixt this place and *Merida*, a town which anciently was a favourite seat of the Romans. That people erected here many magnificent edifices, but it is now one of the poorest and most neglected towns of Spain. The traveller, however, can scarcely proceed a step without treading on, or observing ancient monuments; or without perceiving on all sides the deplorable vestiges of ancient splendour.

East of Merida, and on the southern bank of the *Guadiana*, stands the city of *Badajoz*, strongly fortified, and constituting one of the barrier towns of Spain towards Portugal. This place has five gates, and, like nearly all other towns in Spain, its streets are extremely narrow. It is the see of a bishop, and the cathedral is the only tolerable edifice it possesses: its population is estimated at more than fourteen thousand persons.

Badajoz has, at different times, sustained many sieges: in the late war it was surrendered to the French, but was subsequently taken by the allied armies under the command of Lord Wellington.

Crossing a stone bridge of twenty-eight arches, over the Guadiana, and proceeding, in a northerly direction, to the Tagus, the traveller reaches *Alcantara*, a town chiefly famous for its bridge, a magnificent work of the Romans, nearly six hundred feet in length, and having, in the middle, a triumphal arch, which extends across its whole width.

Still farther north, and beyond *Placencia*, a small city, which contains nothing that particularly recommends it to notice, is *Ciudad Rodrigo*. This, another of the barrier towns, betwixt Spain and Portugal, stands on a fertile plain, which, at the distance of about five leagues towards the north, is terminated by mountains. In the walls, which are not very strong, there are seven gates. During the late war Ciudad Rodrigo was given up to the French, but in January, 1812, it was taken by Lord Wellington. It is the see of a bishop; and has a cathedral in the Gothic style of architecture, but built without taste. There were formerly at Ciudad Rodrigo, manufactories of tapestry, embroidery, lace, and leather; but these have long been neglected. The river *Agueda* runs close to the walls; and, among its sand, grains of gold are not unfrequently found.

A bad road, over an irregular country, leads to *Salamanca*. On approaching this city, the traveller, be his knowledge of Spanish literature ever so little, must experience an unusual degree of interest. Salamanca, famous for its university, and for the illustrious men which it has, at different periods, given to Spain, formerly received pupils from England, France, Germany, and other countries. It is one of the most ancient bishoprics of Spain, and its situation, in the form of an amphitheatre, on the banks of the *Tormes*, is picturesque and beautiful. In this city there are a cathedral, twenty-five parish churches, twenty convents of monks, eleven

of nuns, twenty-five private colleges, and four great colleges. The cathedral is a majestic Gothic edifice, one of the handsomest in Spain. The university was built in the fifteenth century, and is of great extent: it contains a hall large enough to hold two thousand persons. The library, which boasts a valuable collection, both of printed books and manuscripts, is ornamented with statues of illustrious men: the books are fastened by iron chains. In this university there are eighty professors; and the subjects of instruction are theology, common and civil law, philosophy, eloquence, the classics, history, medicine, mathematics, the belles lettres, surgery, anatomy, languages ancient and modern, and music. The students are about three thousand in number: they are all clad in black gowns; and have their heads shaved and covered with caps. In Salamanca there are several squares: one of which is large, and has, round it, a portico of ninety arcades.

From Salamanca the traveller may proceed to *Valladolid*. This city, which stands on an extensive plain, surrounded by distant hills, has dirty and ill paved streets. Being situated between two rivers, it has a communication over each, by extensive bridges. Many of the houses are approached by gates of noble structure, and have handsome fronts, and courts embellished with piazzas; but most of them are either unfinished or in ruins. The cathedral is a fine edifice of Grecian architecture. There are several public walks in Valladolid and its vicinity: of these the principal is the Campo Grande, which is planted with trees, and contains, within its area, thirteen churches. Valladolid was formely an opulent town, and had an extensive trade and important manufactories; but its population has of late been much diminished, and its manufactures are now of little importance. The adjacent country produces wine of excellent quality; and mulberry trees have lately been cultivated here with great success.

On the road, from Valladolid towards France, and at the distance of about ninety miles, stands *Burgos*, the

capital of Old Castile; an irregular town, situated on the declivity of a hill, and formerly defended by high walls, and a castle of considerable strength. The streets are, in general, narrow, crooked, and uneven; but there are several squares. One of the latter is surrounded with a piazza, supported by lofty columns. Many of the public walks and squares are embellished with fountains and statues. The town house, the palace of Velasco, and some of the churches, deserve the notice of the traveller. The cathedral is a Gothic edifice of immense extent, embellished with towers, statues, columns, and ornaments of various kinds. Burgos was once a flourishing city; and, till the commencement of the seventeenth century, was the centre of an extensive commerce, and the residence of many foreign merchants. It possessed considerable manufactures, and its crowded fairs displayed industry, riches, and prosperity. Its only manufactory at present is one of cloth. This place, however, is still a mart for woollen cloths made in Old Castile. Its population does not now consist of more than nine thousand persons.

About seventy miles beyond Burgos is *Vitoria*. This town, the capital of Alava, is surrounded by a double row of walls, and has some broad streets, ornamented with trees, and watered by streams which run through them. Four of the principal streets terminate in a large and beautiful square, which has a fountain in the middle, and an arcade or piazza round it. The promenades in the vicinity of this town are neat, and much frequented. Some of the churches are handsome. Three festivals are annually celebrated in Vitoria, one for boys, another for girls, and the third for husbands. This place has, of late years, become famous in consequence of a brilliant victory obtained here by Lord Wellington over the French army, in which the latter lost the whole of their baggage and artillery, and a great quantity of treasure.

A few miles north of Vitoria is *Bilbao*, the capital of Biscay; a small but pleasant town, near the mouth of

the river Ansa. This place contains about twelve hundred houses. The streets are smooth, clean, and kept in good repair, and have water conducted by channels through them. The roofs of the houses project so much as to shelter, from the sun and the rain, those who walk under them. From the port of Bilbao great quantities of wool, iron, and chesnuts, are annually shipped to different countries of Europe.

Turning now in a direction south-east, and crossing the mountains of Biscay, the traveller will reach *Pampeluna*, the capital of Navarre. This is a fortified town, situated partly on an eminence, and partly in a fertile plain, on the banks of the river *Arga*. Lofty mountains surround it, at the distance of two or three leagues. It has two castles, one within the town, and the other on the exterior. Its public edifices are a cathedral, three parish churches, and nine convents. The streets are ill built, but clean; and one of the squares, which is very spacious, is appropriated to the amusement of bull-fighting.

On the banks of the *Ebro*, near the place where that river receives the Gallego, stands the ancient town of *Saragossa*, on a vast, open, and fertile plain. It has twelve gates, and two bridges. Most of its streets are narrow, irregular, and paved with rough pebbles: some of them, however, are straight, and of considerable width: one, in particular, runs in a direct line, is very wide, and extremely long. This street is a place of fashionable resort; and carriages and people of all ranks resort to it every evening in summer. The houses of Saragossa are nearly all ancient, yet they have been built with much regularity. In the centre of one of the squares is a lofty tower, which has fallen from its perpendicular, and leans perhaps as much as the famous tower of Pisa. Several of the churches are handsome. The cathedral, which stands in a small square, is a magnificent building; but its interior is too much loaded with ornaments. The Lonja, or Exchange, is a large,

square, and tolerably regular old building, which has, in its interior, a spacious hall crowned by a cupola. Many of the churches and conventual edifices, which are upwards of fifty in number, are handsome. Near Saragossa are several promenades, some of which are very pleasant, particularly those along the banks of the Ebro. This place obtained considerable celebrity, during the late French war, by opposing, for many months, the whole force of the French army.

On the coast of the Mediterranean, and about one hundred and seventy miles east of Saragossa, is *Barcelona*, the capital of Catalonia; celebrated for its situation, its extent, the number of its inhabitants, the richness of the adjacent country, the industry of its people, its commerce, and its opulence. It was founded by the Carthaginians; and successively passed under the dominion of the Romans, the Goths, the Moors, and the French; in the sixteenth century it was attached to the Spanish monarchy. The streets of this town, particularly those in the most ancient parts, are, in general, narrow and crooked. Some of them, however, are handsome. A common sewer is formed beneath the streets, but so near the surface, and so ill covered, that, in summer, an unwholesome and disgusting vapour exhales from it. At night the streets are lighted by lamps, arranged on each side. There are, in Barcelona, a great number of squares, but they are nearly all small and irregular. That, however, in which the governor's palace is situated, is spacious: it has, on three sides, magnificent edifices, and on the fourth, a fine promenade towards the sea. Though this town is, in general, well built, it does not boast any sumptuous palaces or superb hotels. The houses, in general, are four or five stories high, and well built, but simple: they have large windows, ornamented with a great variety of balconies. On most of their fronts are paintings in fresco. The whole number of inhabitants is estimated at about one hundred and fifty thousand.

In this place there are eighty-two churches, and fifty convents of monks and nuns. Barcelona is the see of an archbishop. The cathedral is a majestic Gothic edifice, which was begun about five hundred years ago, and is not yet completed. The fortifications of Barcelona are strong, but the place is chiefly defended by advanced works, and by the fort of Mont Juich, on the summit of a lofty adjacent hill. Barcelona has many handsome walks, both in and near the town. The latter are chiefly on the side of the fosses; they are shaded by large trees, and would be agreeable were it not for the inconvenience of dust. From Barcelona are exported silver, gold, and stuffs; silk stockings, cloths, calicoes, cottons of all kinds, fire arms, lace, shoes, wine, and brandy. The port is below the citadel, and is formed by piers, supported by solid quays, and, on the whole of one side, by the ramparts of the town. The country around Barcelona is beautiful, fertile, and well cultivated; abounding in trees of numerous kinds, and forming, altogether, an oblong, irregular plain, surrounded by gentle hills, and ornamented with numerous country houses.

On the sea coast, betwixt Barcelona and Valencia, is *Tarragona*, a town which stands in the midst of vineyards, gardens, cornfields, and orchards, and is famous for its ancient grandeur. Under the dominion of the Romans it was the capital of Citerior Spain. Its walls were built by Scipio, and repaired by the emperor Adrian; and it had an amphitheatre, a circus, palaces, temples, and aqueducts. It is situated on an eminence of rocks, elevated nearly eight hundred feet above the level of the sea; is surrounded by walls, and has six gates and two castles. It is the see of an archbishop, but the cathedral is a very uninteresting edifice. Tarragona is in no respect pleasant, except in situation: it is gloomy; its streets are narrow and uneven; there are no squares nor public walks; and it is destitute of society and public amusements.

The traveller, on his approach to *Valencia*, is agree-

ably surprised and prepossessed by its appearance; nor, on entering the place, is he disappointed in the favourable idea that he has formed of it. He is gratified by a succession of well built houses, and surprised at majestic masses of noble edifices. The variety of shops elegantly decorated; and the crowd of inhabitants, announce a wealthy and considerable population. He every where perceives the indications of opulence. Valencia is beautifully and advantageously situated, in the midst of a rich and fertile country. It was once fortified, but, though now surrounded by walls and ramparts, it is incapable of resisting the attack of an enemy. The river *Guadalaviar* flows at the foot of its walls, and is crossed by five bridges. The streets are not paved, but are covered with sand: this is extremely disagreeable, during hot weather, on account of its rising in dust; and during rainy weather, in consequence of the numerous puddles which are formed in it. Most of the houses have terraces on their tops; and many of the apartments are decorated and paved with a kind of earthenware tiles, which are made at Valencia. There is not, perhaps, a town in Spain, which contains so many public edifices as Valencia. Several of these are remarkable for richness of decoration, and for the great number of paintings which they contain. Valencia has eight gates, and several squares; and, though the streets are, in general, narrow, it has an open and pleasant appearance. The cathedral is supposed to stand on the site of a temple of Diana: it is an extensive but irregular building, partly in the Gothic, and partly in the Roman style of architecture. The grand altar is entirely of silver, and is divided into compartments, which contain pictures in relief, illustrative of various incidents in the life of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary. The antiquities in Valencia consist of Roman inscriptions, and fragments of ancient statues and pavements. There are, in this place, many manufactories of silks, stuffs, and other articles; and it has long carried on a lucrative trade.

In Valencia, the fruit, vegetables, and corn, have not the same flavour as in most other parts of Spain. This is supposed to be owing to the land being too much watered, by numerous canals, which intersect the country in different directions. Rice is the food chiefly used. Fish is plentiful and good, but other eatables are in general dear.

On the whole, Valencia is an agreeable town: it is inhabited by opulent nobility, rich merchants, and an active and industrious people. There are, in this place, many singular customs. Images of the Virgin, and of several saints, are placed in different streets; and, on particular days, these are ornamented, the streets are decorated, illuminations take place, music is employed, and the inhabitants form processions. Indeed there is, perhaps, no town in Christendom, where so many processions take place as in Valencia; and every procession is preceded by eight figures of giants of prodigious height. Four of these represent the four quarters of the world, and the other four their husbands. The heads are made of pasteboard, and are frizzled and dressed in the fashion. The bodies are wooden frames, dressed in coats or robes, and various ornaments. Men, covered with drapery falling to the ground, carry them at the head of the procession, making them jump, dance, turn and twist about, and bow, to the great amusement of the people, who pay more attention to the gesticulations of the giants, than to the religious ceremony which follows.

In a wide and beautiful valley, watered by the river *Segura*, stands *Murcia*, the capital of the kingdom or province of the same name. It is about one hundred and twenty miles south-west of Valencia, and in the midst of a fine country, of which mulberry trees form the principal ornament. This city has eleven parishes, ten convents of monks, and nine of nuns; and about sixty thousand inhabitants. It was anciently fortified with high walls, strengthened at intervals by towers, and entered by thirteen gates; but the walls are now

nearly leveled, and only four of the gates remain. Over the river is a bridge, handsome, and well built, but disfigured by a great number of bad statues. The streets are narrow, winding, irregular, badly divided, and ill paved. Very few of the houses have a handsome appearance, and none of them deserve particular attention. Many are ancient, and loaded with ornaments of architecture and sculpture destitute of taste. There are several squares, one of which was formerly used for bull-fights. The chief public edifice in Murcia is the cathedral, situated in the same square as the episcopal palace, and having two stories of architecture in the Corinthian order. There are four promenades: the arsenal, which is near the river side; the botanic garden; the alameyda, an avenue planted with trees; and the malecon, a kind of quay, on the same line with the arsenal. Murcia, has scarcely any commerce of its own; but it shares in the general commerce of the province. Nearly all its own trade is confined to articles made of spart, or the branches of Spanish broom. There are, in this town, a customhouse, a board of public economy, two public libraries, a curing-house for saltpetre, gunpowder mills, some silk manufactories, and a considerable establishment for the spinning and twisting of silk.

Carthagena is one of the most important maritime towns in Spain. It is about forty miles south of Murcia, and stands on the declivity of a hill, the summit of which is crowned by a castle, but now in a state of decay. On the adjacent heights, however, are raised considerable works for the defence of the harbour, the arsenal, and the dockyard. The streets are wide, and the houses have, in general, flat roofs. The dockyard and port, are both excellent, and at the entrance into the harbour is a small island, which protects it from the violence of the wind and waves. North-east of the town is an extensive and fertile, but indifferently cultivated valley; lofty mountains rise steep from the water's edge, on the east and west; and, on the north,

a narrow ridge of hills wholly shuts out the view of the inland country.

This part of Spain was early occupied by the Carthaginians, who founded the present town; and, with an intention that it should emulate the capital of their own country, they called it New Carthage. It was subsequently the chief place of a Roman province.

If, from Carthage, the traveller crosses, through the interior of the country, westward, he will pass the city of *Cordova*, formerly a royal residence, and the birthplace of Seneca, Lucian, Martial, and other learned men. It is now a large, but indifferently built town, forming nearly a square, and surrounded by walls flanked with great towers, most of which terminate in pinnacles. Part of these were constructed by the Romans, and part by the Moors. Much of its interior is laid out in gardens and orchards, planted with orange, citron, and other fruit trees, and embellished with fountains. The suburbs are handsome, and of such immense extent, that they may almost be considered as several distinct towns. Cordova contains fifteen parishes, forty-four convents, and about twenty thousand inhabitants. Most of the streets are narrow; but there are some squares, and one in particular, which is remarkable for its spaciousness, for the regularity of its houses, and for the porticos that surround it. The cathedral is one of the most remarkable edifices in Europe. It was originally a mosque, constructed by the Moors, and is of immense size. Its ornaments are exquisitely wrought. Before the door are six columns of jasper, each nearly five feet high. On one side, rises a large and handsome tower, terminated by small arches, and having fourteen windows, ornamented with columns of black and red marble. The doors are seventeen in number, covered with bronze plates, curiously wrought. The interior has nineteen aisles, each three hundred and fifty feet long; and divided by rows of columns, to the number of eight hundred and fifty. Several of the columns are of blue jasper, and the rest of the

finest marble. The walls are lined with marble, and the dome is richly ornamented with Mosaic work. The chief altar is fine; and there are several chapels, adorned with paintings. Among other remarkable public edifices of Cordova, are the episcopal palace, and the royal palace; the latter is situated at one of the extremities of the town, and appears like a citadel.

Leaving Cordova, we must pass to the coast of the Atlantic, for the purpose of visiting the city of Cadiz, and the places in its vicinity.

Twenty-fifth Day's Instruction.

SPAIN CONTINUED.

A Description of Cadiz, and a Tour thence to Xeres, Seville, and Gibraltar. From Travels in the South of Spain, by WILLIAM JACOB, M.P. F.R.S.

THE view, on entering the *Bay of Cadiz*, presents the finest collection of objects that can be imagined: at one extremity of the left point, is the town of Rota; a little further, the castle of Santa Catalina, and the neat city of Santa Maria; at a greater distance, on the lap of a lofty hill, stands Medina; nearer the sea, the town of Puerto Real, and the arsenal of the Carracas; and at the extremity of a point of land to the right, is the city of *Cadiz*. To add to the splendour of the scene, this extensive bay is usually filled with the vessels of different nations, displaying their respective colours, amidst a forest of masts. The whiteness of the houses in Cadiz, their size, and apparent cleanliness, the magnificence of the public edifices, and the neat and regular fortifications, form together, a striking assemblage of objects.

The ground opposite to Cadiz has little appearance of verdure; and, except the vineyards near Santa Maria and Rota, all looks brown and barren.

After Mr. Jacob had entered the gates, and had become somewhat reconciled to the nauseous effluvia of oil and garlic, he was surprised by the extraordinary scene around him, and could almost have imagined that he had dropped from the clouds into the midst of a large masquerade; the variety of dresses and characters, the swarms of people, the height and externally clean appearance of the houses, with the curtains drawn across, from one side to the other, and the extreme narrowness of the streets, rendered still more narrow by the projecting balconies of painted or gilt iron grating, all produced feelings he had never before experienced, and which no language can describe.

The best *houses* in Cadiz have brick floors, and stone, or marble stairs. As the windows generally look into a courtyard, they are private and retired; and under each house is a cistern, which, in the rainy season, is filled with water. Every dwelling is a separate castle, and capable of military defence. The streets of this city are clean and remarkably well paved; and there are few or no wheel carriages, to destroy the pavement. The entrances of the houses, however, are, in general, the receptacles of every kind of filth; and a person entering is almost suffocated by stenches, before he can reach the apartments.

As this city is built on a peninsula, at the termination of a long and sandy isthmus, there is no ground unoccupied, and little can be spared for squares. The Plaza de St. Antonio, is the only one, and it is very small; but, being surrounded with magnificent houses, it has a good effect, and is the principal resort of the inhabitants. To ladies it is the mall; to merchants, the exchange; and to officers, the parade. The Almeyda, or public walk, is very beautiful, always dry under foot, and furnished with good marble seats, on both sides; but, being close to the sea, the trees do not thrive, and

indeed afford very little shade. The ramparts, which surround the city, form a series of agreeable promenades, whence the prospects of the bay, and the country beyond it, may be enjoyed to advantage.

Mr. Jacob visited the markets of Cadiz, and found them excessively crowded, especially the fish and vegetable markets; the latter was supplied with a profusion of every thing in season. Garlic, in this place, is a most important article, and is sold in strings, three or four yards long, which are piled in stacks. The market abounded with onions, grapes, melons, pumpkins, turnips, carrots, and celery of prodigious thickness.

He visited the cathedral, an ancient edifice, wholly destitute of taste on the outside, but within elegantly and splendidly decorated. A new cathedral is now erecting, which, if ever finished, will be a most magnificent as well as expensive edifice; it was begun in 1722, and many years must still elapse before it is completed. It is of white marble, but the saline particles have changed the side towards the sea to a brown colour; the marble pillars, within, are very handsome, and of the Corinthian order; the interior is at present a mere heap of rubbish.

Good water is very scarce in this city; there are no springs on the peninsula of Cadiz but what are brackish, fit only for washing, and not for culinary purposes; every house has a cistern, or tank, filled with rain water, but the inhabitants usually prefer drinking that which is brought in casks, by boats, from St. Mary's.

On leaving Cadiz, Mr. Jacob and two gentlemen by whom he was accompanied, crossed the harbour in a boat, and landed at St. Mary's, where, by appointment, an equipage was waiting to convey them to Seville. This was a coach solidly constructed, resembling, in shape, those which we see painted in pictures two hundred years old. It had no iron springs, but was suspended by large leathern straps, from upright pillars before and behind, and was lined with yellow plush.

Port St. Mary's has good streets, splendid look-

ing houses, and usually contains about twelve thousand inhabitants. The Almeyda, or public walk, is shady and beautiful, and is well furnished with marble benches. The country around was very pleasant; and the whole scene bore a stronger resemblance to the West Indies than Mr. Jacob had expected to find in Europe: the hedges were mostly formed of aloes and opuntia, or prickly pear, which make an excellent fence, and these being intermixed with flowers of various kinds, produced a very beautiful appearance.

The approach to *Xeres* is striking, and the entrance is by the end of the Almeyda, a pleasant and well shaded walk. At this place there is a bridge over the *Guadalete*. The streets of Xeres are wider than those of Cadiz. There is a good paved footpath, and some of the houses are splendid. The principal commerce of this place consists of wine, especially of that species so generally known by the name of Sherry; and the quantity annually made in Xeres, and its vicinity, is about forty thousand pipes. The value of the wine, when new, is from eight to ten pounds per pipe: it increases in value by age; and that which is sent to England is always mixed with brandy, which occasions a further augmentation in the price. There are some kinds of sweet wine made in this neighbourhood, which are much valued by the inhabitants.

From Xeres the travellers proceeded, towards Seville, over a dusty track, through fields lately covered with corn, but which, from want of rain, had been converted into barren plains. The environs of Xeres, on this side, were pleasant, and abounded in cultivated gardens and vineyards, enclosed within hedges of aloes and prickly pear. The face of the country was rendered still more agreeable by the intermixture of olive trees, whose dark green hue forms a pleasing contrast to the lighter shades of the hedges.

They reached *Seville* after sunset, and, passing one of the walks near the side of the river, they entered, by several narrow streets, into one of the squares. Here

they met a religious procession, which obliged them to stop till it had passed. It consisted of a great number of friars chanting psalms, and preceded by men carrying large glass lanthorns fixed on staves about eight feet high. To these succeeded a priest, bearing a banner with either the Crucifixion, or the Virgin painted on it; and singers, attended by the rabble, closed the whole. The people stood silent and uncovered till it had passed, and the inhabitants of the houses brought lights to the balconies, in compliment to the Rosary, as it was called.

This city was very different from any that Mr. Jacob had yet seen. Each house occupies a large space of ground, and all have an open court within; in the centre of this is usually a fountain, surrounded with orange trees, and other evergreens. The streets are extremely narrow; very few being wide enough to allow two carriages to pass; indeed, several of them are so very narrow that Mr. Jacob was able to touch the opposite walls at the same time. The houses being lofty, the sun never penetrates to the bottom of these streets, and, even in the hottest weather, they have almost the coolness of our cellars. There are not many squares, nor open places within the city, but the environs have some beautiful public walks.

If there be little to admire in the streets of Seville, generally, the public buildings are objects that deserve the highest admiration. Of these, one is adapted to the manufacture of tobacco, which, being an article subject to heavy taxation, has become a royal monopoly, so that no tobacco nor snuff is permitted to be sold, which does not belong to the crown. This edifice is very large, is surrounded by a ditch; and has eight and twenty courts, round which the rooms for the different branches of the manufactory are arranged. It contains upwards of an hundred mills for grinding the snuff: these are turned by horses and mules, while several hundred men and boys are employed in rolling leaf-tobacco into segars.

St. Elino is a naval institution in Seville, founded by Ferdinand Columbus, son of the great discoverer of America. It was originally designed for one hundred and fifty youths, but the number, at present, amounts to no more than seventy, and the objects of the institution are miserably neglected.

The royal cannon foundery is a fine building where two hundred men are constantly employed in casting and boring guns of large calibre. The shape and ornaments of the guns are very beautiful.

The walls of Seville are supposed to have been constructed by the Romans; but the place is incapable of defence, without an expense on the fortifications which the position does not merit. Some of the gates are very magnificent.

One of the buildings in Seville, which displays the best architectural taste, is La Lonja, constructed originally at the expense of the merchants, and designed for an exchange; it forms a square, and each front is two hundred feet in length. The Alcazar is an ancient palace, which attracts the attention of every one who visits Seville; it was originally built by the Moors, but the date of its commencement is unknown.

The cathedral is a magnificent edifice, containing a mixture of Moorish, Gothic, and Grecian architecture. The windows are small, and, being formed of painted glass, they scarcely give light enough to distinguish, on first entering, the various surrounding objects. This deficiency of light from the exterior produces a solemn effect on the high altar, which is brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers of enormous size. The decorations of this altar are sumptuous beyond description; the quantity of gilding on the borders of the different compartments, filled with images and pictures, the massy silver and gold ornaments, and the rails of bronze, tastefully designed, compose a most impressive whole.

Mr. Jacob found no difficulty in obtaining permission to visit the college of the inquisition, and he went through the whole. It is a cheerful and pleasant

abode; and does not at all correspond with the ideas of Englishmen respecting it. The hall of judgment contains only a table, three chairs for the inquisitors, a stool for the secretary, and one, which is lower, for the prisoner. On the table is a silver crucifix, upon which the deposition is made; and, on a small stand, a latin prayer, to be said by each inquisitor before the trial commences. The church is of circular form, simple and elegant; and has its whole interior lined with white marble. Mr. Jacob saw one of the apartments in which prisoners are confined, and was told that the others were similar; it was light and airy, and situated in a little garden, planted with orange and fig trees.

The university of Seville is almost solely appropriated to the education of the clergy; the course of study occupies five years, and these are principally devoted to the acquirement of the Latin language, the knowledge of civil law, the philosophy of Aristotle, and scholastic divinity. Scarcely any improvement has been introduced within the last four hundred years; the philosophy of Bacon, Locke, and Newton is utterly unknown both to the pupils and professors.

The shops in Seville are wretched in their appearance, and ill supplied. Those at which glass, knives, forks, spoons, and other similar articles are sold, are mostly kept by native Germans or their descendants. The booksellers inhabit a street called Calle Genevas, and their shops are as badly furnished as those of other traders. Their principal stock consists of old books of divinity, lives of saints, dissertations on the antiquities of the country, and a few bad editions of the Latin classics.

From Seville the distance southward to Gibraltar is about a hundred miles.

[The rock of *Gibraltar* forms a promontory from Spain into the sea, opposite to another promontory extending from Africa. It is joined to Spain by a low and sandy neck of land, so narrow, that, from some points of view, the rock assumes the appearance of an

island.] This is one of the strongest fortified places in the world; and its most extraordinary works are galleries excavated from the solid rock, in which loop holes are formed for the reception of cannon; but the most extraordinary part of the galleries is that called St. George's Chapel, which is scooped out of the rock, about four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is furnished with cannon. Over this is the battery called Willis's battery. On a level with the entrance to the town is a battery called the Devil's Tongue, on which six hundred pieces of artillery may be brought to bear on any attacking enemy. The whole rock is lined with batteries, at the water's edge, from the land gate to the southern extremity called *Europa Point*. Mr. Jacob, and his friends, set out on an ascent to the summit of the rock; and, in the ascent, the object most worthy of notice was St. Michael's Cave, about half way up the rock. The road to this cave is good, though it is bounded, on one side, by a tremendous precipice. The entrance into the cave is by a natural excavation about thirty feet in breadth, and twenty-five in height. The place itself is covered with stalactites of large size, which, descending from the roof to the floor, have the appearance of pillars, constructed for its support. This cavern is more than four hundred feet deep.

From St. Michael's Cave the party ascended to the top of the rock; and, towards the Mediterranean, had a view from the cliff, which is perpendicular, and about one thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. After some time admiring the beauties of the surrounding scenery, they descended the rock, on the eastern side, till they reached a small battery, whence a path wound to the south end of the rock, where the horses were waiting for them.

The upper part of the rock of Gibraltar consists of limestone; and numerous crevices in it are the resort of apes of large size. In these they conceal themselves when the east wind blows; but, at other times they appear in considerable numbers, and greatly incommode passengers, by rolling down stones upon them.

The best society in Gibraltar, which consists chiefly of the officers of the garrison and their families, is good; and a taste for elegance, united with economy, generally prevails. Nothing, however, can be more miserable than the appearance of the civil inhabitants of the town, whether Moors, Jews, or Christians. They live, crowded together, in habitations which resemble barracks rather than houses, and which are as filthy as their persons.

The commerce of this place has been very considerable, since the communication with Spain has been free. The markets are well supplied, from Spain, with every kind of provision; and a considerable number of live bullocks are brought from the coast of Africa.

A Narrative of Mr. Jacob's *Excursion from Gibraltar to Granada.*

In an excursion which Mr. Jacob and his friends made from Gibraltar, they passed through the village of *St. Roque*, where they found a posada or tavern, which equalled, in comfort, an English inn. It is frequented by officers of the garrison, who make excursions into Spain; and the host has learned to accommodate his house to the habits of his visitors.

From this place, their course was along the sea shore, through the fishing town of *Estepona*. Beyond this place, at the side of the road, between the foot of the mountains and the beach, the ruins of several towns, formerly peopled by the Romans, were still visible. On passing *Rio Verde*, or "the green river," a stream which flows, in a chasm or fissure, between a high chain of mountains, Mr. Jacob says he could have supposed he had been in Jamaica: for a considerable distance on both sides of the road, fields of sugar canes, the plants nine or ten feet in height, were intermixed with others of rice; and there were several mills for grinding the canes. The plains between the mountains and the sea, became gradually broader, and seemed to be enriched

with every tropical production. A considerable quantity of cotton, and some coffee, are cultivated here.

The mountains under which the travellers this day had passed, were the highest Mr. Jacob had ever seen. In the evening they arrived at *Marvella*, a city containing about eight thousand inhabitants. Though the streets are narrow, the plaza, or square of this city, is very beautiful, and has, in the centre, a fountain, which is constantly supplied with water from the mountains behind it. The town-house, and parish church, are both handsome buildings. The inn at which the travellers took up their abode afforded eggs, sardinias (a small kind of fish common on the coasts of the Mediterranean), and wine made in the neighbouring mountains. They slept in the room where they ate; and the beds consisted merely of sacks filled with broken straw, and spread on the brick floor.

They left Marvella about six o'clock in the morning, and reached the shore of the Mediterranean at sun-rise. The beach was firm, and the road excellent. The Sierra, or mountains on their left, had a most magnificent appearance. About half way towards the top of one of them, stands the town of *Mija*, overlooking the plain. This town is half a mile in perpendicular height above the sea, and the mountain rises, behind, to an equal height above it.

After travelling partly along the shore, and partly along a steep and rocky track, Mr. Jacob and his friends arrived at *Malaga*. This place is beautiful at a distance, but it will not bear inspection. The Alameyda, however, is extremely magnificent. It consists of a foot walk in the middle, about eighty feet wide, with orange and oleander trees, planted on each side. Beyond these are good carriage roads, and on both sides a row of sumptuous and elegant houses. At the end of this walk is a marble fountain, of peculiarly elegant appearance.

The streets of Malaga are very narrow, and each house is built around a court into which the windows look. There is only one square, and that is neither

spacious nor handsome. The churches and convents are so crowded among the houses, that whatever beauty they may possess is nearly concealed. An ancient castle, built by the Moors, and in good preservation, stands on the side of a hill communicating with the city.

The cathedral of Malaga is a very fine object; its style of building is a mixture of Roman and Gothic. The high altar and the pulpit are of beautiful flesh coloured marble; and the choir is singularly fine. The latter contains about fifty stalls, curiously carved in cedar and mahogany, and has a considerable number of statues of saints.

There are, in this cathedral, two fine organs, which add much to its beauty; the pipes are not perpendicular, as in our churches, but project from the instrument, and their terminations resemble the large end of a trumpet, so that they appear, over the top of the choir, like a range of trumpets, diminishing gradually in length. The palace of the bishop forms one side of a small square in front of the cathedral.

The rivers *Gaudalmedina* and *Gaudalorce*, which here fall into the ocean, wind round the mountains and pass through valleys, the richest and most fertile in the world, and it is upon the banks of these rivers that the prodigious quantity of figs, almonds, oranges, lemons, olives, sumach, juniper berries, wax, and honey, are produced, which, with the dried raisins, and wines from the mountains, and the cork of the hills, constitute the external commerce of Malaga.

The productions with which Europe is supplied from the western world, such as coffee, cotton, cocoa, indigo, and pimento, had all been cultivated in this part of Spain for many ages before America was discovered.

Mr. Jacob and his friends left Malaga at noon. The first part of the road, which runs along the sea side, was good and well constructed, and was adorned, on the left, with the neat cottages of the peasantry. The hills, to the top, were covered with vines, and the chasms between them with fig, almond, plum, orange, lemon, and

apricot trees. On the coasts, between the cliffs, some fine levels, from one to two miles in extent, open with a front generally towards the sea. The soil of these is formed by the washing of the rains from the mountains, and is very productive in wheat and barley.

In the evening they arrived at *Velez*. This city has more the appearance of internal desolation than any Mr. Jacob had ever beheld; for a dreadful fever in 1804, which had swept away nearly half its inhabitants, had left a great number of houses totally unoccupied. The surrounding country, however, is fertile and beautiful beyond description. The town is situated on the declivity of a lofty mountain, and the verdure of its gardens, the shady groves on the banks of the river, the lofty elms in the Paseo, the profusion of fruits, and the transparent streams in the valley, render it one of the most enchanting spots in Andalusia.

Leaving Velez, they continued their journey, for the first hour, through a rich and delightful country. The whole road was a gradual ascent, till they reached *La Venuela*, and then, for five hours, they continued climbing precipices, which only mules and Spanish horses, such as they rode, could have surmounted. When they had reached the summit and had begun to descend, the country around them resembled England in the verdure of the fields and the abundance of the trees. After passing these, they came into an open country, extending to the Town of *Alhama*, and several miles beyond it. In this they saw nothing worth remarking except that only one house had glass windows. Alhama is visited by invalids from all parts of Spain, both on account of the great purity of its air, and the warm sulphureous springs which it contains.

When they left Alhama the travellers passed, by a gradual descent, over rich corn fields, unadorned with trees, and saw but one village within the space of twenty miles. They afterwards reached *Almaha*, a town, near which is a royal salt manufactory. The salt

spring rises at the side of a small river, and its contents are spread, for the purpose of evaporation, into pools or cisterns about nine inches deep.

From a hill which the travellers ascended, after leaving Almaha, they first saw the plain of Granada. This plain is of great extent, and includes within its circuit fifty-two towns. When they had arrived within two leagues of Granada, that most interesting city, with the whole plain beneath, presented itself to their view; nothing could exceed the beauty of this prospect. The rich and populous country, well supplied with trees, and the clear rivulets descending from the mountains, and artificially contrived to intersect it in every part; the splendid city, extending, in the form of an amphitheatre, from the river, clothing the gradual ascent of a hill; the streets rising above each other; the profusion of turrets and gilded cupolas; the summit crowned with the Alhambra; and the back ground composed of the majestic Sierra Nevada; completed a scene, to which no description can do justice.

Granada, however, must be viewed at a distance, and not be too nearly inspected; for the splendid poverty visible within, totally destroys the illusion created by a distant view. This place has a population of sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants; but it is capable of containing a much greater number. Most of the streets are narrow. The market-place is spacious, but the dwellings which surround it are very despicable; few of the upper apartments have glass in the windows, and the shops, below, are very indifferently supplied with goods. One part of the town, which, in the time of the Moors, formed the bazar, is very singular, and its appearance fully corresponds with the descriptions of eastern authors. It is not inhabited, but the gates which enclose it being shut at night, the property is secured from theft. Each of the shops is very small; so that the owner, sitting in the middle, can reach without rising, whatever his customers may require.

The cathedral is a splendid but irregular building; it is said to have originally been three churches, though these are now joined into one. The most striking parts are the high altar and the choir. It contains two fine monuments and some valuable paintings.

Granada was the last possession which the Moors held in Spain; and Mr. Jacob several times visited the Alhambra, or ancient fortress and palace of the Moorish kings; it is on the top of a hill, overlooking the town, and is surrounded by a wall of great height and thickness. The road to it is a winding path, through a wood of lofty elms, mixed with poplars and oleanders; and some orange and lemon trees. By the side of the path, are marble fountains, from which transparent streams are constantly rushing down. The entrance is through an archway, over which is carved a key, the symbol of the Moorish kings. This gate, called the Gate of Judgment, was, according to eastern forms, the place where the kings administered justice. The horse-shoe shaped arches are supported by marble pillars, ornamented, in the Arabian style, with banbeaus and inscriptions. All the ornaments of the Alhambra are intermixed with more modern ones, of the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the emperor Charles the Fifth, whose arms, with those of their successors, are to be seen in various parts. The number of apartments in this extraordinary palace is very considerable, and the character of the whole is so remote from that of all the objects to which we are accustomed, that the impressions of wonder and delight which it excited in the mind of Mr. Jacob, will, he says, afford him the most pleasing recollections during the remainder of his life.

In the vicinity of Granada, corn, rice, and hemp are raised, in great abundance. The cultivation of mulberry trees, for the feeding of silkworms, is here a concern of great importance; and extensive gardens, for their growth, are scattered over the adjacent plain.

The travellers left Granada at break of day, and in two hours reached *Santa Fe*, a city which, in the pre-

ceding year, had suffered much from an earthquake; this had left marks of its ravages on most of the buildings; one of the churches was divided in the centre, and the tower was a heap of ruins; a convent, which had been much injured, exhibited a curious spectacle; one half it was thrown down, and the cells of the monks, in the other half, were laid completely open. Several houses of private individuals had suffered severely.

On leaving Santa Fe the travellers continued their journey over a plain, which appeared to be so enclosed by lofty and almost perpendicular mountains, that they could scarcely conjecture by what avenue they were to get out of it. They, however, followed the course of the river *Zenil*, and found an opening through a chasm between the mountains, but so extremely narrow, that it hardly admitted of more than a passage for the stream. The mountains, throughout the whole of this pass, rose, on both sides, in terrific forms and to tremendous heights.

In the widest part of the fissure, the town of *Loxa* is situated. Its streets rise, one above another, on the side of the mountain; and still higher is a Moorish castle, which gives the whole scene a most picturesque appearance. This town contains about nine thousand inhabitants, who are chiefly occupied in agricultural pursuits. The most important product is oil, but a sufficient quantity of corn is also raised for the consumption of the district.

Beyond Loxa the travellers ascended a steep and lofty range of mountains, where they were immersed in thick clouds. In the course of an hour, having ascended above these, the appearance became very singular. The clouds resembled the sea, and some of the higher peaks of the mountains above them, looked like islands. The travellers continued ascending and descending for several hours, sometimes above the clouds, sometimes below them, and often so completely enveloped by them, as to preclude the sight of objects at the distance of only a few yards.

At length they descended into a plain, and afterwards proceeded, through a fertile valley, to Antequera. Like most other cities in this part of Spain, *Antequera* is finely situated, it is surrounded by beautiful gardens and fruitful fields, and is adorned by mountains, which rise in the back ground; but a nearer inspection creates the customary disgust. This city is very extensive, and, being of ancient date, abounds in Roman and Moorish edifices, which give it an appearance of peculiar grandeur. The castle is in better preservation than any Moorish fortress Mr. Jacob had yet seen, and the entrance, called the Giant's Arch, is a fine specimen of Arabian architecture.

There are few places in Europe in which the antiquary, the botanist, or the geologist, would find so many objects worthy of attention as in Antequera, and its vicinity.

The travellers left Antequera at day break. They set out on foot from the posada, and, ordering their horses to follow, they ascended the mountain above the city. Their course lay through the wildest scenery, and over the most dreadful roads that can be imagined. In four or five hours they began to descend, and the rich vale of Alora appeared extended before them, with the town of that name, on the side of the opposite mountain.

The streets of *Alora* are so steep that the travellers feared, in ascending or descending them, that they should experience some accident before they reached the posada. The town contains about four thousand inhabitants, who subsist on the productions of the plain, and of the surrounding mountains. Mr. Jacob and his friends climbed to the top of the ancient castle, which is situated on a conical hill, overlooking the town. It is spacious, and has, on two sides, a precipice of nearly four hundred feet.

After the travellers left Alora the road was tremendous, and though the distance was only two leagues, the journey to Casarabonela employed five hours. Many

parts of the road extended along the edge of a precipice, with the river from two to three hundred yards below on one side, and the towering Sierra de Blanquilla, with its perpendicular marble rocks, on the other. The hills were so steep, that, on the lower side of each olive tree, a wall was constructed, to prevent the tree from falling down the precipice. When they had passed through an opening in this mountain, they descended into a rich vale, the soil of which was so deep that it was with difficulty the horses could get through it.

The town of *Casarabonela* is in a singular situation, on the cap of the hill, whence the descent to the valley below is at least eight hundred yards, and in some places almost perpendicular. Some judgment may be formed of it, by stating, that, from the valley to the town, the travellers were occupied two hours in constantly ascending, by a winding road.

Proceeding still through a mountainous and highly romantic country, they passed the little town of *El Burgo;* and, not long afterwards, arrived at *Ronda.* The plain in which this city stands is on an elevation of one thousand five hundred yards above the level of the sea; yet the higher mountains around it give it the appearance of a valley, richly adorned with corn fields, fruit trees, and transparent streams.

The fertile fields and productive gardens which surround Ronda, afford to its inhabitants abundant means of subsistence. Besides wine, oil, and corn, which they enjoy in common with other parts of the province, they have a profusion of all the fruits and vegetables of our more northern climate; the apples and pears, with which the trees are loaded, equal or excel in flavour those of England.

Among the various objects which attracted the attention of Mr. Jacob in Spain, none excited so much his admiration as the singular situation of this city, the river Guadiaro which encircles it, and the bridges which connect it with its suburbs. It is built on a rock, with cliffs, either perpendicular and abrupt to-

wards the river, or with broken crags, whose jutting prominences, having a little soil, have been planted with orange and fig trees. A fissure in this rock, of great depth, surrounds the city on three sides, and, at the bottom of it, the river rushes along with impetuous rapidity. Two bridges are constructed over the fissure; the first is a single arch, resting on the rocks at the two sides, and in height, from the water, one hundred and twenty feet. The river descends, from this to the second bridge, whilst the rocks on each side as rapidly increase in height; so that, from the second bridge to the water, there is the astonishing height of two hundred and eighty feet. The monument near London bridge, if placed on the water, might stand beneath the arch. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of this bridge. From below, it seems suspended in the air; and when upon the bridge, the river beneath appears no longer a mighty torrent, but resembles a rippling brook. One of the streets of Ronda is built almost close to the edge of the precipice; and, out of the solid rock, are hewn stairs which lead to nooks in the lower precipices; on these, though there is very little soil, gardens have been formed, where fig and orange trees grow in considerable luxuriance, and greatly contribute to the beauty of the scenery.

Betwixt Ronda and *Gibraltar* the travellers observed several towns, in extremely romantic situations; and they, shortly afterwards, terminated their excursion at the place from which it had commenced.

Twenty-sixth Day's Instruction.

PORTUGAL.

DURING the time of the Romans the provinces of Portugal, south of the Douro, constituted part of the district which they named *Lusitania;* and the northern

provinces were part of *Terraconensis*. This country is indebted, for its present name, to the port of *Calle*, formerly the chief port in the kingdom, and the site of which is now occupied by the town of Oporto.

The *surface* of the country is, in general, uneven; and some parts of it are mountainous; but there are many extensive plains, in which an abundance of corn and various kinds of fruit are produced. The *mountains* contain silver, tin, lead, and iron ores; and in the vicinity of Castel Branco, there are mines of quicksilver. The *climate* of Portugal is in general milder and more salutary than that of Spain. In the northern parts, however, the winter's cold is piercing; and in the southern parts the heat of summer would be very oppressive, were it not moderated by breezes from the sea. Snow is extremely rare; heavy rains usually fall in the months of March and April; but, from Midsummer till the middle of September, rain is uncommon; the vegetation is then so parched up that a green blade of grass is scarcely to be seen.

The most important *rivers* are the Douro, the Tagus, and the Minho; these, and nearly all the other streams of Portugal, run in a direction from east to west. The Minho, its northern boundary, divides this country from the Spanish province of Galicia. Portugal is about three hundred and sixty miles long, and one hundred and twenty in width. It is divided into six *provinces*, and contains about three millions of *inhabitants*.

In their *national character* the Portuguese do not much differ from the Spaniards; but the common people are more industrious. They are honest, civil, polite, and talkative; but they are the miserable vassals of the nobles and landholders. The nobles are distant, shy, supercilious, and ignorant.

In their habits and customs the Portuguese formerly imitated the Spaniards, but they now chiefly imitate the English and French. The common people wear a coloured vest, a mantle with hanging sleeves, and a three cornered hat. Young ladies wear a similar mantle, beneath which a fashionable dress is often concealed.

Women of the lower classes have a handkerchief wound round their head, in such manner that a corner hangs down behind. The whole sex are lively and loquacious, fond of dancing and merriment. The food of the Portuguese is, in general, similar to that of the Spaniards; and, in their diet, they are very abstemious.

The Portuguese *language* is grave and solemn; but literature, arts and sciences, are, in this country, almost wholly neglected; and most of the works that are published are books of moral and religious instruction, and poems. The established *religion* is Popery, in all the excess of bigotry and superstition; and the form of *government* is monarchial. The crown of Portugal is hereditary; and the eldest son of the king is styled prince of Brazil. This monarchy appears to have had its origin during the twelfth century. In the year 1580, however, there was a failure of the royal line; on which Philip the Second, king of Spain, seized the throne and united it with that of Spain. About sixty years afterward, a revolution took place, in which the country recovered its independence, and the crown was conferred on John duke of Braganza, whose descendants still possess it. During the late war, the French army, in 1807, invaded Portugal, and the whole of the royal family embarked for the Portuguese possessions in Brazil, where they still reside. The French were expelled; and Portugal is, at this time, under the government of a regency appointed by the king.

Lisbon, or *Olisbona*, the capital of this country, stands on the northern bank of the Tagus, about fifteen miles from its mouth; and in a place where that river is upwards of two leagues in width. The ground on which the city has been built is hilly; and, in many parts, so steep, that it is laborious to walk along the streets. These, in general, are narrow and dirty. In all parts of them filth is suffered to lie in heaps until the rain washes it away. The streets are ill lighted; and hundreds of dogs, that have no masters, and, prey on the public, wander about like hungry wolves. Lisbon for-

merly had fifty colleges and convents, several magnificent churches, two palaces, a castle, and some handsome squares; it was surrounded by a wall, in which were seventy-seven towers, and near forty gates; but most of these were destroyed by a tremendous earthquake, which happened on the 1st of November, 1755, and the effects of which were felt to a great distance. The most violent shock of this earthquake took place about half past nine in the morning. It did not last more than the tenth part of a minute, but it threw down every church and convent, the king's palace, and at least one fourth of the dwelling houses; and occasioned the loss of thirty thousand lives. At present the city is open on all sides, having neither walls nor gates; nor any fortification except a small castle in the middle of the town, and several batteries or small forts on the river. Since the earthquake three principal streets have been constructed, with buildings of considerable elevation and good appearance. The cathedral is a Gothic edifice richly ornamented; and the patriarchal church is noted for the royal sepulchres which it contains. The present palace fronts the Tagus, and is a large and magnificent structure. On the bank of the river is a handsome square, which was formerly the terrace or parade of the palace; the east side of it is formed by an extensive building with an arcade, and a pavilion which is used as an exchange; opposite to this is a similar building, but without a pavillion; and, in the centre of the square, is an equestrian statue of Don Joseph. There are two or three smaller squares, one of which is used for bull fights. On the summit of the highest eminence are the remains of an ancient fortress or citadel, in which a workhouse is established. On the north side of the town is a famous aqueduct, constructed of white marble. This was completed in the year 1738, and serves to convey water into the city, from springs, at the distance of three leagues. In one place it passes over a deep valley, and rests on several bold arches, the loftiest of which are near two hundred and forty feet in height.

The environs of Lisbon, particularly on the north and east sides, are covered with extensive gardens, and with plantations of orange and olive trees. Towards the west, the country presents naked and rocky hills; but, among these, many spots are luxuriantly fertile. Including *Belem*, a market town about a league west of the capital, the entire population of Lisbon is estimated at about three hundred thousand inhabitants. The harbour adjacent to this city, is spacious and deep, but the entrance to it is difficult. Lisbon is the grand mart of all commodities brought from Brazil; and many foreign merchants reside here.

Beyond the southern bank of the Tagus, and about twenty miles distant from it, is the town of *St. Ubes*, situated in a small bay at the mouth of the river *Sado*. This is a place of considerable trade, particularly in wine, oranges, and salt; but its trade is chiefly carried on through the medium of merchantile houses in Lisbon. St. Ubes contains four parishes, fourteen convents or religious houses, and about seventeen thousand inhabitants.

In a direction nearly east from St. Ubes, and about eighty miles distant, is *Evora*. This is an ancient and fortified city, which stands on an eminence, in a fertile plain surrounded by hills. Its walls are said to have been erected by the Romans, who also constructed here an aqueduct for the purpose of supplying the place with water. Many remains of Roman antiquity still exist in different parts of the town. The most remarkable of these are seven pillars, of the Corinthian order, which once constituted part of a temple of Diana. This edifice, originally a Pagan place of worship, was afterwards converted into a Moorish mosque; its site is now occupied by the butchers' shambles. Evora has narrow and crooked streets, five parish churches, twenty-three religious houses, and a cathedral; but it has neither manufactories nor trade. The hills on the north side of the town are adorned with gardens, and their summits are crowned with groves of evergreen oaks.

Elvas is a fortified city on the borders of Portugal, and nearly opposite to Badajos. Its streets are narrow, irregular, and dirty, and most of the houses are very indifferently built. This place is commanded by Fort Lippe, a strong fortification, recently built, on the top of an adjacent hill. There is, in this place, a cistern so large that it will hold water enough to supply all the inhabitants for six months. The water is conveyed into it by a Moorish aqueduct, three miles in length, which, in some places, is supported by three rows of arches one above another. Along the course of the aqueduct is a grove of olive trees, among which are walks and fountains. Immediately around the town the country is open and fertile, and produces a great abundance of wine and oil; but, at a distance, it is bleak and barren.

The traveller, in proceeding from Elvas northward, crosses the Tagus, and passes through *Castel Branco*, a small city, environed by a double wall, flanked with seven towers, and defended by a castle. He afterwards crosses the *Mountains of Santa Estrella*, passes the strongly fortified town of *Guarda;* and, about fifty miles north of the Douro, reaches *Braganza*, one of the most ancient towns in the kingdom. It is surrounded by walls and towers, and defended by a castle. The ancestors of the present royal family of Portugal, before they were advanced to the throne, were dukes of Braganza. This city has some manufactories of silk and velvet.

About one hundred miles south-west of Braganza, and on the bank of the Douro, stands the important commercial city of *Oporto*, or *Porto*. Except Lisbon this is the largest city and seaport in the country. Its principal trade is in wine, and chiefly in that kind of wine which we corruptly denominate Port. The harbour is commodious for trading vessels, but, on account of the difficulty of entrance, it is ill adapted for ships of war. In front of the town the river is very deep; and two masted vessels can unload at the quay.

Many English merchants reside in Oporto; for England has a greater portion of trade with this city, than all the other nations of Europe. Oporto is divided into seven parishes; and, with four suburbs, is said to contain about thirty thousand inhabitants. The quay extends along the bank of the river; and a broad and well paved street, with a causey on each side, leads, from the strand, to another street, equally handsome. All the buildings in these are neat and regular; and this town is considered to be the cleanest in Portugal. It stands on the steep declivity of a hill; and, in consequence of its situation, both riding and walking are very laborious. Some of the streets along the declivity are crooked and narrow; but, on the summit of the hill, there are many fine broad streets, formed by new and handsome houses. Oporto contains twelve religious houses and several hospitals. The church of the Clerigos is in the highest part of the city, and serves as a landmark to seamen.

In winter the climate of this city is damp, foggy, and unwholesome; and, in summer, the heat would often be intense, were it not moderated by breezes from the sea. The soil of the adjacent country is well cultivated, but is not productive. Some of the gardens, however, are beautiful, and many plants from the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland, grow here in the open air. The oranges and other fruit which are sold here in great abundance, are chiefly grown in the interior of the country; and much of the wine is brought from the upper parts of the Douro.

Coimbra, the capital of the province of Beira, is an ancient and somewhat populous city, built on a rocky declivity near the northern bank of the *Mondego;* and in the midst of a country which abounds in vineyards, olives, and fruit trees. It is indebted to the Romans for its foundation; and, during their occupation of Spain, it was the capital of a Roman colony. Coimbra has a bridge and an aqueduct, which are much admired. There is one broad street on the plain; but, in general,

the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty; and some of them are very steep. This place has many convents, colleges, and churches; and the cathedral is much admired for its architecture, and for the elegance of its ornaments. In one of the convents, that of the Holy Cross, the monks are all noblemen, or the sons of noblemen. The university of Coimbra has had so much celebrity, that at one time the number of students amounted to nearly two thousand. The adjacent country is hilly, but fertile and well cultivated; the hills are covered with oak trees and pines; and the well watered valleys are ornamented with numerous villas and gardens, which produce an abundance of fruit.

FINIS.

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